

LIFE



PORTRAIT BY KARSH

FEBRUARY 7, 1944

10 CENTS

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50

Forstmann woolens,
combining superlative
virgin fibres with
Forstmann quality and
workmanship, are
shared now with the
armed forces.

Nevertheless, you'll
find a wide and color-
ful selection bearing
this famous label at
finer shops. Forstmann
Woolen Company.

Passaic, N. J.



FORSTMANN
100% VIRGIN WOOL
© F.W.CO.

Paint and Brush
Can be Truly Magic Things—
They Stir a Child's Imagination,
They Kindle Bright Hopes for Tomorrow.



We see her a Woman—Talented and
Reliant and Smiling—with a Smile that owes
much to her Lifelong use of Ipana and Massage!

ENJOY YOUR painting, little girl! Let the magic of your colors, the strokes of your brush stir your imagination!

To you—and young Americans like you—is given a wealth of opportunity to develop the talents, skills and character that will enable you to face the future, able and confident and *smiling*.

Yes, *smiling*! For even their smiles have the best of care. Today, in classrooms all over the land, youngsters are being taught a lesson many parents have yet to learn—the importance of firm, healthy gums to bright teeth and sparkling smiles.

These young Americans know that today's soft foods rob our gums of work and stimulation. They know why gums tend to become soft, tender...

often signal their sensitiveness with a warning tinge of "pink" on the tooth brush!

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"!

If you notice a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush... see your dentist. He may simply say your gums have become tender because of today's soft foods. And, like many modern dentists, he may very likely suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to aid the gums as well. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums when you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gums—helps them to healthier firmness. Adopt the sen-

sible, modern dental health routine of Ipana and massage—for firmer gums, brighter teeth, a more sparkling smile!



Ipana Tooth Paste

Product of Bristol-Myers

I HATE TO ADMIT IT
BUT PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC
PROLON BRISTLE IS GOOD!



For years only hog bristle made fine tooth brushes. Then Science made round-end **PROLON**



Actual Photomicrographs

Far and away the best of the new synthetic tooth brush bristles, being marketed under various trade names, are those made by duPont.

"Prolon" is our trade name for the very finest grade of this duPont synthetic bristle.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: How can the same duPont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush? You know the answer... it can't!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big plus is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

It's a fact! Under a special patented

process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to Round-End Prolon, the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": 1. The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. 2. Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. 3. A written guarantee for six full months of use.

Next time, get the most for your money... get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

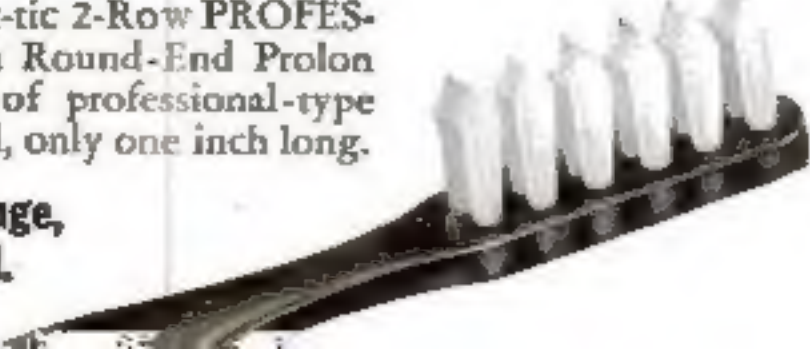
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.



Attention! Users of Smaller Brushes

Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic 2-Row PROFESSIONAL gives you Round-End Prolon plus extra agility of professional-type compact brush head, only one inch long.

Same price... same package, marked with yellow band.



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS "THE REPUBLIC"

Sirs:

LIFE has started something in the installments from Beard's *The Republic* that may be worth more than four years of college for thousands of the citizens of this country.

Every community in the country should organize groups to talk about our Constitution, learn what it is and relate its principles to the issues of our time.

J. W. HADDON

Lake Providence, La.

Sirs:

I enjoyed your reprinting of *The Republic* by Charles A. Beard and would like to congratulate you. You will help the people to comprehend the ideals for which we are at war.

PVT. PETER J. FRANK

Camp Hood, Texas

Sirs:

One of the great needs of our nation is the re-education of adults in principles upon which our system of government is based. However much people may have learned about civics and government in high school and college, they still need to review these subjects in the light of their adult experience.

WALTER B. HENDRICKSON

Jacksonville, Ill.

Sirs:

An interesting sidelight on the phrase "We, the People" may be found in the biography *Mr. Rutledge of South Carolina* by Richard Barry [Duell Sloan & Pearce, \$3.75]. Mr. Barry relates how John Rutledge, chairman of a drafting committee of the Constitution, produced a paper which he had acquired in an interview with Sir William Johnson. The writing was from a constitution for the government of the Iroquois and began with the words "We, the People."

JOHN M. LOFTON JR.

Winthrop, Mass.

LIGHTING EFFECT

Sirs:

This picture shows a lighting effect missed by your photographer who covered the Army-Navy war show in the Coliseum of Los Angeles, Calif. (LIFE, Jan. 24). The shafts of light are not



SEARCHLIGHT STAR PATTERN

coming from the man's head. They were snapped when the 48 lights round the oval were speared in at one point overhead with the man posed to cover the hot-spot where they crossed.

CHIEN K. WANG

Los Angeles, Calif.

ADMIRAL'S CHIN

Sirs:

Your picture of our fighting Admiral W. F. Halsey Jr. (LIFE, Jan. 24) led me to resurrect this photograph of Admiral Halsey. I took it in August of 1918 when he was in command of the

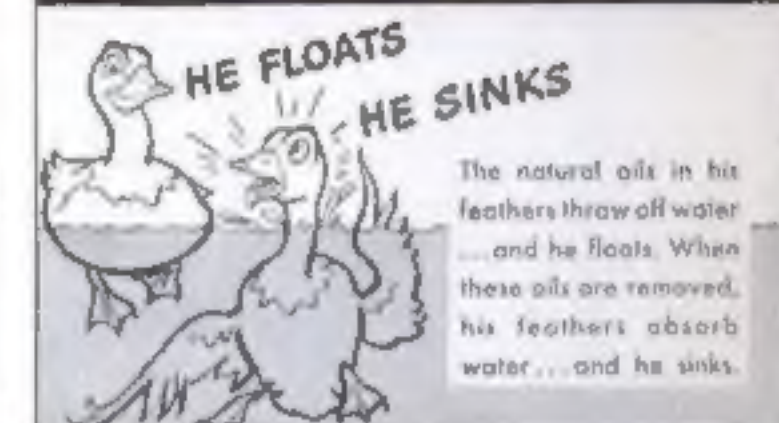
(continued on p. 4)

SHINE?



• "Shiny," the duck, is a boy scout in his business. His daily good turn is to spread the word about the protection of oils and waxes. He knows from experience how oils protect, because the oils in his feathers help prevent them from absorbing water. Shinola (liquid, paste, or cream) provides similar protection for leather.

SCIENCE TELLS WHY:



Because Shinola itself is a scientific combination of oils and waxes, it helps to hold in and replenish the natural oils in leather...helps maintain the flexibility of your shoes longer.



Remember, the time to start caring for shoes is when they're new. Shinola "treatments" will give you added months of wear and comfort. As "Shiny" says, "A shine is the sign of a healthy shoe!"

SHINOLA

Liquid, Paste, or Cream...in all Colors

KEEP 'EM SHINING
WITH SHINOLA

10¢



A Product of
The Best Foods, Inc.

Wartime places heavy demands upon our supplies, so if your dealer is temporarily out of a particular shade, please be patient.

"Know who helped prove synthetic tires were OKAY?..Yours truly, that's who!"

"I did it back home before the war, in that 80,000,000-mile road test"

"My car needed new tires," said the bombardier, "and Joe at the gas station had a set of Silvertowns. They weren't the regular kind . . . more than half their natural rubber had been replaced by synthetic. They were part of a test B. F. Goodrich was making."

"I bought 'em . . . and so did a lot of other car owners and companies. Altogether we piled up more than 80,000,000 miles. Those tires had the stuff, all right!"

B. F. Goodrich tires have the stuff today, too—although they're *different* tires. Today's Silvertowns have 99.8% of the natural rubber replaced by government synthetic.

But here's the *important* thing. The 80,000,000-mile road test—made before the war—gave us a three-year head start. It gave us the "know how" that makes today's B. F. Goodrich passenger car tires almost as good as pre-war Silvertowns. (Truck sizes are not quite that good, but improving every week.) If you are eligible for new tires, see your B. F. Goodrich Silvertown store or dealer today. The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.

In war or peace
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER



SLAYTON
UNDERHILL



Awards to
9 plants

This One



DAX6-ED3-Y9AR

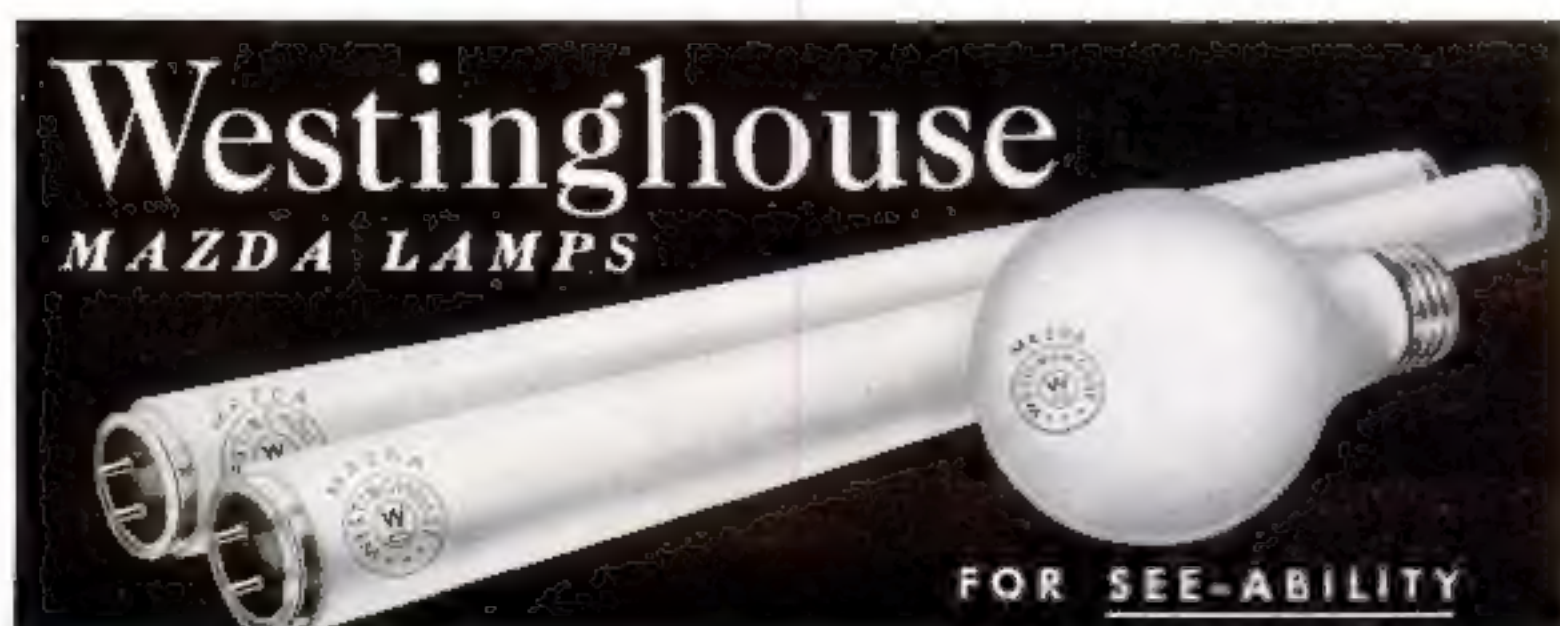
HE FINDS THEM FASTER ...WITH SEE-ABILITY



SEARCHING for place names on the map—or any close reading—calls for See-ability. Wherever your children read or study, be sure they have adequate light, free from shadow and glare. You'll find the right light for See-ability in Westinghouse Mazda Lamps, brighter and longer-lasting today than ever before.



TOMORROW, benefiting from today's lighting advances, you'll prove that See-ability means better living. You'll have extra light to help you in your kitchen, light for dark closets, light for the cellar stairs. To bring that tomorrow nearer, let's all back the attack . . . buy more War Bonds! Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, Bloomfield, New Jersey.



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS (continued)

original U. S. S. Shaw. This photograph was taken just as he was preparing to ascend to the bridge, preparatory to getting under way at Queenstown, Ireland.

If you take a look at Captain Halsey's chin of that day, you will see that it is



U. S. S. SHAW'S CAPTAIN HALSEY

exactly like that of Admiral Halsey's chin of today. The sweater, on its last legs, is a relic of his Naval Academy football career.

F. E. SELLMAN

New York, N. Y.

LABOR

Sirs:

Please accept our compliments on the very fine editorial on labor in the Jan. 17 issue of LIFE. There is little doubt that the present administration is making a political football of the labor problem. Also, if it were not true that the Administration were so pro-labor, many unions would long ago have revolted against their gangster leaders.

You can be very sure that the mass of Americans feel that something should be done and quick to stop strikes, whoever is to blame.

MRS. R. R. DEWEY

Skokie, Ill.

Sirs:

I am a union member and your editorial has failed to convince me that I should desert the political party that has consistently aided labor for the past 12 years. You can't persuade me that the Republican Party is any better than the Democratic. We might just as well stay with the one that we know will help us and strive to improve our position in that party.

The Republican Party does not have a monopoly on brains or patriotism and I am sure labor will not desert its friends at this time.

O. L. KING

Kankakee, Ill.

LIKE TELEVISION

Sirs:

Being confined to sick bay where my only form of entertainment is the radio, I was thrilled to see the pictures on "LIFE Goes on a Blind Date" (LIFE, Jan. 17). Now when I listen to that program it's as if I were equipped with television. You have struck a swell new vein for picture stories in reporting radio shows.

ELAINE RIFKIN

Brockton, Mass.

OPA MORALE

Sirs:

I am moved to take issue with the point you made in your story on an OPA party (LIFE, Jan. 17).

- According to your statement, resig-

(continued on p. 5)

*In any event
wire flowers*



There is no sweeter way to say "Will You Be My Valentine?" Whether it's a special occasion or just because you're thoughtful, flowers say things for you in a way people never forget. Flowers boost morale too, so—

In Any Event Wire Flowers.

But remember, Valentine orders should be in early, so do it now! Give your F.T.D. Florist enough time to deliver your Valentine flowers on time.



This SEAL is your Guarantee of Quality and Dependability

This FTD Seal is your assurance that when you send flowers by wire you'll get full value because all FTD members are bonded for your protection. All florists are not FTD Florists, so always look for the FTD Seal on the window. Write Direct to Headquarters.

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION

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BUY MORE WAR BONDS

This is the First Time The Book League of America has made this Great Offer to New Members Only

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THIS EXTRAORDINARY OFFER TO NEW MEMBERS

is first of its kind in entire history of "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club"! YOURS **ABSOLUTELY FREE**—any one of **FOUR** sensational modern best-sellers shown at left... and, in addition, any one of **FOUR** time-tested masterpieces shown at right! **TWO FREE BOOKS**—Best of the Old and Best of the New—both fine library volumes you'll be eager to read and to own!

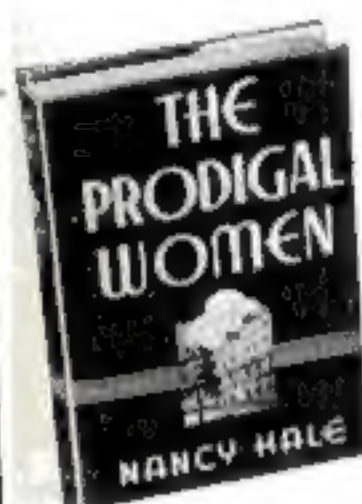
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and

THE BEST OF THE OLD

THE PRODIGAL WOMEN
By Nancy Hale



Leda March, beautiful Bostonian, can't give up her lover, even after he marries her childhood friend! Seductive Maisie Jekyll's love for an artist brings her close to insanity. Betty Jekyll watches her sister's downward path—follows it! \$3 in publisher's edition. Over 450,000 distributed!

THE SUN IS MY UNDOING
By Marguerite Steen



Adventures of Matthew Flood, slave-trader who loves his way through these 1176 pages! Pallas, who said "No" to Matthew! Shob, African beauty for whom Matthew murdered! Over 600,000 copies! \$3.00 in publisher's edition.

CONGO SONG By Stuart Cloete



In a jungle "Garden of Evil," nine men fight for one beautiful woman... a German officer, a mad artist, a British big game hunter—even a missionary! No story since "Rain" has laid bare a woman's starvation for love with such feeling. \$2.75 in the publisher's edition.

THE STRANGE WOMAN
By Ben Ames Williams



To the New England world, Jenny Hager was a charming, righteous woman. But to the eight men who really knew her—father, husbands, sons, lovers—this Maine Cleopatra was a shameless, passionate sinner who stopped at nothing! Nearly 500,000 copies! 700 pages. \$2.75 in publisher's edition.

JANE EYRE By Charlotte Brontë

Here is the full text of the most banned book of the 19th Century—now the smash-hit feature movie, starring Orson Welles and Joan Fontaine! It tells of a woman's love for a married man—a married man with an illegitimate child and an insane wife. A passionate, powerful and daring love story!



SHORT STORIES OF DeMAUPASSANT

Complete and unexpurgated, the frankest stories of their kind ever written! Nearly 100 tales of love, hate, passion, madness. *Forbidden Fruit, Ballad of Fat, Love, Mademoiselle Fifi, Bed No. 29*—all the best works that have made DeMaupassant "father of the modern short story."



BEST KNOWN WORKS OF ZOLA

Contains, with other Zola masterpieces, the famous novel which Parisians secretly carried home under their cloaks—the scarlet story of the harlot whom Zola took from the streets of Paris and made into irresistible NANA! Nana, whose flaunting charms drove men to despair, ruin, even death!



SEVEN FAMOUS FRENCH NOVELS

ONE condensed volume contains: *Thaïs*—A holy man reformed her, wanted her! *Camille*—Notorious courtesan. *Sapho*—shocked even Paris. *Madame Bovary*—called world's greatest novel. *Mademoiselle De Maupin*, *Pierre Garin*, *Count of Monte Cristo*.



Accept FREE MEMBERSHIP in the Book League NOW!

NOW is the most opportune moment of all to begin your membership in the Book League of America! Because NOW for the first time in Book League history—New Members are entitled to a FREE COPY of any one of **FOUR** widely acclaimed best-sellers (above, left), and at the same time, **ALSO A FREE COPY** of any one of **FOUR** recognized world masterpieces (above, right). **TWO BOOKS FREE**—just for joining "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club"!

**The Best of the New
—AND of the Old**

Each month ONE of the Book League's selections is a modern best-seller by a famous author like Sinclair Lewis, Edna Ferber, John Steinbeck, Ethel Vance, Van Wyck Mason, or Somerset Maugham—a book selling for \$2.50 and up in the publisher's edition.

The OTHER book is a masterpiece of immortal literature. These volumes of the world's classics are uniformly bound in durable cloth. They grow into a hand-

some, lifetime matched library. The great authors in this series include Shakespeare, Poe, Oscar Wilde, etc. (Since they are great classics which you will always cherish in your lifetime library, you may prefer the beautiful DeLuxe Edition bound in simulated leather with silver stamping. Just take your choice.)

This is the ONLY club that builds for you a library containing the best of the new best-sellers AND the best of the older masterpieces! The TWO books sent you each month are valued at \$3.50 to \$4 in the publisher's edition. But you can get BOTH for only \$1.39!

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Send the coupon without money. Simply write on the coupon your choice from EACH of the two groups of books shown above. Read the modern BEST-SELLER you have chosen AND read the CLASSIC you have chosen—for five days. If these two books do not convince you that this IS "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club," simply return them; pay nothing. But if these volumes DO demonstrate that subscribing to the Book League is the wisest move a reader can make today, then keep them as a gift; your subscription will begin with next month's double-selection. Mail coupon for your **TWO FREE BOOKS NOW! BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA, Dept. LM 2, Garden City, N. Y.**

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1. Each month you get, for only \$1.39, a best-seller (on retail sale at \$2.50 to \$3. in publisher's edition)—ALSO a classic worth \$1 or more.
2. TWO books each month for LESS than cost of ONE!
3. Both full library-size, handsomely bound. Classics in matched bindings to form beautiful set.
4. A stimulating "balanced reading diet": modern best-sellers and immortal classics.
5. You get TWO FREE BOOKS (your own choice, if you join NOW).

LET'S ALL BACK
THE ATTACK—
WITH
WAR BONDS!

Ever try to comb a sailor's hair?



Look what sun,
wind and salt spray
can do to it!

Scalp dry as a
bone...hair balky
as a mule!



but... 5 Drops a Day
keeps DRY SCALP away
... HAIR STAYS WELL-GROOMED!



Top favorite with
service men in America...
see what it will do for you!



'Vaseline' Hair Tonic checks Dry Scalp, keeps hair well-groomed because it supplements natural scalp oils. No wonder it's first choice with men in the armed services all over the country! It will do for your own hair. A few drops daily on your scalp directly to your scalp. Then a shampoo massage with plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Get a bottle today. Your scalp will feel better... your hair will look better.

DIG DOWN DEEP FOR
WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

ONIC

40¢
and
70¢

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS (continued)

nations from local board organizations have reached an all-time high. On the contrary, the morale of our local board organization is now the highest that I have seen it in my two years as a member of this agency.

There are over 80,000 local War Price and Rationing Board members. There are over 83,000 full and part-time volunteers. In addition there are certain periods when over 250,000 other volunteers assist the boards. All of these citizens serve their country without salary or other compensation. On a majority of our 5,564 boards you will find that the present chairman was a member of the original group which took over the responsibility for the rationing shortly after Pearl Harbor.

As for the unpopularity of board members alleged by you, a recent study gives us a picture of what the attitude of the public is toward the War Price and Rationing Boards. We find that approximately 70% of the people state that they think the local board has done a good job. A few say an average job, a few have no opinion, and only 4% label the efforts of the local board as "poor."

FRANK E. MARSH

Office of Price Administration
Washington, D.C.

● LIFE referred specifically to one OPA region—the New York area—in which personnel turnover averaged 80% last year, with 300 employees resigning in one month. Press reports suggest that this condition is even more widespread.—ED.

GREEN ARCTIC

Sirs:

Your photographic essay, "Green Arctic" (LIFE, Jan. 17), contained much to interest the pioneering and adventurous spirit of us Americans. It also helps correct many false ideas of the arctic and subarctic areas.

MAJOR J. GLENN DYER

Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

In the summer of 1928 we made the trip "Down North" on the great Mackenzie River aboard the stern-wheeler *Distributer* to Aklayik in the delta of the Mackenzie. We reached our destination at 3 a.m. on July 31 in broad daylight, with the temperature at 81°F. Eastern people thought we were "drawing the long bow" when told of the variety and succulence of the garden vegetables, also the beauty of the flowers, all grown many miles north of the Arctic Circle. Your pictures carry conviction that words never have.

JOHN D. HIGINBOTHAM

Guelph, Ontario

Sirs:

Your "Green Arctic" essay placed the cold pole of the world at Olmaykon, Siberia. I think if you will further investigate you will find it to be Verkhoyansk, Siberia, and it lies well within the Arctic Circle. The temperature there has been recorded as low as -94.6°F.

R. M. SPENCER JR.

Newport News, Va.

● Most recent observations give even lower readings for the new cold pole at Olmaykon, where the Soviet Government now maintains a weather station.—ED.

COOTIE KILLERS

Sirs:

"It's a Big War" (LIFE, Jan. 10) sent work at our plant climbing when our people saw Margaret Bourke-White's picture of one of our Troymobile mobile laundries.

We thought you might be interested in comparing World War I styles in

CHECK YOURSELF for these symptoms of Athlete's Foot

- ☐ Peeling between toes
- ☐ Cracks between toes
- ☐ Soft, soggy skin
- ☐ Itching



75 MILLION HAVE IT!

Maybe you never realized it, but chances are you have Athlete's Foot. Surveys show over 70% of U. S. adults infected each year. Mild case may suddenly become serious. Now science has a better treatment! In thousands of test cases, practically all infection cleared up quickly with easy 2-way Quinsana method—used today by millions.

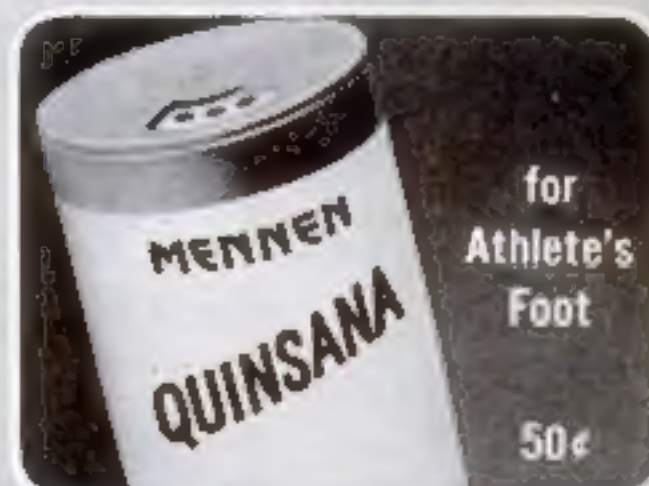
2-WAY TREATMENT



1. Use Quinsana on feet daily. The great majority of Chiropodists, specialists in care of the feet, recommend Quinsana.



2. Shake Quinsana powder into shoes daily to absorb moisture, reducing chances of re-infection from shoe linings.



for
Athlete's
Foot

50¢

IMPORTANT: The fungi which cause Athlete's Foot exist almost everywhere. For protection, and relief, use Quinsana daily. Also excellent for excessive perspiration, foot odor. Pharmaceutical Div., Mennen Co., Newark, N. J., San Francisco.

(continued on p. 8)

ANOTHER OLDSMOBILE FAMILY...HELPING TO SHORTEN THE WAR



GEORGE VOLKERT'S DAYTIME WAR JOB is on production of vital airplane engine parts at the N. A. Woodworth Co., Ferndale, Mich., 35 miles from his home. He drives his Oldsmobile to the plant every working day of the year—couldn't get there at all without it.

THE VOLKERT HOME is on White Lake, Michigan, over an hour's drive from the war plant where George and his daughter Helen work. Never forgotten, never without their daily letters from mother, are the Volkert's two sons in the Army, one already overseas.



Fightin'est Family— IN OAKLAND COUNTY, MICH.

LENDING two sons to the Army might seem enough. But the "fighting Volkerts" feel that every member of the family should help win the war. And that's exactly what they're doing today... with the aid of the family Oldsmobile. Mrs. Volkert, the homemaker, is also an air raid warden, an ardent Victory gardener (who grew and canned over 700 quarts of vegetables last summer), and a highly successful War Chest solicitor who put her District "over the top" in five days last

fall. Helen Volkert is a war production worker. And so is her father, George Volkert, who is also Assistant Chief Air Raid Warden, in his community, Vice President and District Captain of the Township Volunteer Fire Department, and a "regular" volunteer fireman. How do the Volkerts accomplish so much? They'll tell you frankly—they couldn't do it without their Oldsmobile. With 80,000 miles already "on the clock" the Volkert's Oldsmobile has never failed them once.



HELEN VOLKERT is an inspector in N. A. Woodworth's heat treating department. She rides to work with her father in the family Oldsmobile.



THREE STOPS are made by the Volkerts on their way to work, to fill both seats of their war-busy Oldsmobile with regular share-riders who have no other means of transportation.



AS A VOLUNTEER FIREMAN, Volkert is on emergency call for fire-fighting duty whenever he is at home. His Oldsmobile is always ready to answer the alarm.



HERE IS ONE OF THE SECRETS of the Volkert's unfailing transportation. George Volkert insists on authorized Oldsmobile service at his Oldsmobile dealer's.

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

COMING DOWN WITH A COLD?

Don't Delay! Go after it at once, not only with temporary relief measures, but by taking these basic steps which help the system throw off a cold infection.

5 BASIC THINGS TO DO FOR COLDS advised by physicians and public health authorities (See how lemons help with all 5)

1.	GET PLENTY OF REST; BUILD RESISTANCE. Lemons are among the richest sources of <i>anti-fatigue, anti-infection</i> vitamin C.
2.	ALKALINIZE YOUR SYSTEM. Lemon and soda (fresh lemon juice with water and baking soda) forms <i>sodium citrate</i> , excellent to offset acid condition.
3.	KEEP ELIMINATION REGULAR. Lemon and soda has a gentle, natural laxative effect for most people.
4.	EAT LIGHTLY. TAKE PLENTY OF LIQUIDS. Citrus juices are most frequently advised.
5.	KEEP WARM; AVOID FURTHER CHILL. Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.

If cold does not respond, call your doctor.

HOW TO USE LEMONS FOR COLDS Make Lemon and Soda

First day, drink a glass of lemon and soda every 2 to 3 hours. If away from home, have nearest fountain mix one for you.

To induce perspiration... take a hot lemonade when you go to bed.

Then—continue with lemon and soda 3 to 4 times a day while the cold lasts.

Lemon and soda forms natural sodium citrate. Gives vitamins and all benefits of fresh lemon juice plus increased alkalizing and laxative effects. Consumed at once, soda does not appreciably reduce vitamin content.

To avoid colds build your resistance! Lemons provide anti-infection vitamin C; they alkalize; they aid elimination—3 factors that help you keep up to par. Join the millions who now drink lemon and water daily for health. Juice of 1 lemon, in glass of plain water, first thing on arising.

WHEN YOU TAKE COLD TAKE LEMONS



California
**Sunkist
Lemons**

BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS (continued)

mobile laundry equipment for combat areas with the present.

The first war unit consisted of a slow-moving portable steam engine with four wooden trailers—the engine supplying the steam and power. It could travel over good roads at the rate of 8 m. p. h. In this war, the Army reports that already over 1,000 modern Troy-mobiles are in service. They travel at the rate of 45 m. p. h. on third-class roads and can follow our combat forces



WORLD WAR I LAUNDRY

even where there are no roads, washing out soldiers' clothing close up to the fighting fronts.

Sixteen of these compact steel Troy-mobiles make a laundry company for 48,000 men. The availability of clean clothing at the front is said to be one of the main reasons "cooties" haven't had the place of honor in soldier chronicles such as they had in World War I.

J. C. VANDER PYL

East Moline, Ill.

NATIVE FASCISTS

Sirs:

Thanks for your lead on fascists and "Peace Now" (LIFE, Jan. 17). We Americans are grateful for this warning and we will have our guard up.

Doubtless the majority of America knows that this war has just begun. We've got a long way to go—a terrible path which we know we must take, as it is the best possible way to deal with Germany and Japan. The worst is yet to come, but we are Americans and we can take it, as we have resolved to rid the world of that which does not belong here.

JAMES MARSTERS

Schenectady, N.Y.

Sirs:

You have my deepest respect and appreciation for your picture story on the native fascists and the book *Under Cover*. I am a great admirer of the author, John Roy Carlson, who lived so courageously to write this book. It is the duty and privilege of every American to read his book.

W. BRUCE ELLSWORTH
Corry, Pa.

Sirs:

Let me offer my thanks for your splendid article on the indictment of the fascists.

ROBERT FREYER

Bronx, N.Y.

SOCIALIST WORKERS

Sirs:

LIFE has done a disservice to civil liberties by bracketing the 18 Minneapolis leaders of Local 544 of the C.I.O. (truck drivers' union) and Socialist Workers' Party, imprisoned under the Smith "Gag" Act, with the 30 recently indicted native fascists.

The Minneapolis defendants are among the staunchest fighters against native and foreign fascism. In fact, the 18 were originally indicted because, among other union activities, they had organized a Union Defense Guard to defend their local union against threatened attacks by the Silver Shirts in Minneapolis.

The 18 Minneapolis prisoners were not convicted for anything they did but solely because of their ideas and union activities.

EVELYN ANDERSON
Civil Rights Defense Committee
New York, N.Y.

(continued on p. 11)

One man tells Another



"Personna is
the Blade to Buy"

"Why?"

"Because a 'once over' with a Personna is as good as twice over with any other blade I ever used. They're made of Swedish steel, hollow ground and leather stropped. And that triple wrapping protects the edges. Buy Personnas the next time."

10 FOR \$1.00 and worth 10!

GIFT BOX OF 50, \$5.00

PERSONNA BLADE MAIL:

10 blades on folder with space

for your letter \$1.00

PERSONNA

Precision Double Edge Blades



If your dealer can't supply you send check direct to:
PERSONNA BLADE CO., Inc., 699 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, 22

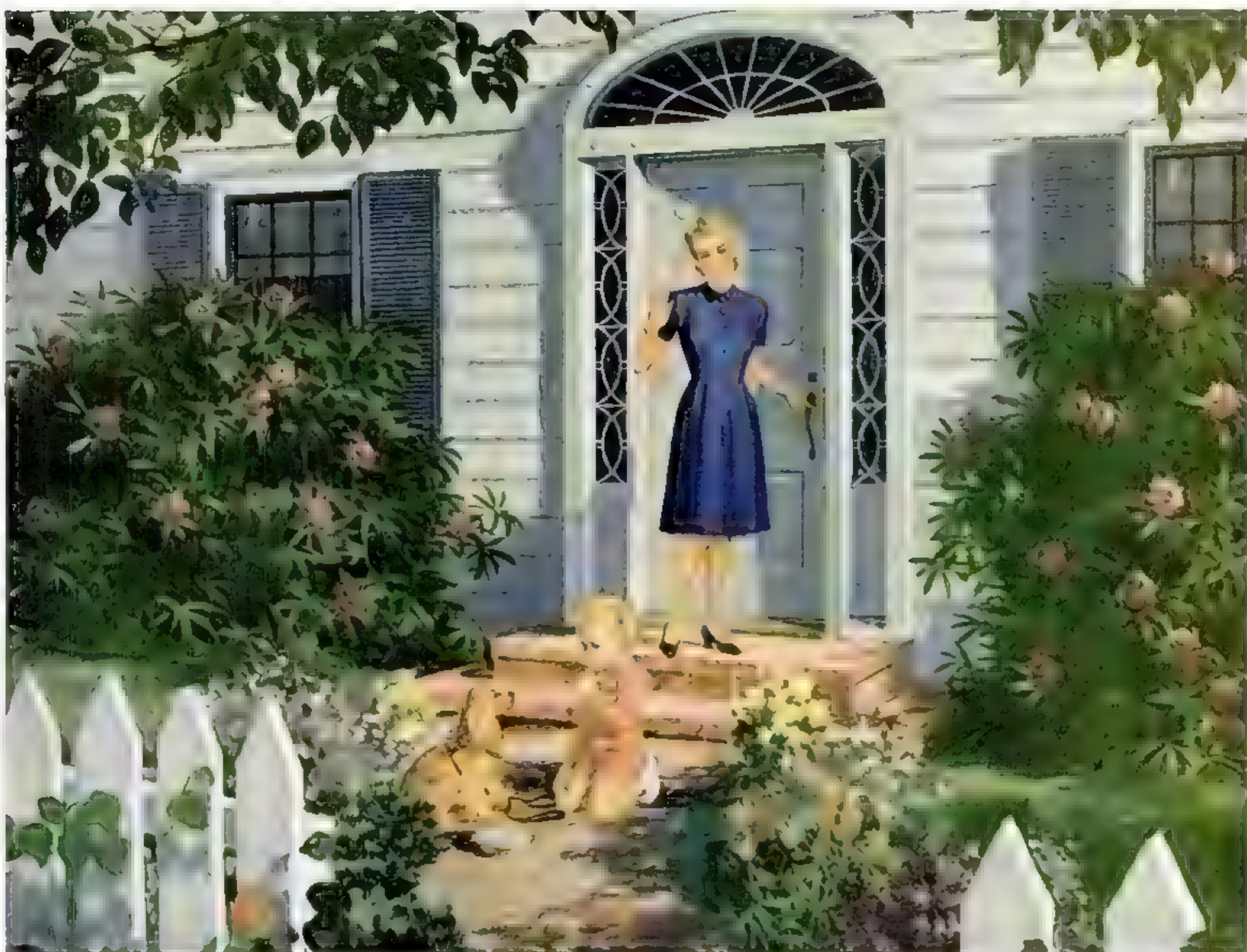
OUR TRADE MARK WINDBREAKER



Also Boys & Juveniles

America's Most Famous Jacket
A MASTERPIECE OF CRAFTSMANSHIP
WHITMAN SHOWER-PROOF GABARDINE
FULL LINED WITH BRYBRO RAYON
OTHER STYLES, COLORS and LININGS

JOHN RISSMAN & SON
MANUFACTURERS • CHICAGO



Women Want Homes Like This!

A FRIENDLY doorway that always says "Welcome!"... a lovely door-garden where sunshine and flowers suggest the happiness and contentment inside... not just a house, but a *home* where you have time to relax and enjoy life.

These are things we all want.

And in these days of tired bodies and tired minds it's good for one to think about them now and then—about the new

kind of a home *you* will have after victory. Cooking, dishwashing, laundry and house-cleaning will still go on, of course, but they will be done the easy, efficient, electrical way without drudgery... there'll be time to fuss with flowers.

But just now new home things must wait—there's a war to win first. So put your money in war bonds—buy another and another and another. Each extra dollar does an extra bit

to speed victory. And each dollar you spend *after* victory will help provide jobs for the soldiers returning to peace-time industry.

Until the war is won General Electric will continue making only "tools of victory". But when that job is finished we will go back with added enthusiasm to the job we like best—making better electrical equipment for your home that will bring you better living at less cost.



Everything Electrical
for After Victory Living



GENERAL  ELECTRIC

Hear the General Electric radio programs: "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra" Sunday 10 P. M. — E. W. T. N. B. C. "The World Today" news every weekday 6:45 P. M. — E. W. T. C. B. S.

Food fights for freedom! Don't waste a morsel!

Armour sides make the most of meat



How to make a roast taste good all week

Here Armour shows you how to help conserve America's vital food supply... Try these tricks that make leftover meats popular

Did you know that American families have been throwing out enough food each year to feed all our armies overseas? It's not thrown out in large quantities... but in spoonfuls.

Leftovers are put into refrigerators... forgotten then until they are no longer palatable, and must be thrown away. Or they are discarded immediately because you say, "Oh, that's not enough to save." And we all are guilty part of the time of taking more on our plates than we can eat.

In wartime these small, wasteful habits become of momentous importance.

For, particularly in this war, food is a war munition. Food fights for freedom, when put into the hands of our allies. Food fights for freedom, when it is used to build strength for our fighting men. Food fights for freedom when our war workers use it to keep them at par... working every day.

So join the army of American housewives who are making food fight for freedom. Save every morsel. Waste not one spoonful of edible food. Learn more and more tricks for turning leftovers into appetizing, nourishing dishes.

Meat and Potato Cakes!

Delicious Way to Use Any Leftover Meat

1 1/4 cups ground cooked meat 2 tbsps. chopped onion
2 cups cold mashed potatoes 1 egg yolk
Salt and pepper as desired

Combine ingredients and shape into flat patties. Fry until golden brown in Cloverbloom Butter or margarine. To serve, place vegetable in center of chop plate and surround with patties. Makes 8 patties.



When it's Beef!

Sunday—Roast Beef.

Tuesday—Cold Slices with Horseradish Sauce. Some folks like this better than the Sunday roast. Be sure to have the rest of the meal hot.

Thursday—Meat Pie, using leftover roast and vegetables. Or Beef Curry on Rice. To regular cream sauce, add leftover roast gravy, chopped onion and curry powder to taste. Heat cubed leftover roast in sauce. Serve over rice.

Saturday—Beef Potato Cakes. See recipe above. New way to make hash! Far more tasty and appetizing because each person gets individual, brown and crusty patties.



When it's Lamb!

Sunday—Roast Leg of Lamb. When purchasing lamb, ask meat man to cut 1/2 inch steaks from heavy end. Save for Thursday.

Tuesday—Barbecued Lamb Served over Lima Beans. Slice cold lamb—heat in barbecue sauce. Simmer slowly to preserve tenderness.

Thursday—Broiled Lamb Steaks.

Saturday—Lamb Turnovers. Make thick white sauce, add ground lamb. Season highly with garlic and green pepper. Place on small squares of pastry dough. Fold cornerwise. Bake like pies.



When it's Ham!

Sunday—Baked Ham. When purchasing half a ham, ask meat man to cut 2 inch slices from heavy end. Save for Saturday.

Tuesday—Scalloped Ham and Potatoes. To regular casserole of scalloped potatoes, add 1 cup of cubed leftover ham. Season with diced onion and green pepper.

Thursday—Ham and Split Pea or Bean Soup. Use the ham bone and meat tidbits to make a delicious soup that is a meal in itself.

Saturday—Broiled Ham Slices. Surround ham with deviled eggs to increase number of servings.

© ARMOUR AND COMPANY




Makers of Star Ham and Bacon, Star Beef, Lamb and Veal, Star Sausages, Star Canned Meats, Cloverbloom Poultry and Dairy Products



Armour and Company

Suppliers of Meat and Dairy Products for America's Military and Civilian Needs




the girl in the Seamproof slip

Want lovely lingerie that stays new? Buy Seamproofs—figure flattering slips of finest Bur Mil* fabrics. You'll love their sleek fit, their luxury air—and they're only \$2 to \$3 at good stores everywhere.

If your local store can't supply you or you'd like to be sure Seamproofs are doing it best today to supply you with lingerie.

SEAMPROOF—140 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK



Drink Nesbitt's

MADE FROM Real ORANGES

5¢

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS (continued)

Sirs:

I am in complete disagreement with the political opinions of the 18 Socialist Workers' Party and teamsters' union prisoners and with their attitude toward the war. This does not deter me from protesting against the denial of civil rights to which I believe they are entitled, and against LIFE's identification of them with Nazis. These men I know to have some of the oldest records of antifascist activity in the United States.

CHARLES R. WALKER

New Haven, Conn.

PEACE NOW

Sirs:

Pacifists make good use of their constitutional privilege of freedom of speech. It is a pity that they do not exercise the even more basic privilege of freedom of thought. If they would sit down and think, they would realize that we do not have to be told how mothers feel. Certainly war is ugly, but we did not ask for it. We still get peace the hard and firm way—by the decided policy of unconditional surrender—but we shall then keep it. It is not for the U. S. to ask for peace. Let our enemies ask for it.

EVANGELINE MOURTGOUKOS

Bloom, Miss.

Sirs:

May I request an immediate and complete public apology to myself and my associates in The Peace Now Movement for misrepresenting our policy and program?

By linking us with groups and personalities whose support our statutes expressly repudiate, you convey a grossly inaccurate picture of our aims and methods and by prominently printing "U. S. Indicts Fascists" a quarter-inch above my photograph you are guilty of the cruelest kind of character assassination.

The absurdity of your editorial blunder of commission is increased by your corresponding error of omission in failing to mention that such old-established societies like the National Council for the Prevention of War, the War Resisters League and the Fellowship of Reconciliation are also vigorously pushing a Wage Peace Now campaign.


GEORGE W. HARTMANN
Chairman

The Peace Now Movement
New York, N. Y.

● LIFE regrets that a printer's error, later corrected, might leave the impression that Dr. Hartmann and his "Peace Now" followers had been indicted by the U. S. as fascists. Such, of course, is not the case.

However, LIFE believes that it has fairly and substantially described Dr. Hartmann and the "Peace Now" movement in its text. LIFE also believes that, at this critical time when united effort is necessary to gain a worth-while victory and a worth-while peace, "Peace Now" is not only dangerous but subversive to that end — ED.

Since January 1, 1943, Time, LIFE, Fortune and The Architectural Forum have been cooperating with the War Production Board on conservation of paper. During the year 1943, these four Time Inc. publications used 14,600 fewer tons (580 freight-car loads) of paper than in 1942. In view of the resulting shortage of copies, please share your copy of LIFE with your friends.



Leading for nearly a century

LOOK FOR QUALITY
BACKED BY 94 YEARS
OF RING-MAKING

Look for the Art-Carved name on the ring you choose! Assure lasting beauty of design, careful craftsmanship, fine diamonds! At finer jewelers everywhere.

J. R. WOOD & SONS, Inc.
MANUFACTURERS AND DIAMOND IMPORTERS
1850-1844

Keep Buying Bonds... And Keep Them!

Art-carved Rings by Wood

SEND FOR "THE BRIDE'S SILENT SECRETARY WITH DIAMOND RING GUIDE"—
Dept. L, 216 East 45th Street,
New York City (17).

SPEAKING OF PICTURES . .

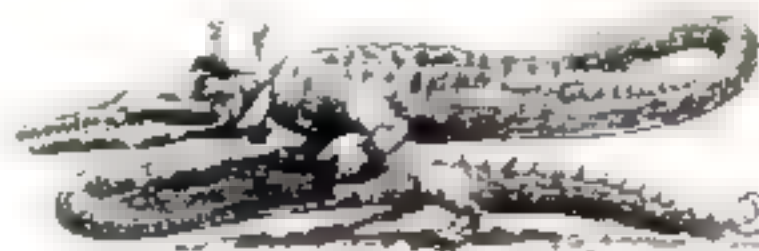
. . . GEORGE PRICE'S HUMOR MIXES LUNACY WITH LOGIC

The cartoons of George Price have an extra quality which makes them a little different from other cartoons. Price's humor, like most humor, is based on the incongruous, but it has the special virtue of carrying incongruity to a logical extreme. In his cartoons, Price assumes that the impossible is a normal situation of life. He therefore makes his sad, loose-jawed people react to it with brave reasonableness. In the first cartoon on this page, for instance, he assumes a school of flying fish traveling in formation. This in itself is moderately funny, but his straight-faced colloquy of his characters makes it wonderfully and acutely funny. It is humor almost of mathematical certainty. As such, it is close kin to the humor of the great mathematical humorist, Lewis Carroll. For comparison, in the inset at right, is the famous crocodile from Carroll's *Sylvie and Bruno* which not only walked up its own back but continued to the logical conclusion of standing on its own forefeet.

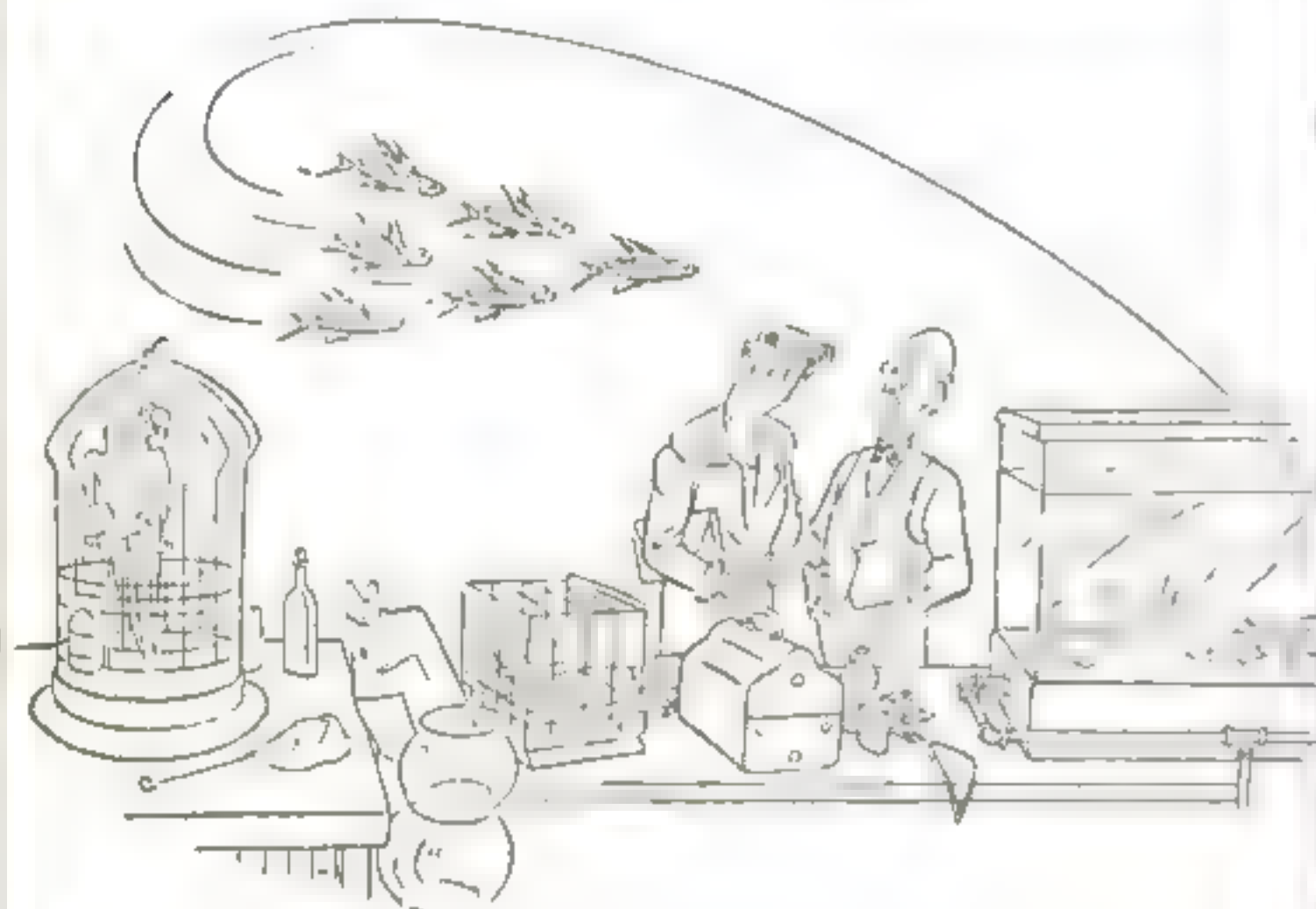
Like most successful cartoonists, Price every once in

a while publishes a collection of his works. The cartoons shown here are from his latest book, *Who's in Charge Here?* (Farrar & Rinehart, \$2.50). Another book which Price has illustrated is also attracting notice this winter. *Sads o' Your Eye*, written two years ago by Mary Lasswell, has been made into a Broadway play of the same name. The characters in this play have been strikingly patterned after the originals in the Price illustrations.

George Price himself has often been compared to one of his own characters. He is a man of 42 with thinning hair, a diffident manner and a sad, elongated face. This similarity may be partly due to a subtle personality projection, but it is mostly due to the fact that Price, like many artists, frequently uses himself for a model by mounting a mirror near his drawing table. But Price does not use only himself to draw from life. Although his cartoons are in a final analysis the product of his imagination, a great many of them grow out of sketches he makes of real people in trams and streets and grocery stores.



CARROLL CROCODILE IS ANCESTOR OF PRICE



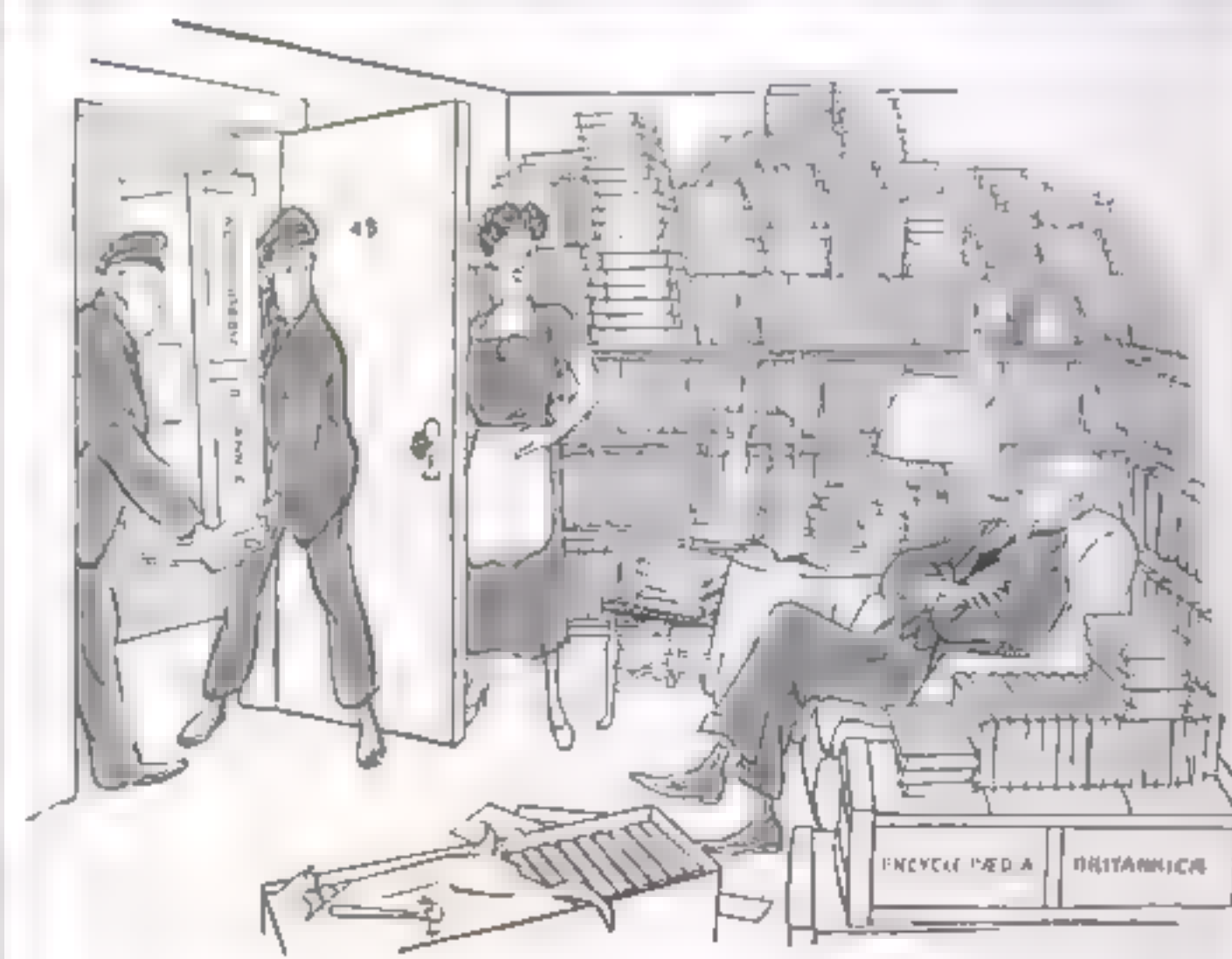
"WE DON'T SELL THEM SINGLY, MADAM. IT BREAKS UP THE FORMATION."



"HE'S HOMESICK."



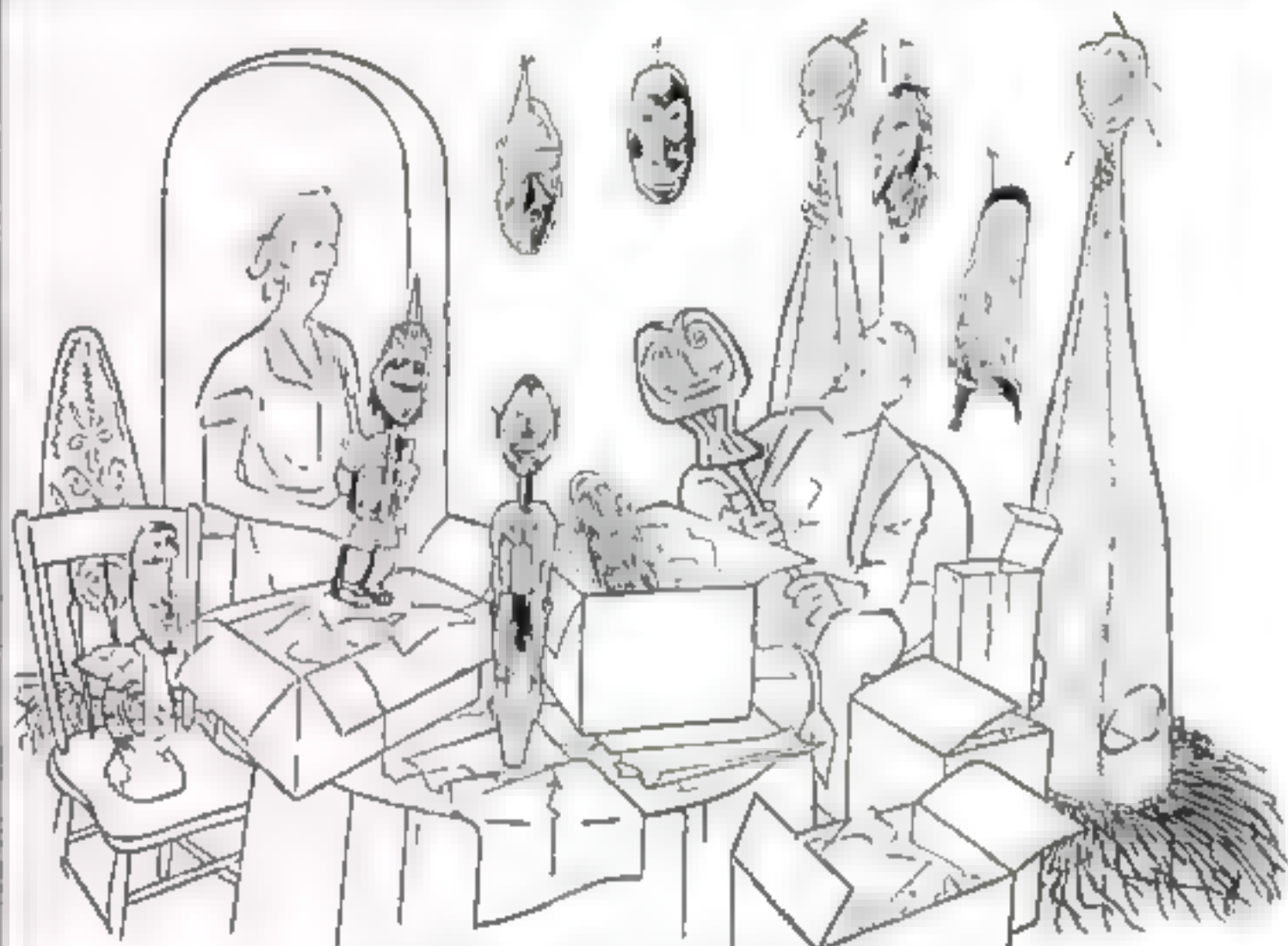
"SOME WELSH RAREBIT COMPANY IS SPONSORING HIS NIGHTMARES."



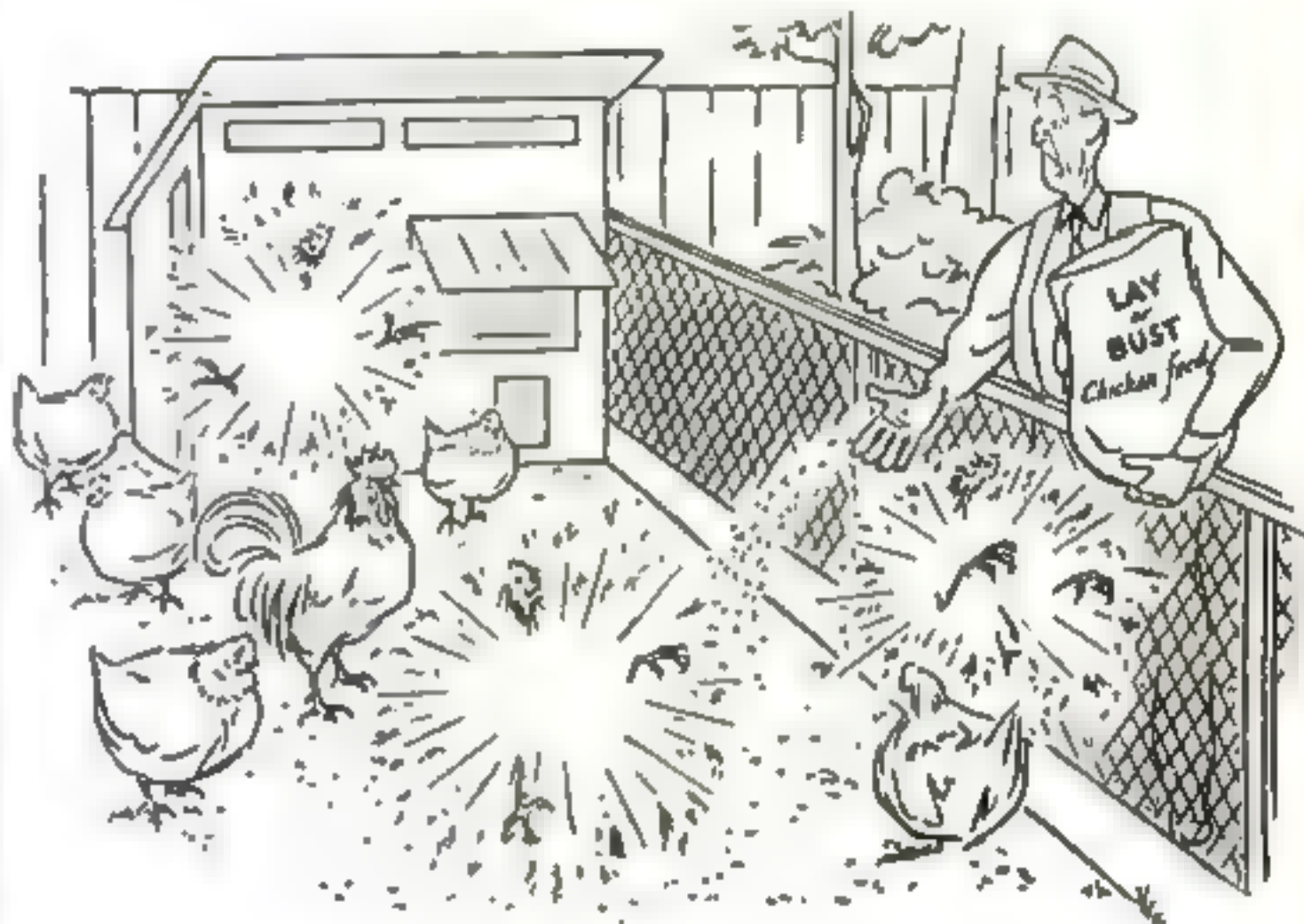
"ALL RIGHT, YOU'RE SMARTER THAN JOHN KIERAN. LET IT GO AT THAT."



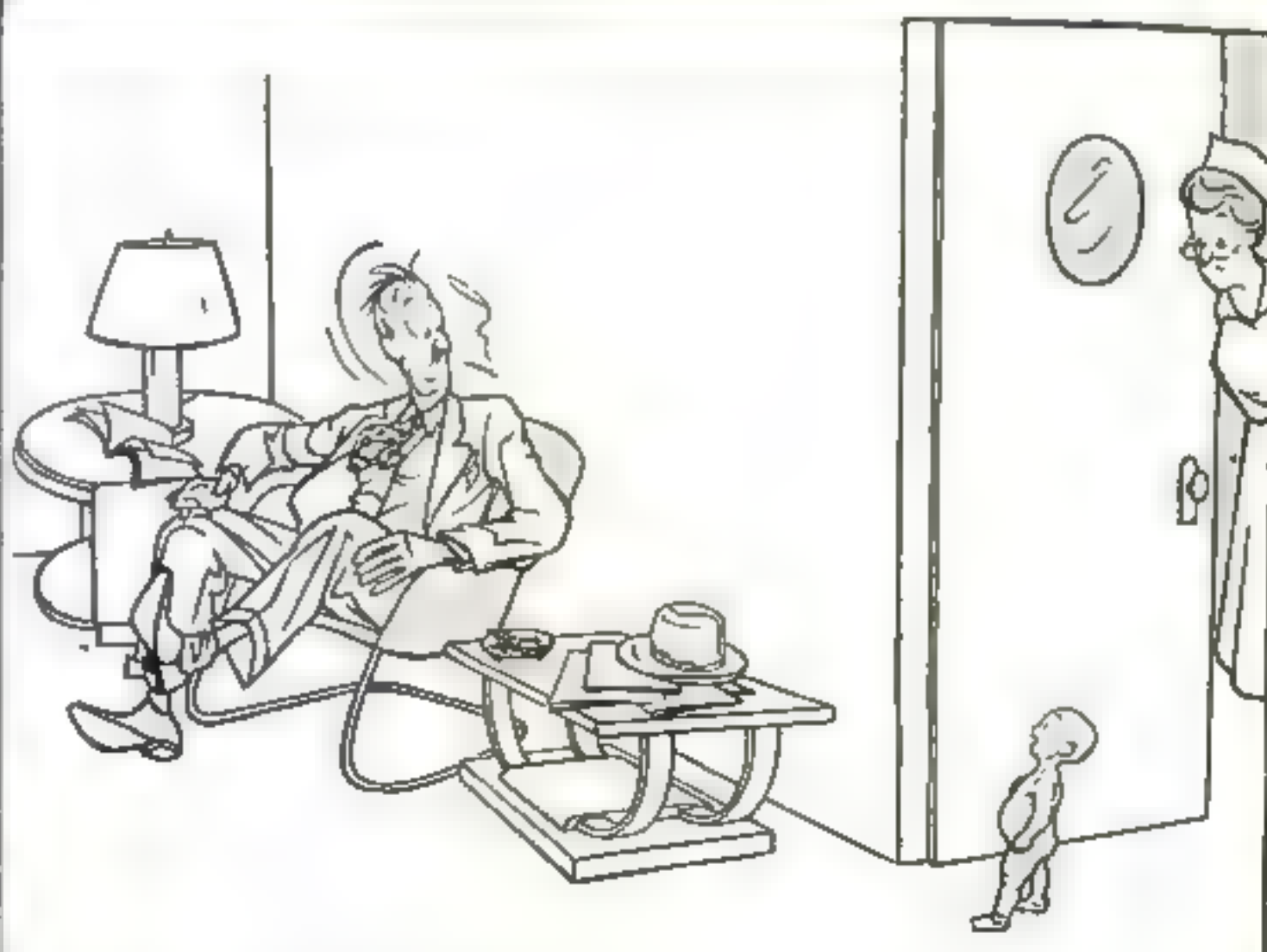
"EVERY WIT IN TOWN IS HERE TONIGHT!"



"I SOMETIMES WISH EDWARD WOULD BE TRANSFERRED TO ANOTHER THEATRE OF OPERATIONS."



"NOW GET ONE MORE, FOR AUNT MINNIE'S ROOM."



"I'M A BOY."

Caring for **BABY** Keeps her **BUSY!**

Yes, baby is a full-time responsibility. But even a busy mother can't afford to neglect her own smile.



FOR BUSY PEOPLE (Mothers, Fathers, Everybody) New Quick Action Dentifrice



Contains special high-speed
activating ingredients

WITH so much to do these days, are you robbing yourself of time once spent on the simple little details of living . . . even some of the really important little details, like brushing your teeth?

Be honest! Don't you ever catch yourself skimping on that morning brushing? Even skipping it entirely occasionally? If you do . . . and you know, yourself, you shouldn't! . . . at least make sure to use a dentifrice that does a *real* job every precious second that you are brushing.

Listerine Tooth Powder contains high-speed activating ingredients. It surges instantly into "whirlpool" action that makes every second count. Sluices away loose surface debris . . . gently polishes until enamel is really *clean*! So thorough! . . . so refreshing! Get a can and feel the difference . . . today!

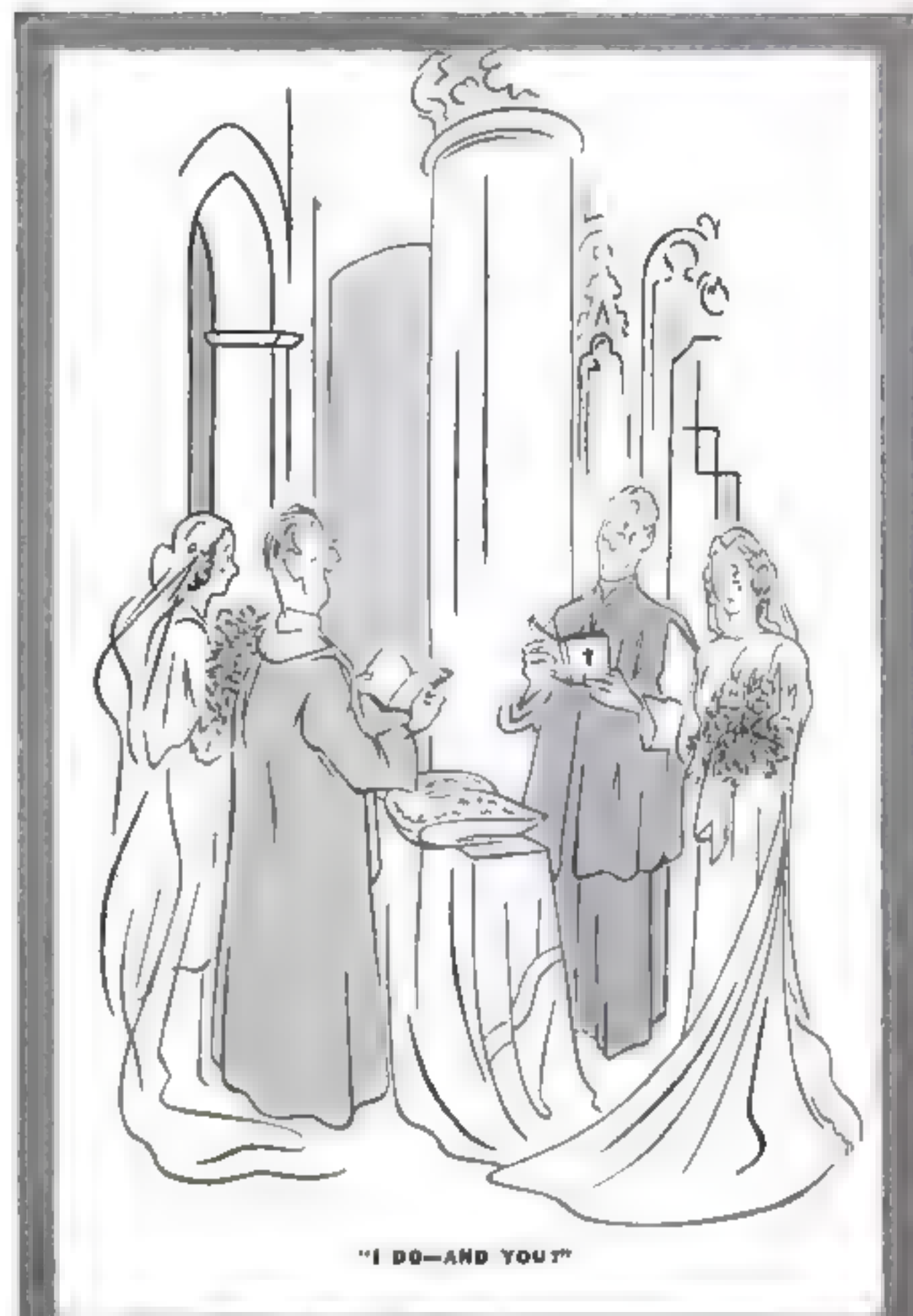
LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

No trade-in tube needed

Listerine Tooth Powder

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)





End of an Enemy



THIS enemy plane is headed for doom. In a split second it will be blasted from the skies by a shell from one of our anti-aircraft guns on the ground.

How can a gun hit a plane going 300 miles an hour 20,000 feet up... when it takes the shell 15 seconds to get up there and in that time the plane has gone more than a mile? Besides, the shell curves in its flight. Wind blows it. Gravity pulls on it. Even the weather affects its velocity.

The answer is the Gun Director—an *electrical* brain which aims the guns. Swiftly it plots the plane's height and course. Instantly it solves the complex mathematical problem, continuously matching the curved path of the shell to the path of the

plane so that the two will meet. It even times the fuse to explode the shell at the exact instant.

The *electrical* Gun Director has greatly increased the deadliness of anti-aircraft gunfire. Developed by Bell Telephone Laboratories and made by Western Electric, it is one of many war weapons by the peacetime makers of Bell Telephones.

*Until the last enemy plane is knocked down,
buy War Bonds regularly—all you can!*



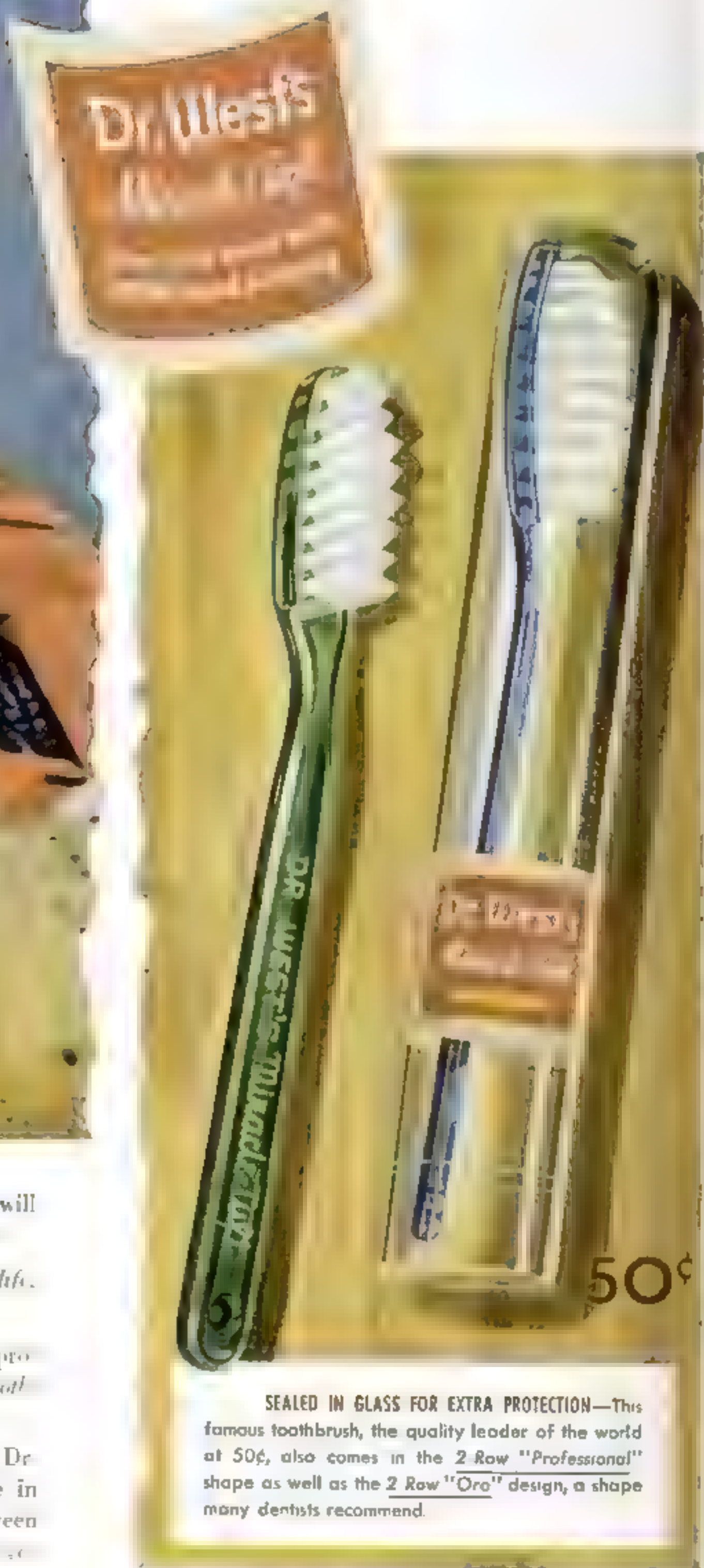
Western Electric

IN PEACE...SOURCE OF SUPPLY FOR THE BELL SYSTEM.
IN WAR...ARSENAL OF COMMUNICATIONS EQUIPMENT.





Go smiling
all through life...
*get the finest
toothbrush money
can buy!*



Beauty has no greater asset—health—no greater safeguard than teeth that sparkle with cleanliness!

A daily necessity so important is brushing your teeth deserves the finest toothbrush money can buy—Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft. Its many advantages are provable—noticeable after only a few brushings.

There are many toothbrushes from which to choose. But put your money where it will do the most good for health

—for beauty. Only in Miracle-Tuft will you get all these exclusive features:

—for longer life, more efficient tooth cleansing

—for added protection against the dangers of soggy toothbrushes

—the original Dr. West's design. A distinct advantage in cleansing inside, outside and in between the teeth.

Copyright, 1941 — West's Products Co.

SEALED IN GLASS FOR EXTRA PROTECTION—This famous toothbrush, the quality leader of the world at 50¢, also comes in the 2 Row "Professional" shape as well as the 2 Row "Oro" design, a shape many dentists recommend.

LIFE'S REPORTS

PROGRESS OF A HARVARDMAN

by EDWARD B. LOCKETT

During one too-well-remembered period of the war, Hitler's submarines were sinking so many outbound U. S. cargo ships that it was doubtful whether the merchant marine could be built up fast enough to supply our Allies. Despondency was then so intense over the plight of U. S. shipping destined for Europe, Russia, the Far and Middle East that little attention was given to the problem of imports. Few stopped to realize that, rich as the U. S. is in resources, certain scarce items and raw materials must first come to U. S. shores before the great quantities of matériel the Allies needed could even be produced. One member of Washington officialdom did spot the potential bottleneck, however. He was the executive secretary of WPB's august-sounding Shipping Priorities Committee, tall, brown-haired, lanky Langdon P. Marvin Jr., aged 23 and fresh out of Harvard.

The May 5, 1941 issue of LIFE carried a picture essay on Harvard University. For this story LIFE selected as "Harvard's outstanding undergraduate"—that specimen of Americana traditionally endowed with name, wealth and brains—Langdon P. Marvin Jr. It required no effort for Harvardman Marvin, godson of the President and son of Langdon P. Sr. who had been Franklin D. Roosevelt's law partner, to fill the first two qualifications. He early gave evidence of developing the third.

Upon graduation from Harvard with the highest honors (Class of '41), LIFE's "Outstanding Harvardman" got a commission as ensign in the Navy. He was first assigned to the office of the Secretary of the Navy whence he was promptly loaned to WPB to serve on the Shipping Priorities Committee. Young Ensign Marvin's job was to try to get the representatives of the Army, the Navy, the Maritime Commission and half a dozen odd other agencies to agree (no mean Washington task) on shipping schedules.

When young Marvin first sat on WPB's shipping committee, losses at sea topped 15% of all U. S. merchant ships and German U-boats were catching Allied vessels both going and coming. The shipping committee's secretary was worried of course over the high losses of outbound traffic. But he was no whit less upset over the losses of inbound craft. He early saw the utter necessity of shipping space for strategic imports. Young Marvin was hoping against hope that something would be done to provide some import space on fast airplanes, impervious to Hitler's submarines. And then, early in March 1942, the Air Force Ferrying Command (now Air Transport Command) telephoned to say that a military airline for passengers and cargo was operating into India. Would the Shipping Priorities Committee inform the Air Force Ferrying Command what was important to carry on the return flights?

That's the way air imports got their start so far as U. S. governmental mechanics are concerned. They have grown from that small beginning, nursed along by young Marvin, to a giant in comparison with the past and a not-so-small boy even in comparison with overall shipping imports.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



AT HARVARD, LANGDON MARVIN WAS "LIFE'S" "OUTSTANDING UNDERGRADUATE"



*My mother-in-law
is an Angel!*



BEFORE I WAS MARRIED I used to dose myself with a laxative that tasted simply awful! Whenever I had to take it, I'd hold my nose, make a face, and gulp it down. My, how that stuff used to weaken and upset me!

Some laxatives are too strong!



LATER I SWITCHED to another laxative which was supposed to be *very mild*. But it was like jumping from the frying pan into the fire. Instead of bringing relief, this medicine only stirred me up and left me feeling worse than before!

Some laxatives are too mild!



I'D BEEN MARRIED almost a year, before I talked about my laxative problem to my mother-in-law. In almost no time, that little angel was back with a box of Ex-Lax! It tasted good—just like fine chocolate. And Ex-Lax worked so easily, so thoroughly, so effectively! It's not too strong, not too mild...

EX-LAX is the Happy Medium!

IF YOU NEED A LAXATIVE WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD —

Don't dose yourself with harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax — the Chocolated Laxative! It's thoroughly effective, but kind and gentle!

As a precaution use only as directed

10c and 25c at all drug stores

EX-LAX

THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

FOR REAL AMERICAN BEAUTY
"THE LIFT THAT NEVER LETS YOU DOWN"

For figure loveliness . . . for youthful allure . . . there's real American beauty with Perma-Lift. For a miracle happens at the base of the bra-cup where a patented cushion inset softly lifts your bosom, holds that firm rounded contour, never becomes limp or lax through seasons of washing and wear. Kiss the bras good-bye that put red ridges on your pretty shoulders. There's neither bone, bulk nor pull in Perma-Lift's gentle support. Bra and Bandeau styles, \$1.25 to \$2.50. Long-Line models, \$2 and \$2.50. Don't let anyone deprive you of your American right to choose the dependable brands you prefer. Trust the Trade Marks which have stood the test of time.

★ BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★

LIFE'S REPORTS (continued)

Soon after the almost casual AFFC phone call, Langdon Marvin Jr. (now a lieutenant junior grade) was made chairman of a new WPB group, the Interdepartmental Air Cargo Priorities Committee which deals exclusively with scheduling strategic air imports.

Now, 24-year-old IACPC Chairman Langdon Marvin Jr. sits at a cluttered desk in a busy cubbyhole office on the second floor of the Social Security Building, which houses most of WPB. Behind him, on the window ledge, rests a big, transparent globe, lighted from inside to bring into sharp relief all worldwide air routes.

In his cubbyhole, Chairman Marvin puzzles over many perplexing problems: should he grant the frantic plea of an important sugar-producing company for the air-shipment of live frogs from Argentina to eat the insects menacing this year's sugar crop? (He has already expedited insect-destroying beetles to Puerto Rico, but rejected applications for flying monkeys in from India.) Should he give air space from Turkey to silkworm eggs on the request of a big U. S. silk concern? (He has turned down an import priority request for transoceanic air space for \$1,500-a-pound perfume essence.)

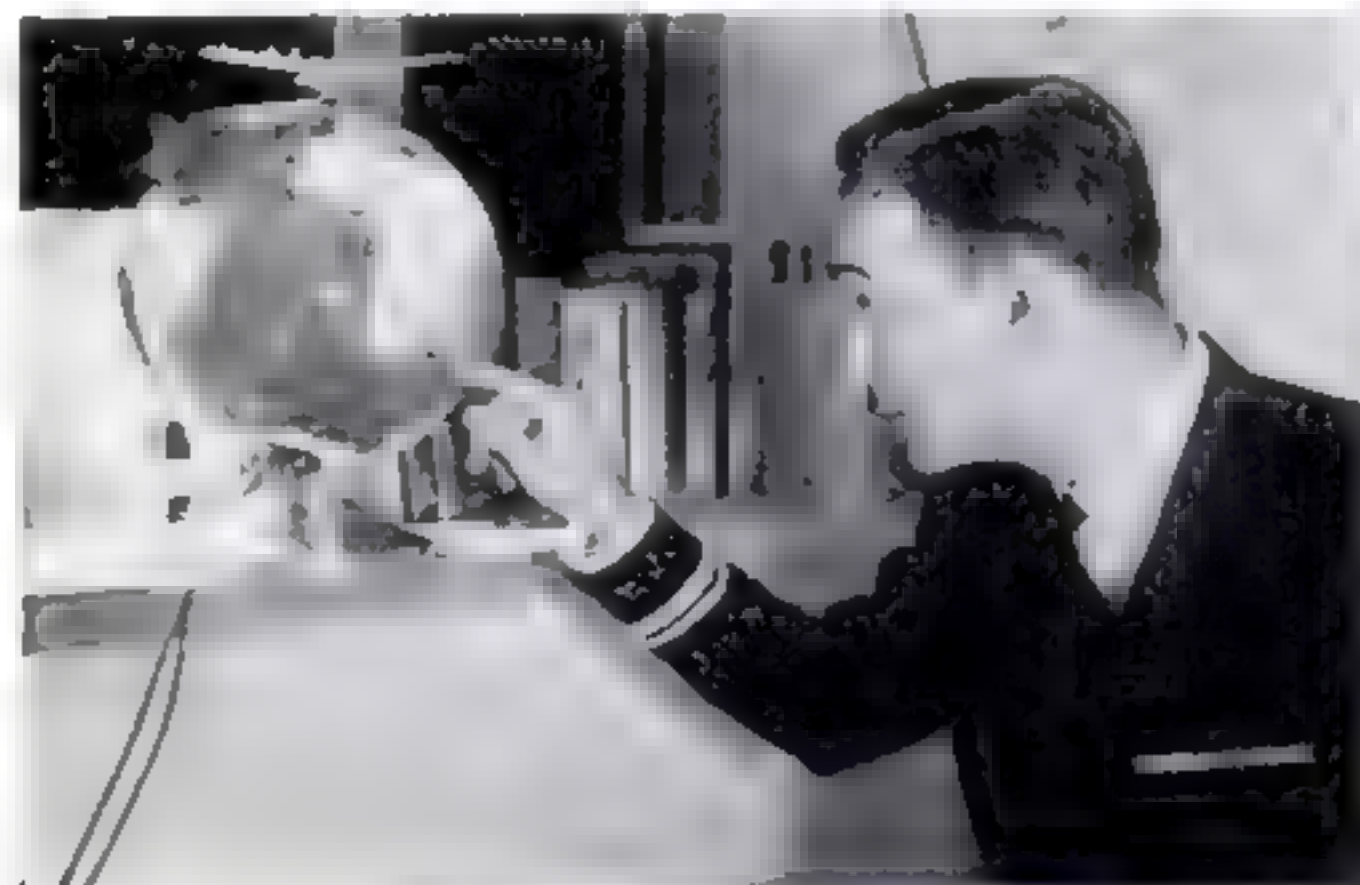
At the inception of the Interdepartmental Air Cargo Priorities Committee, Lieutenant Marvin realized that his work must mesh with the Army and Navy, for their Air Transport Command and Naval Air Transport Service operated, controlled or leased nearly all available space on planes moving toward U. S. shores. He called on the brass hats and, with great tact and diplomacy, worked out with them a monthly minimum of cargo space for IACPC.

The Marvin minimum system worked well and increasingly better. At first, the Army and Navy didn't always meet his committee's minimum, but last spring Lieutenant Marvin made a swing around the far-flung U. S. military air transport systems. He went over the ground installations and worked out ground problems. Result: not since April has the setup failed to bring in the minimum agreed upon.

Frequently, the IACPC has, under the Marvin system, brought vital cargoes in the nick of time to prevent a slump in production. High on Marvin's priority lists have been such materials as mica for insulation in radios and aircraft magnetos; quartz crystals for radio equipment; tantalite for military electrical uses; columbite for stainless steel; beryllium for aircraft engines and essential copper alloys; industrial diamonds for special dies and cutting tools; and rare drugs. Upon the quick import of such strategic raw materials has depended the production schedules of war equipment worth billions of dollars and the lives of thousands.

Lieutenant Marvin could, if he were built that way, now sit back in his WPB cubbyhole and regard his accomplishments since he was selected as LIFE's "outstanding Harvardman" with a certain degree of satisfaction. He could take considerable credit for the fact that during 1943 the dollar value of strategic air imports had risen from virtually nothing to \$116,209,000 or 5.83% of the total value of ocean-hauled cargo. He could, if he were so inclined, point with pride also to his share in moving such valuable war essentials about six times as fast and about 20 times as safely as cargo on surface craft.

But LIFE's "outstanding Harvardman" is not one to sit back anywhere. He wants to see things move faster and faster, particularly those things which are necessary to the U. S. production of war matériel. Not all the bugs have been taken out of the Marvin minimum system. Young Lieutenant Marvin wants to find out why, for instance, a vital air shipment from mid England which arrived at an eastern airport within 24 hours was still sitting in the airfield hangar 14 days later. For this particular young Harvard brain is still buzzing busily over strategic bottlenecks.



IN WASHINGTON, LIEUTENANT MARVIN (43) BREAKS STRATEGIC BOTTLENECKS



“I kiss ’em —and that’s that!”

“AREN’T PAY CHECKS pretty? I love mine!

“They *could* buy me that cute plaid coat that just came into the store where I’m helping out. Or quarts of my pet carnation cologne. Or a whole wonderful closetful of Cannon Percale Sheets!

“But—they *don’t*. No, ma’am. Soon’s I take out living-money I salt the rest of my pay into extra War Bonds—quick—before I’m tempted!

“Because honestly, I *can* squeak by with the things I’ve got. I mean, what’s a patch or two between friends if it helps win the war?

“You wouldn’t *believe* it, the way my lovely Cannon Percale Sheets keep on *wearing* and *wearing*—with a little assistance from me! The sheet-saving tricks I’ve picked up do help *plenty*!

“Sure, I’ll pass ’em on. You don’t have to *coax* me!”

✓ **Monday You Wash**

Be *gentle*! Don’t beat your sheets to death—5 to 8 minutes in the washing machine is plenty . . . Rinse till the water’s span-clear . . . If you use a bleach, follow directions—or what’s the matter with letting the *sun* bleach your sheets?

✓ **Tuesday You Iron**

Do iron your sheets *the same day* you sprinkle ’em, so they won’t mildew . . . Don’t let the iron get too hot; might cause “hidden scorch” that weakens the fabric . . . Never press folds in—*pat* ’em in with your hand.

✓ **Wednesday You Put ’em Away**

Let your sheets sit in an airy room a day or so to get bone-dry before they go into the linen closet

. . . Add clean sheets to the *top* of the pile, and take off from the *bottom*.

✓ **Some Day You May Need to Buy**

Don’t, *don’t* buy sheets till that day comes. When it does, do look up Cannon Percale Sheets . . . soft . . . smooth . . . grand to curl up on. Surprise, surprise—they cost about the same as heavy-duty muslin! Grand for wear, too, because they’re woven with 25% more threads than the best muslins are!

✓ **These Days, This May Happen**

Maybe, on account of the war, you won’t always find just the sizes you want in Cannon Percale Sheets. That’s your cue to ask about Cannon’s economy *Muslin* Sheets. (And don’t forget, the same people make those grand Cannon Towels!)

Cannon Mills, Inc., New York 13, N. Y.

*Cannon
Percale Sheets*



MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CANNON TOWELS AND HOSIERY.



"Thank goodness! I've been trying to get you to arrest me ever since you got rid of your '5 o'clock Shadow'!"



"Gee Sarge, don't blame me! You were the one that told me about Gem Blades!"

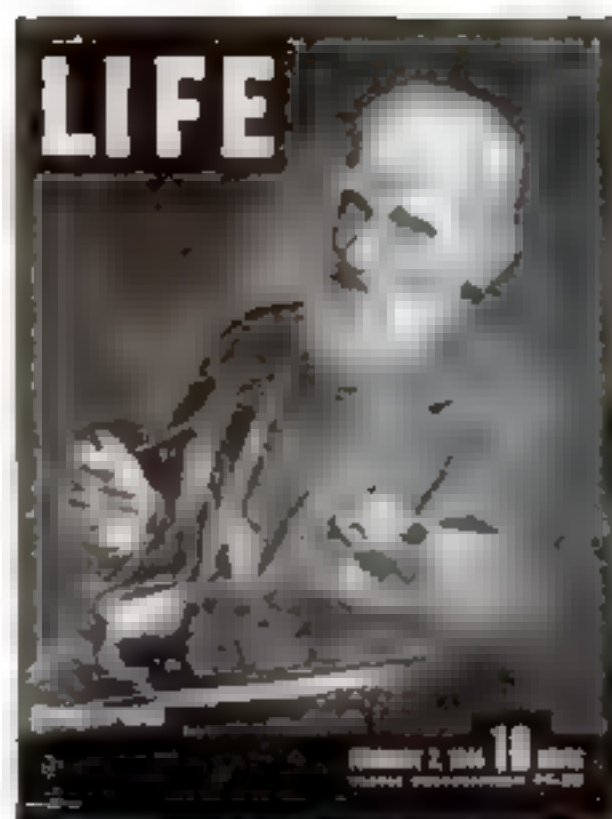


AVOID '5 O'CLOCK SHADOW' WITH



GEM
RAZORS and BLADES

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LIFE'S COVER: The silvery, glinting portrait by Karsh on the cover is the 87-year-old Irishman, George Bernard Shaw, who has given a lifetime to cracking the British superiority complex. His greatest work is the play *Saint Joan*, his latest a new second verse for *God Save the King*. For more of Karsh's portraits of leaders of Great Britain, turn to pages 87-95.

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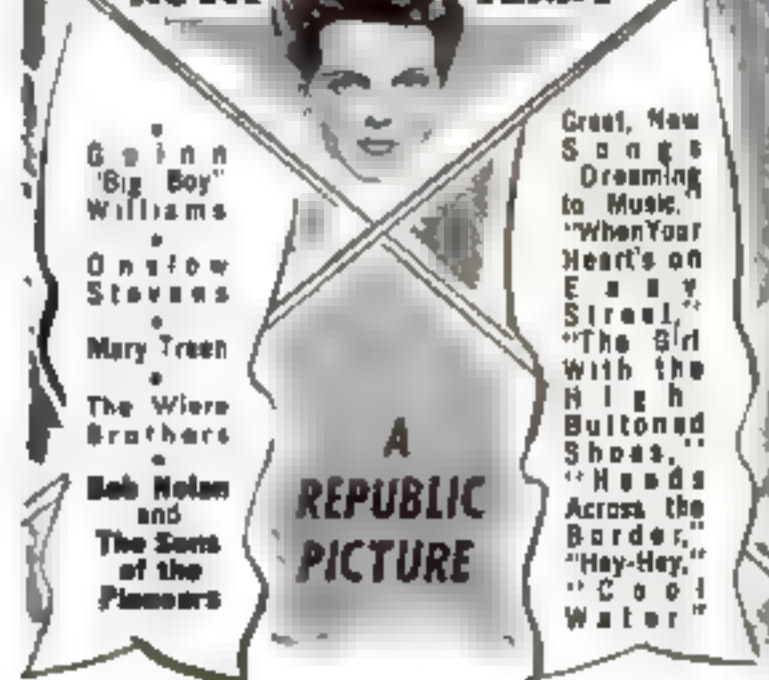
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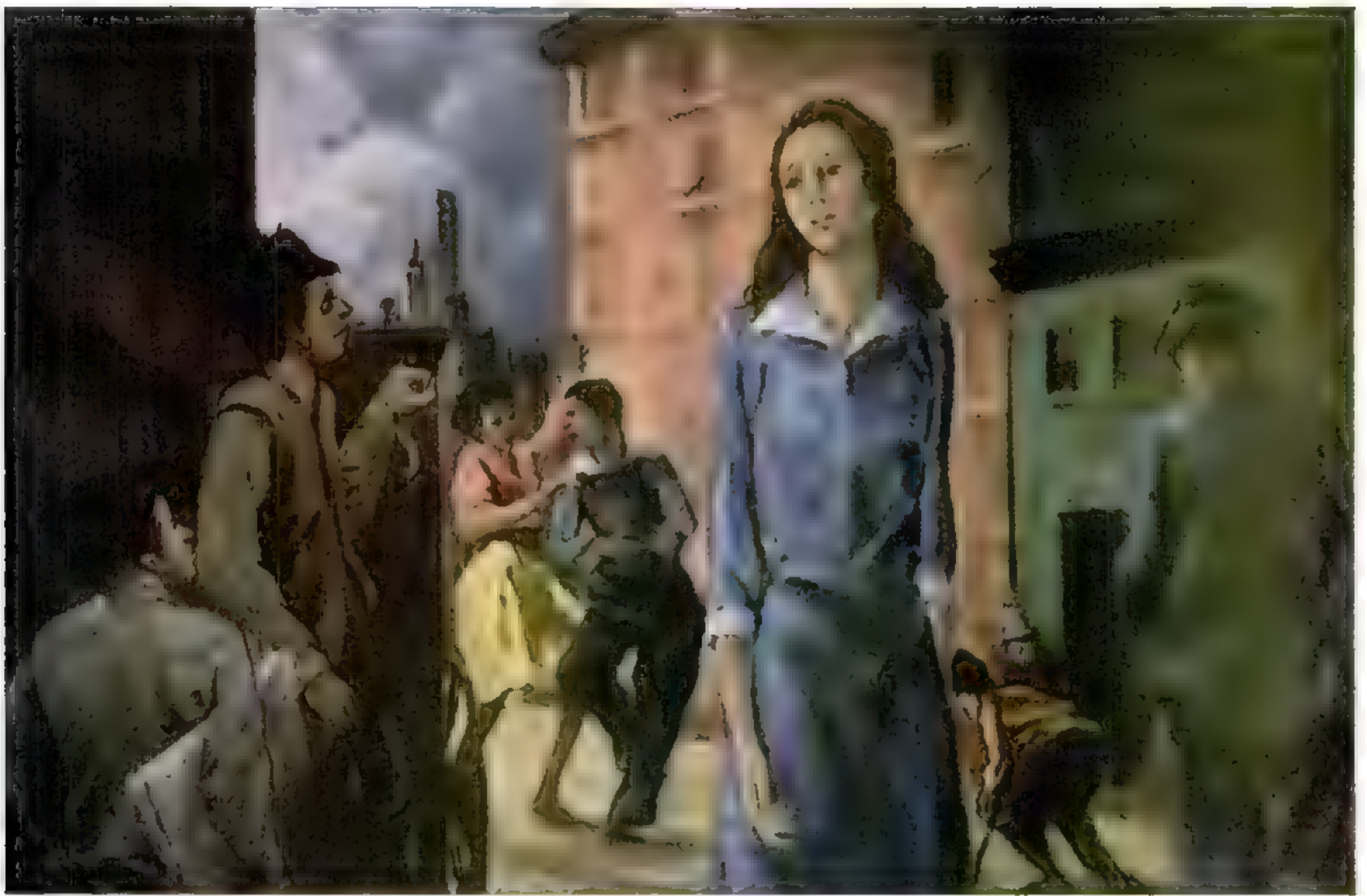
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Songs
Dreaming
to Music
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Heart's on
E a R y
Street"
"The Girl
With the
High
Bulleted
Shoes"
"Hands
Across the
Border"
"Hey-Hey,
"Cool
Water"



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LIFE'S PICTURES

Yousuf Karsh is an ebullient, curly-haired little man of 34 with a flair for getting the best out of people. He has a studio in Ottawa, Canada, to which he emigrated from Armenia 17 years ago. He loves Ottawa because so many eminent persons visit there. His fame as a photographer began to spread with his great portrait of Churchill (LIFE, Feb. 2, 1942). Great new portraits by him can be seen in LIFE's essay this week, "Leaders of Britain."

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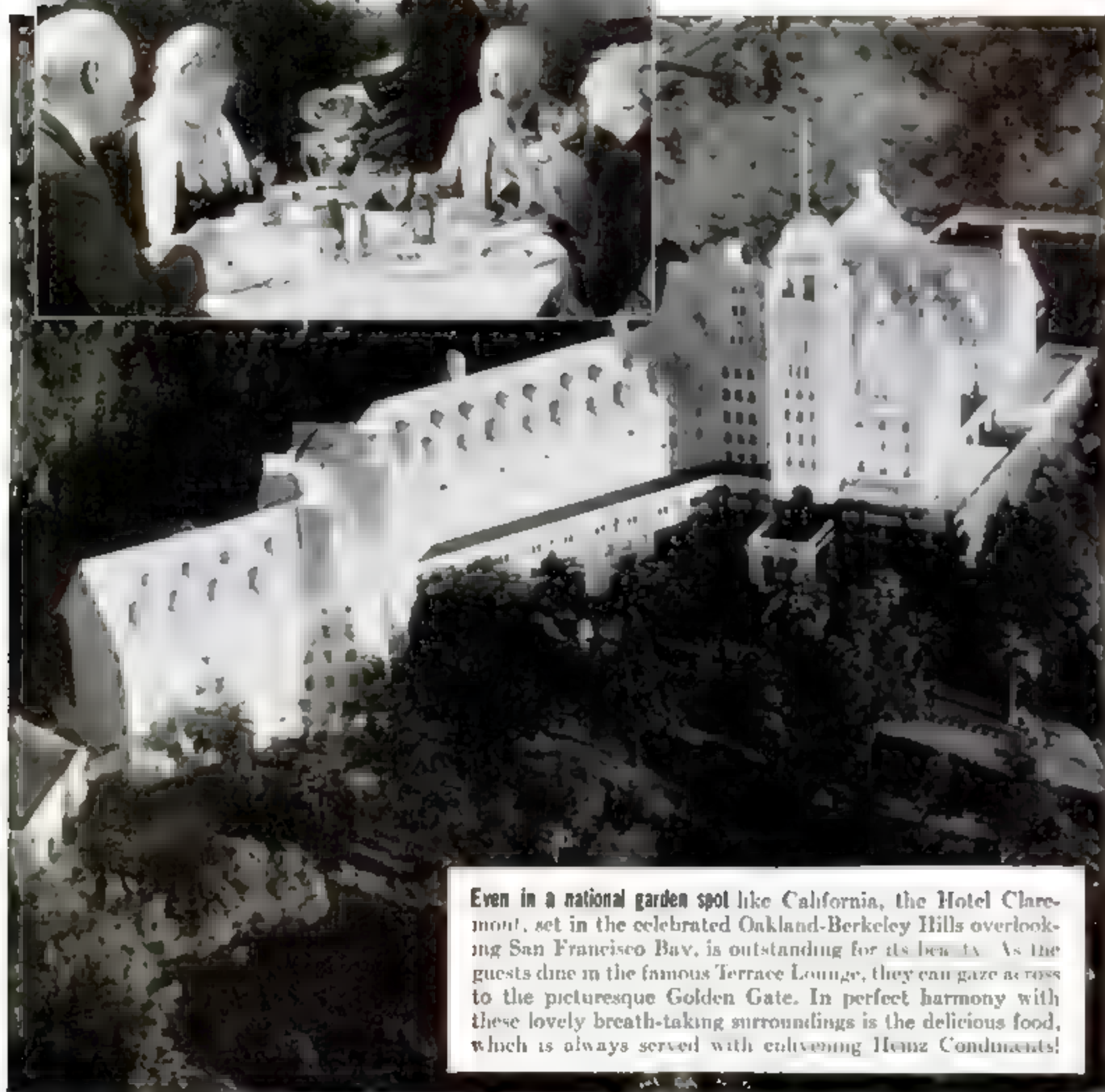
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ON THE NATION'S BEST TABLES



Even in a national garden spot like California, the Hotel Claremont, set in the celebrated Oakland-Berkeley Hills overlooking San Francisco Bay, is outstanding for its beauty. As the guests dine in the famous Terrace Lounge, they can gaze across to the picturesque Golden Gate. In perfect harmony with these lovely breath-taking surroundings is the delicious food, which is always served with enhancing Heinz Condiments!



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PRISONERS OF JAPAN

TEN AMERICANS WHO ESCAPED RECENTLY FROM THE PHILIPPINES REPORT ON THE ATROCITIES COMMITTED BY THE JAPANESE IN THEIR PRISONER-OF-WAR CAMPS



LIEUT. COL. S. M. MELLNIK

Corregidor surrendered at 12:00 noon May 6, 1942. In the final hour a radio operator tapped out the last broken messages: "We are waiting for God knows what. Damage terrible. Too much for guys to take. Going off air now. Goodby and good luck." Then there was silence.

Last week that silence was broken. In the third year of war, censorship finally lifted the curtain on what happened at Corregidor and Bataan after the American surrender. The story did not make pretty reading. It was a tale of atrocity, murder and starvation inflicted by the Japanese on their American prisoners.

Beginning on the next page LIFE prints the detailed account of a group of 10 Americans who managed to escape. It was written by the party's two senior officers, Commander Melvyn H. McCoy, a graduate of Annapolis, and Lieut. Col. S. M. Mellnik, a graduate of West Point. Some of the notes for it were dictated by Colonel Mellnik from a bed in Washington's Walter Reed Hospital. When it was finished, it was submitted to Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox, who took it to President Roosevelt. The decision to release to the press last week a preliminary summary was made by the Joint Chiefs of Staff and represents a major change in information policy for the British and American Governments. The statements in LIFE's article, however, are made on the sole responsibility of the authors and do not necessarily reflect the opinion or policy of the War or Navy Departments or the U. S. Government. The proceeds from LIFE's purchase of this story, together with all future book or movie rights, will be divided among members of the party.



COMMANDER MELVYN H. MCCOY



LIEUT. COL. WILLIAM DYESS



MAJOR AUSTIN C. SHOPNER



CAPTAIN L. A. BOELEN



SGT. R. B. SPIELMAN



MAJOR JACK HAWKINS



CAPTAIN SAMUEL GRASHIO



MAJOR MICHIEL DOBERVICH



AMERICANS WERE FORCED TO BURY OTHER AMERICANS ALIVE. AT THE POINT OF JAP BAYONETS THIS MAN IS FORCED TO HIT A COUNTRYMAN WITH A SHOVEL, THEN BURY HIM

"DEATH WAS PART OF OUR LIFE"

HOW 5,200 AMERICANS AND THOUSANDS OF FILIPINOS DIED IN JAP PRISON CAMPS

by COMMANDER MELVYN MCCOY, USN, and LIEUT. COL. S. M. MELLNIK, USA, as told to LIEUT. WELBOURN KELLEY, USNR

Chapter I: "Defeat in the Philippines"

It is a custom and tradition of war that, when men fight honorably and are forced to lay down their arms in surrender, the war for them has reached an end. As helpless prisoners of war, such men do not expect to be pampered. But they do expect enough food, shelter, clothing and medical care to keep them alive.

For the 65,000 men who were forced to lower the American flag on Bataan and Corregidor, in the Philippines, the enemy provided new rules.

We are two of the Americans who were captured by the Japanese in the fall of Corregidor. With eight others, we were the first to escape from a Japanese prisoner-of-war camp in the Philippines. We had become accustomed to seeing our comrades die in battle by the hundreds. Hardship, bloodshed and death were a commonplace. Yet actual war brought nothing like the horror we were to see and experience in 11 months as military prisoners of a nation which had heretofore received rank on an equal footing with the leading powers of a civilized world.

There was little choice for the 10 of us who

finally escaped from the Japanese. We knew that if we were caught in an attempt to escape we would be put to death in a manner not pleasant to think about—we had seen it happen to others of our fellow American prisoners. But although our group contained 10 of the strongest and healthiest Americans in the prison camp, we knew that there was a better-than-even chance of death as a result of our captors' treatment if we remained in the prison. We had also seen this happen to others of our fellow prisoners. And when we finally did win our way to freedom we were aided and accompanied by two Filipino convicts who in civil life, before the war, had been sentenced for murder, yet were willing to risk death from the Japanese in unselfish loyalty to the United States and their native land.

During the 11 months of our captivity the 10 of us were to see thousands of Americans die from the willful neglect of our captors—up to the end of 1943 the Japanese military prisoner-of-war authorities had announced less than a third of the Americans then dead. More have died since, and it is our considered belief that not more than 10% of the American military prisoners in the Philippines

will survive another year of the conditions which existed at the time of our escape.

During our 11 months of captivity we were to see American prisoners slapped and beaten without provocation as a commonplace occurrence.

We were to see Americans so crazed by thirst that they were forced to drink from muddy and polluted carabao wallows, although separated from the clean water of a running stream only by the menace of Japanese bayonets.

We were to see Americans by the hundreds suffering in various declining stages of scurvy, malaria, beriberi and other afflictions, because the Japanese would not give us our medicines, which they had confiscated.

We were to see Americans slowly going blind from vitamin deficiency; and not one of us escaped without having suffered from one or more of the diseases and deficiencies which at one time were causing the deaths of more than 50 Americans each day.

We were to see unconscious Americans, exhausted on the march, tossed into shallow graves and buried while still alive.

We were to see American prisoners' bodies litter

our prison camps while waiting for the Japanese to get around to giving us permission to bury our dead.

We were to see Americans tied up and tortured in full view of our prison camp, beaten and battered until they were no longer recognizable as human, before they were finally removed for execution without trial.

As professional military men we are fully aware that atrocity stories, as such, can be dangerous in wartime. Yet we feel most emphatically that this story should be told. We feel that all our people should be given a clearer picture of the enemy we face in the Pacific. Most important of all, we feel that the Japanese treatment of American military prisoners should become a matter of record now, with the hope that this treatment will be improved. Finally, we feel that the very highest authorities in Japan should be warned before all the world—and warned now, so that there can be no evasion of responsibility—that we are fully aware of Japanese treatment of captured Americans in the Philippine military prisons.

In addition, this story is being told with the fervent hope that it will increase by even a small particle the American people's feeling of urgency and necessity for a supreme effort in this war, an effort which must not be allowed to diminish until the complete goal has been reached.

In setting down the following narrative we have made every effort to present the facts on the conservative side, although many of them would most easily lend themselves to sensationalism. We have set down nothing not seen by ourselves or told to us by a responsible officer of the United States Army, Navy or Marine Corps. We believe the facts as presented give a fair picture of the enemy we face in the Pacific.

Although this report has been prepared as a personal narrative by the senior Army and Navy members of the escape party, we cannot emphasize too strongly that no one person deserves mention above any other. Of the other eight, each lived up to the highest traditions of his individual service. Included in the party were Lieut. Commander (now Commander) Melvyn H. McCoy, USN, Annapolis '27; Major (now Lieut. Col.) Stephen M. Mellnik, Coast Artillery, West Point '32; three Air Forces officers, Captain W. E. Dyess and Lieuts. (now Captains) L. A. Boelens and Samuel Grashio; three Marine Corps officers, Captain A. C. Shofner and Lieuts. Jack Hawkins and Michiel Dobervich (all now majors); and two Army sergeants, R. B. Spielman and Paul Marshall. Captain Dyess had been promoted to lieutenant colonel, on his return to the U. S., when he was killed in a plane crash at Burbank, Calif. on Dec. 22, 1943.

On April 9, 1942 came the surrender of Bataan. There were approximately four times as many men on Bataan as we had on Corregidor. We knew that the Rock was next. Corregidor finally fell at 12:00 noon on May 6, 1942.

As the time for the surrender drew near, one of us (McCoy) was in the Corregidor tunnel occupied by the Navy and the other (Mellnik) was stationed in the headquarters tunnel occupied by the Army. We were not quartered together in the same prison until some weeks after our capture. Thus, each of us saw different phases of the same event; and in telling the story of what happened while we were official military prisoners of the Japanese in the Philippines, each has elected to tell the part with which he is most familiar.

Lieut. Col. Mellnik: About the last week in April it became evident from the volume and distribution of enemy fire that a landing would be attempted on Corregidor. Our heavy artillery was

being knocked out more rapidly than we could repair it.

The headquarters of General Wainwright and General Moore were in Malinta Tunnel. In this tunnel were the hospital, machine shops, food and ammunition reserves, radio station and administration units. I was directed to form and take charge of the Malinta Tunnel guard to prevent a Jap raiding unit from getting in and capturing the headquarters units.

On the night of May 5, about 8:00 p. m., the guard was alerted—an enemy landing appeared very likely. Enemy 240-mm. shells were falling all over the place. The tunnel system literally rocked from the impact of 240-mm. salvos. Hospital beds jumped all around, medicine cases had to be lashed down. About 4:00 a. m. on May 6 I made a routine visit to the hospital tunnel. Everything was normal. Breakfast was being served. One blonde nurse winked at me and sang out, "If you fellows can't chase those Nips away, we nurses will have to get out there and do it ourselves."

About dawn of the morning of May 6, we received a report of three Jap tanks having landed in the fighting area. Our antitank guns were of World War I vintage.

By 9:00 a. m., on the day of the surrender, Jap snipers had infiltrated our beach defense lines in some force.

At 10:00 a. m., orders were sent to all artillery units to destroy their guns and installations by 12:00 noon.

At noon on May 6, 1942, a gloomy pall fell over

the Rock. Months of constant strain began to do their work. Some men cried quietly, others became hysterical. Exactly on the stroke of 12 a hospital corpsman came into General Moore's office, General Wainwright having left the tunnel to arrange the surrender. The corpsman was sobbing, tears were streaming down his face. He sat down and sobbed out what we all knew: "There's a white flag waving at the hospital tunnel entrance."

To most, the surrender came as a relief. But the silence following the surrender was worse than the shelling. It was uncanny, awful. The sudden opening of a door, a falling chair, would make us jump and flinch. In the moment of surrender none of us thought of tomorrow, for there was no tomorrow. For us, the end had come.

Commander McCoy: At 11:55 on the morning of May 6, 1942 I wrote out the Navy's last message from the Rock and handed it to a radioman 1/c at the sending apparatus. "GOING OFF AIR NOW. GOODBY AND GOOD LUCK. CALLAHAN AND MCCOY."

There were approximately 125 Naval officers and men in the Navy tunnel when the first Japs came in, some three hours after the surrender. The Japs were ready with bayonets and grenades. (They entered the Army tunnel with tanks and flame-throwers.) When they saw no sign of opposition they lowered their rifles and became almost jovial as they got down to the business of looting.

But Japanese battle action did not end with our surrender. On the day after our capitulation, Japa-

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Holding white flags of surrender Americans file out of Corregidor tunnel, guarded by armed Japanese. After the fright-

ful shelling and bombing of the Rock, surrender at first came as a relief. But Americans soon wished they had died fighting

PRISONERS OF JAPAN (continued)

nese planes flew at minimum level over the Rock and dropped bombs, first making sure that their own men were out of the way. Casualties on our side were slight, and the Japs evidently were only bolstering a threat made to General Wainwright that, unless all the forces in the Visayan Islands surrendered, all on Corregidor would be massacred.

Lieut. Col. Mellnik: Two days after the surrender the 7,000 Americans and 5,000 Filipinos were awakened at night and ordered out of the tunnels on the Rock. We did not know where we were going, but were prodded along in the darkness at the point of Jap bayonets.

We soon saw that we were being concentrated in the Kindley Field garage area. This was now only a square of concrete, about 100 yards to the side, with one side extending into the water of the bay. The 12,000 of us were crowded into this area. All the wounded who could walk also were ordered to join us, many with broken bones or serious injuries.

For seven days we were kept on this concrete square without food. There was only one water spigot for the 12,000. A 12-hour wait to fill one canteen was the usual rule.

The heat was at its worst. Men fainted by the score and were passed from hand to hand down to the waters of the bay. Each morning a hundred or more unconscious were taken out of the area back into the tunnel. I do not know what happened to them. We were covered by clouds of black flies, and dysentery had already begun to spread among us. Our dead, their bodies bloating, lay on the Rock for several days.

After seven days we were given our first food—one mess kit of rice and a tin of sardines.

On the afternoon of May 22 the Japs loaded us onto three merchant ships of about 7,000 tons each. There were approximately 4,000 of us on each ship. The next morning we got under way and dropped anchor off Paranaque, a suburb south of Manila. Here we waited until the heat of the day had almost reached its peak. Then we were jammed into barges. After an hour in the sun we were taken to within a hundred yards of the beach. Although the barges could easily have run right up to the beach, we were ordered to jump overboard in water up to our armpits and march to the beach, where we formed four abreast. Then we knew we were to be marched through Manila presenting the worst appearances possible—wet, bedraggled, hungry, thirsty and many so weak from illness they could hardly stand.

This was our captors' subtle method of convincing the subject peoples of the Philippines that only the Japanese were members of the Master Race.

Commander McCoy: I had fared better than most of the prisoners, for I had been kept in Malinta Tunnel with Generals Moore and Drake and with the senior Naval officer, Captain K. M. Hoeffel, USN. Thus I was able to offer future help to some of the marchers. The Japanese had intended this to be a triumphal victory parade, but there were few signs of happiness on the faces of the Filipinos who lined our route. Instead, there were many tears and many carefully shielded signs of encouragement. Armed Japanese guards marched at our side and the entire five-mile route was patrolled by Japanese cavalry.

As we passed the High Commissioner's residence we noted Japanese flags flying—this was now the headquarters of General Homa. We passed the Elks Club, with the Army-Navy Club visible at a distance. At the Legislative Building we turned right, passed over Quezon Bridge and onto Ascarra Street.

All during the march the heat was terrific—it has been my observation that the Japanese deliberately wait for the hottest part of the day before moving American prisoners. The weaker ones in our ranks began to stumble during the first mile. These were cuffed back into the line and made to march until they dropped. If no guards were in the immediate vicinity, the Filipinos along the route tried to revive the prisoners with ices, water and fruit. These Filipinos were severely beaten if caught by the guards. As prisoners fainted, they were picked up by trucks which were following the march for that purpose.

When we were within two blocks of our destination, Old Bilibid prison, I noticed a lieutenant colonel walking in an unusual, stumbling manner. I was not near enough to help him. Suddenly he fell forward, disrupting the line of march. Japanese guards ordered two Army enlisted men to pick up the colonel holding him under each armpit.

The march was ordered to resume, and the unconscious man was dragged in this manner the remaining two blocks. The enlisted men were ordered to throw him on the prison floor. I started to kneel down at his side but a Japanese bayonet was shoved at my chest in a very businesslike manner.

The colonel had not moved, and had been

given no medical attention, when two hours later I was ordered with Captain Hoeffel and several Army staff officers to the elementary school at Pasay, a suburb of Manila. In this school was the Navy Hospital Unit from Canacao, Cavite. The unit's medicines had been confiscated, except for that which a few doctors had managed to hide among their personal effects.

An hour after we reached Pasay, the colonel was brought in and placed on a mattress on the floor. Naval doctors worked on him for nearly an hour, while the rest of us stood about and wondered what was to happen to us next. In all the entire group, only the colonel had no worries for the future. He was dead.

Death was no stranger to any of us who had gone through the Battle of the Philippines, but we were to learn about a new kind of death. Although we did not know it at the time, we were to be transferred to the prison camp at Cabanatuan, where death was a part of our way of life.

Chapter II: "The Death March From Bataan"

It did not take us long to learn that the hardships we had faced in battle were, if anything, much less severe than those awaiting us as military prisoners of the conquering Nipponese.

Few of the prisoners captured on Corregidor were to remain long in Manila. Although many civilian internees were to be quartered in the Manila area, the Japs had other plans for American prisoners of war.

Lieut. Col. Mellnik: McCoy was still at Pasay when I learned, on May 27, 1942, that I was to be transferred from Old Bilibid to the prisoner-of-war camp at Cabanatuan, about 75 miles north of Manila in the province of Luzon.

As was their custom when American military prisoners were to be moved, the Japanese waited until the heat had reached its peak before loading some 1,500 of us into iron boxcars, a hundred men to each car, with no room to sit or lie down. The cars were tightly closed so that there was no ventilation. With the sun beating down on the metal roof, the inside of the car was like an oven, with no water or sanitary facilities available. Although several men fainted, there were no deaths on the rail trip.

The next day when the sun had reached its zenith, we began our march of 12 miles to our prison camp. Not one of us was fit for marching. During more than three weeks of captivity the



In Corregidor's Malinta Tunnel American headquarters do the complicated detail work of modern war. These pictures were taken by LIFE's late Melville Jacoby, who escaped to Australia.



The wounded breathe fresh air outside a tunnel entrance. Toward the end of the siege of Corregidor the entire tunnel system was mostly all hospital. The men were bunked in triple decks.

Japanese had not provided us with a single decent meal. Many of us were ill.

After we had gone about eight miles, I began to suffer intolerably. The heat was unbearable. My heart was pounding and my pack grew heavier by the minute.

Occasionally I would pass a man who had fallen out, gasping for air, or white and still in unconsciousness. As the Jap guards came along they would encourage these men to keep moving, using the point of their bayonets. Some men managed to get up and stagger farther. Others had reached the point when an inch of bayonet point brought no response. These men were later picked up by trucks—those who were still alive.

After a brief stay at a temporary camp, we reached the Cabanatuan prison on May 29, 1942. This camp had been built originally as training quarters for Filipino detachments of the United States Far East Forces, and no preparation had been made for our coming. But the lack of food did not bother most of us. We were glad to drag our weary bodies into the barracks and throw ourselves down on the bare floors.

Barbed wire was hastily thrown about the camp, and sentry towers were built at short intervals. Then the Japs went through the camp and formed us into groups of 10. If any one member of any group escaped, we were told, the other nine would be shot. These squads quickly became known among ourselves as "shooting squads."

We had barely settled into the prison at Cabanatuan when, on June 2, the first detachments of prisoners from Bataan began to arrive at our camp. We were appalled at their condition, and even more appalled when we learned what had happened to them on what they all called "the death march from Bataan."

These prisoners arrived at Cabanatuan in trucks for the simple reason that only a very few among them were physically able to stand up and walk a hundred yards. In the first truck to arrive was a young enlisted man who at one time had served as my orderly. He staggered to my side and, holding himself up by feebly grasping at my shoulders, he sobbed out, "Sir, is it different here—will they treat us like humans?" I tried to comfort the boy by telling him that everything would be all right, and he staggered away, still sobbing.

The Bataan prisoners who had been prisoners a month longer than we had, were the most woe-begone objects I have ever seen. They were wild-eyed, gaunt, their clothes in tatters. Many had no equipment of any kind, and some clutched at

rusty tin cans which they used as mess kits. These men had their own doctors with them—the medical detachments from Bataan—but the doctors had no medicines and they were as sick as the men.

One of these prisoners was a Quartermaster lieutenant who was in the last stages of what was called "wet beriberi." He was horribly swollen from his hips down, was in frightful pain, and constantly expressed the fear that if the swelling rose above his hips to his heart he would die. We finally got a Japanese doctor to examine him. The doctor said that if the lieutenant's condition had not improved "in a day or two" he would return with some medicine. The next day, however, the man was dead. In death he was not alone, for soon the first chore of our day was the removal from our barracks of the bodies of men who had died during the night.

Commander McCoy: Mellnik had been at Cabanatuan about five weeks when I learned that I also was to be transferred there. After a tortuous trip from Manila, I arrived at the prison camp at Cabanatuan on July 7, less than two months after the camp was formed.

As I was mustered in I was first searched by Japanese guards. The only things of value they found on me were two small bottles containing quinine and sulfa drugs, given me by a doctor friend at Old Bilibid. The Japs confiscated this medicine.

One of the first persons I saw was an Army officer whom I had met at Army-Navy parties in Manila, and whom I had talked to on several pleasant pre-Pearl Harbor occasions in the Transportations Club in the Marsman Building.

"You look awful," I said to him, staring at his gaunt, stricken appearance.

"I was on Bataan," he said. "I made the death march."

I had already become aware of an awful stench about the camp, but for the first time I noticed that outside of each barracks there was a neat row of bodies. Somehow I knew that the bodies had been there for some time—clouds of flies arose from them when groups of prisoners walked nearby.

"Good God!" I was pointing.

The Army officer looked casually at the row of bodies and said, "You'll get used to that."

I heard the story of the death march from Bataan to Camp O'Donnell from many responsible officers at Cabanatuan, but I heard it most often

from the officer I had recognized on my arrival at the camp.

After the fall of Bataan, approximately 10,000 American and 45,000 Filipino prisoners were marched to San Fernando, Pampanga, a distance of about 120 miles. These prisoners were marched in different groups. In most cases they went for days without water. My friend the Army officer—I shall call him Gunn—said he went for many days without food; he did not remember the exact number, as he had lost count, but it was "more than a week." Then he was allowed one mess kit of rice.

"We often passed running streams," said Gunn, "but the Japs seldom allowed us to drink. A few prisoners tried it, mostly Filipinos. They were shot down and left dying where they fell. If we drank from muddy carabao wallows, though, the Japs didn't seem to mind. That's where so many hundreds of us got dysentery, I suppose."

During the long march these groups of Bataan prisoners passed through the village of Lubao and were kept there overnight. They were quartered in a warehouse of galvanized tin, with no windows but with a few small grid openings near the floor. First the Japanese would herd as many prisoners into the building as seemed possible, requiring them all to stand. Then, when the building was completely full, more prisoners were placed just outside the door and a steel cable was attached to one corner of the building. Several guards then took the other end of this cable and by pulling it taut, they squeezed all those outside into the building. The sliding door was then closed and secured for the night.

During the night no prisoner was allowed outside the building for any reason whatsoever. Since there were no sanitation facilities inside, and since several persons died during the night, it is easy to understand why those who made the death march always shuddered when they described their overnight stop in the village of Lubao.

While on the march, regular cleanup squads of Japanese followed at the rear to dispose of the prisoners who fell out, both Filipinos and Americans. At the end of the day the Japanese usually dispatched those prisoners who seemed so weakened that they would not be able to make the march on the following day. Different methods were used to dispose of these weakened prisoners. There were many cases of burial alive, often with the forced assistance of American officers. Some of the prisoners were forced to dig their own graves.

"On the march," Gunn said, "the Japs treat-

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



U.S. marines detruck for action, less than a mile from Japanese forward lines on Bataan. Hungry, tired and sick, these men were forced to surrender April 9, a month before Corregidor.



Lining up before battle the marines on Bataan receive their final orders. Before Dec. 7, 1941 they were untried troops. But the Japs admitted they were the toughest fighters they had met.



A party of Filipinos, carrying white flags, comes out of the woods to surrender to the Japanese. Reports indicate that 27,000 of 45,000 captured Filipinos died in two months of captivity.



Captured Americans are lined up along road at Mariveles and checked over by a Jap officer. Although it was officially forbidden, Japs looted everything of value possessed by Americans.

PRISONERS OF JAPAN (continued)

ed the Filipinos even worse than they did us. The Japs claimed that in aiding the Americans the Filipinos had turned against their own blood, that the Filipinos were Orientals who had betrayed the Orient. When a Filipino fell out on the march he was shot or bayoneted where he lay. Then he was dragged to the side of the road and left. In the case of an American, the Japs at least took him out of sight of the other prisoners before they put him out of the way."

Another prisoner told me what took place on such occasions: "The first time it happened," he said, "I didn't know what was up. An enlisted man had keeled over—he had been stumbling for hours—and the Japs dragged him out of the line to a ditch about a hundred yards from the road. I was taken out of the line and escorted to where the Japs had placed this unconscious man in the ditch. One of the Japs handed me a shovel. Another jabbed a bayonet into my side and gave an order in Japanese. A Jap grabbed the shovel out of my hands and demonstrated by throwing a few shovelfuls of earth on the unconscious soldier. Then he handed me the shovel. God! . . . It doesn't help to tell myself that the soldier, and others later, were already more dead than alive. . . . The worst time was once when a burial victim with about six inches of earth over him suddenly regained consciousness and clawed his way out until he was almost sitting upright. Then I learned to what lengths a man will go, McCoy, to hang onto his own life. The bayonets began to prod me in the side and I was forced to bash the soldier over the head with the shovel and then finish burying him."

The prisoner who told me this story did so several times but he never told it with an excuse for his own conduct. It was unspoken between us that a man already crazed by thirst and hunger, and already at the point of exhaustion, is not a rational being. Automatic reflexes alone will cause him to hang onto his existence with all the remaining life that is in him.

After talking about the death march from Bataan to O'Donnell, he would pause and then say, "Those things don't happen to Americans, McCoy. I know we've heard of Hitler starving and killing people by the thousands; and we've heard of the Japs using living Chinese for bayonet practice. But we're Americans! Nobody ever taught us about things like that."

When the Bataan prisoners finally reached San

Fernando, on the way to O'Donnell, they were jammed one hundred into a boxcar and, always in the heat of the day, given a two-hour ride to Capiz, Luzon. Then they marched the remainder of the way to the camp.

Conditions at Camp O'Donnell were, if possible, as bad as those along the route of march. There was only one water spigot for the many thousands, and all the running water in the vicinity rapidly became polluted by the sick and the dead. And, in a regular public speech to the assembled prisoners, the Japanese camp commander stated that he did not like Americans, and that he did not care how many died.

Lieut. Col. Mellnik When the Bataan prisoners, or what was left of them, arrived at Cabanatuan from O'Donnell, the American leaders in our group did their best to compile a list of those who had died previously. This list was kept up to date. As far as I know, the list is still at Cabanatuan, and it contains many hundreds of names which have not yet been announced by the Japanese.

The death rate at O'Donnell, we learned, had been frightful. After the death march there was hardly a man who was not clearly a hospital case by the time he reached O'Donnell. Officers who survived place the number of Americans who died there in April and May at 2,200. The problem of burial of these bodies became extremely acute. The Japs would not help with this work. The Filipinos and Americans were so weak that there were not enough healthy men to dig the graves. As a result, the camp became so littered with bodies that it was sometimes hard to tell the living from the dead.

This death rate at O'Donnell finally became so alarming that the Japanese began to discharge the Filipinos as soon as they became ill, hoping that they would die in the bosom of their families and thus free the Japs of responsibility. American officers say that, of the 45,000 Filipinos who started out from Bataan on April 9, fully 27,000 had died by the end of May, when the surviving Americans were transferred to Cabanatuan.

Commander McCoy: "You won't like it here," Gunn said to me, shortly after I arrived at Cabanatuan. "Had dysentery yet?"

"No."

"Malaria?"

"No. I thought I had a chill last night. Maybe it was the food."

"What food?" said Gunn sourly.

I doubt very much if Gunn is still among the living. But I know that if he is dead—he died without cracking up, and while still fighting to stay alive. A few of the prisoners may not have been entirely sane when last we saw them, but there had not been one case of outright mental crack-up.

"You won't like it here," said Gunn.

I followed his eyes. A platoon of Japanese troops and an officer were swinging down the road toward the camp singing. Rumor in the camp had it that this group had gone forth earlier in the day in search of a party of Philippine patriots. We soon saw that the rumor was correct. The platoon marched in military order up to our stockade and halted. Then they impaled a gory Filipino head on a tall fence post near our gate.

This obviously was a subtle warning against any infraction of our prison rules. We were soon to learn that it was not an empty threat.

Chapter III: "Death at Cabanatuan"

The American prisoner-of-war camp at Cabanatuan was a long rectangle of about 500 by 700 yards, bounded on one of the shorter sides by the road from Cabanatuan city and on the other three sides by once-cultivated fields. The prison stockade was split crosswise into three groups of about 230 yards wide each. Both of us were in group 1, the section nearest the road. Each group contained barracks for approximately 2,000 American prisoners, mostly officers.

At the north end of our rectangle was a moat which occasionally filled with water during heavy rains, and which we used for drainage for our latrines and urinals. Nearly always in this section were to be found a number of prisoners dead or dying of dysentery and starvation, men who had made it this far and could go no farther.

At the opposite end from the moat was the enclosure used by the Japanese soldiery for their barracks, mess halls, drill field and parade ground, with a road running between the Japanese area and the prison stockade. Beyond this was the hospital for prisoners, staffed by American doctors but almost wholly without medicines or equipment. There were usually about 2,500 patients in this hospital, but they fared little better than those who were ill in the prison proper.

Each of these three divisions of Cabanatuan Camp No. 1 was a separate entity, partitioned



Wreckage of Corregidor shows in photograph of buildings, wharves and tattered American prisoners marching to prison. Japs who took Corregidor fought also at Hong Kong, Singapore.



Grinning Japanese guard a column of Americans, whose arms are over their heads. At Corregidor the Japs continued to bomb the Americans even after the surrender had been arranged.

from the other. A high barbed-wire fence enclosed the entire area in which the prisoners were contained. At regular intervals around the prison stockade were elevated sentry platforms, always manned by Japanese guards with rifles or submachine guns. Foot soldiers also patrolled the stockade at all times.

Lieut. Col. Mellnik: Escape was in the minds of nearly all the prisoners at Cabanatuan. One enlisted man from the 200th Coast Artillery escaped from the hospital in late July or early August. This man, a Mexican, went to Cabanatuan and, passing as a Filipino, worked for the Japs. Our grapevine soon informed him that the other nine men of his squad had been marked for execution, so he voluntarily returned and gave himself up.

This man was first beaten by the guards, then shackled loosely so he could walk. Then he was put on permanent latrine duty and was always followed by a guard who held a rope which was tied around the prisoner. He was beaten often, and at night he was locked up.

There was another flurry in early August when the Japs reported that two prisoners had escaped from the hospital. The "shooting squads" of these men were immediately isolated for execution, and the execution date was set, when the bodies of the men who had supposedly escaped were fortunately discovered. One had fallen into a latrine, and the body of the other was found behind a barracks. Both apparently had been delirious when they died.

On another occasion five enlisted men were arrested by the Japs on the charge that they had been dealing through the fence with friendly Filipinos. Two of these Filipinos were also caught, and all seven of the men freely admitted their guilt, pointing out that their only crime was an attempt to get more food.

I happened to be present when these men were questioned by Mr. Numura, the civilian Japanese interpreter. He showed no concern over the question of food, pointing out that he was concerned only with the propaganda aspect of the situation. He wanted to know if the Filipinos had given the Americans any news about the progress of the war, and whether the Americans had encouraged the Filipinos to revolt against the Japanese. He got nowhere, for the simple reason that the prisoners had been interested only in acquiring food.

The five Americans and two Filipinos, as punishment, were tied up to stakes just outside the

camp and allowed no food or water for 48 hours. In tying one of the Americans, the Japanese guards had done a bungling job, and this man finally found that he could wriggle out of his bonds. The midday heat was almost unbearable. At about noon of the second day, this enlisted man apparently became crazed by the combination of heat, hunger and thirst. He jerked out of his bonds and ran to the stockade gate and let himself in. Once inside his own barracks he got some water and then went to his own bunk and lay down.

Despite the fact that this prisoner voluntarily ran back inside the prison stockade, the Japs made a great commotion over their charge of attempted escape. At about 5 o'clock that afternoon all of us were herded into our barracks under guard. The barracks were so flimsily constructed, however, that it was impossible to prevent the prisoners from seeing what went on outside. Those prisoners who were near enough thus could look through the chinks in their barracks as the Japanese lined up the five Americans and two Filipinos and executed them by rifle fire. There was no trial.

Commander McCoy: The problem of food at Cabanatuan was always a pressing one. For breakfast at Cabanatuan we were rationed one mess kit of lugao, a thin concoction of rice and water. At noon and at night we received one mess kit of steamed white rice, with about one-half a canteen cup of a greenish-colored soup, usually with no substance in it. When there was substance, it consisted of camote tops, the leafy part of the Philippine sweet potato. In the five months I was at Cabanatuan, the only piece of meat I ever received was a half-inch cube of carabao which had died on the prison confines. This great event happened once.

On one occasion the Japs gave us three chickens and nine eggs for each mess of 500 men—doubtless so they could claim in their propaganda that we were fed on chickens and eggs. After my escape and return to the States, I was shown Japanese propaganda statements which declared that American prisoners of war in the Philippines are given the same diet as that received by the Japanese soldier. *Nothing could be further from the truth.* For breakfast the Japanese soldier has a vitaminized mush with his rice. At noon he has fish, pork or chicken and vegetables with his rice. At night he has his biggest meal, and meat is always served with it. Such menus to the American prisoners now in the Philippines would make every day seem like Christmas.

The diet we received at Cabanatuan would not sustain normal life. This was amply proved by the neat rows of bodies placed outside the barracks each morning.

Because of this fact, every effort was made to supplement our diet by any means within our power. The Japanese finally set up a system by which we could buy some food, if we had money, and provided the orders were placed well in advance. It was therefore possible, if a prisoner had about 25 pesos a month, to eke out an existence without becoming a victim of scurvy, beriberi or other illnesses brought about by diet deficiency.

Prisoners without money, or without friends from whom they could borrow, were almost certain to face illness and probable death.

In June and July of 1942 the death rate of Cabanatuan was 30 Americans a day. Each morning a fresh batch of bodies was brought out of the barracks and laid out in rows to await burial. This sometimes was a matter of days. First we had to receive permission from the Japanese to take the bodies outside the camp to the burial ground. This permission was always delayed, because it upset the Japs' roll call. Then there was the problem of finding a burial detail, prisoners who were strong enough to carry the bodies out of the camp on our homemade stretchers and then dig the graves. As a result, bodies were always lying around the camp. Not until late August did the Japs finally consent to let us mark our graves, and allow our chaplains to hold burial services over the dead.

One of my friends and barracks mates, Lieut. Commander A. E. Harris, USN, became critically ill of malaria and dietary complications. For four days he was unconscious, emitting an occasional respiratory rattle which could be heard throughout the entire barracks. During those four days we made every effort to have Harris transferred to the hospital. Although there were no medicines for him, he would at least have had the care of trained doctors and hospital corpsmen. Permission to remove Commander Harris was finally obtained on the fourth day, but he died while being taken out to the hospital gates. Such occurrences were not uncommon.

Our contact with the Japanese prison officials was carried on by the camp commanders whom we ourselves had chosen from our most able senior officers. The job of these camp officials was a hard

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ARGENTINA

A BREAK WITH HER POLITICAL PAST WOULD BE HARDER THAN HER BREAK WITH THE AXIS

At 10.10 one morning last week the sirens of the Buenos Aires newspapers *Nación* and *Prensa* raised their anxious voices. Argentines know that these sirens howl only when very unusual extras are about to hit the streets. Soon, indeed, the people of Buenos Aires had learned the most important piece of news that has come out of Argentina, or for that matter out of Latin America, for many months:

The authoritarian government of Argentina had finally broken off relations with the authoritarian government of Germany.

In due course this news reached North America where it was received with varying degrees of pleasure. But most North Americans had been so busy worrying about how to win our war and not lose our peace in Europe and the Pacific that they either did not fully understand or did not care much about the news for which the sirens shrieked in Buenos Aires.

It is vital that two aspects of that piece of news be understood and very much cared about.

A Screen of Spies and Agents

One aspect is this: the news of Argentina's break with the Axis served as a smokescreen for the real issues involved. Recent U. S. State Department declarations had repeatedly suggested that the reason for uneasiness about both Bolivia and Argentina was the presence there of a number of Axis agents and spies. The press handling of the Bolivian revolt and Argentina's support of it had stressed German participation. Much had been made of the arrest in British Trinidad of Argentine Consul Osmar Alberto Hellmuth, who was accused of being a German spy. And the Argentine decree breaking relations was itself almost exclusively taken up with the matter of Axis agents.

All this gave the casual reader in the U. S. the impression that the danger which resided in Argentina was largely German. The logical corollary was that the elimination of Nazis from Argentina would line that country up emotionally and thoroughly with us and the rest of Latin America, all of which has now declared war on or broken relations with the Axis. This impression is inaccurate and more dangerous than the danger itself, because it is so typical of U. S. half-understandings of Latin America.

The fact is this: the forces in Argentina which are unfavorable to the United Nations and to continental solidarity are native. They are strong. They go far back. To call them fascist or totalitarian is imprecise, for those words are closely linked in our minds with Hitler and the inglorious that was Rome. Perhaps authoritarian is the best word. The forces are strictly Latin American. They are tinged with Spanish influences and have roots in economics. But whatever you call

them, they are a negation of democracy. To recognize these forces it is necessary to recall a few things that have happened in Argentina since last summer.

On the night of June 3, President Ramón S. Castillo heard that he was about to be ousted by force. He hurried from the presidential mansion, Casa Rosada, to ask in vain for the support of the First Field Artillery Regiment. When he went home he found General Arturo Rawson waiting for him with a demand that he resign. He refused. Troops moved on the city. Crowds surged along behind the soldiers shouting "*Viva la libertad! Viva la democracia!*" President Castillo and his cabinet hurried onto the minesweeper *Drummond*, which put out into the River Plate.

For several days the crowds and the new government made loud pro-democratic noises. General Pedro P. Ramírez, who wound up as president, shut down the pro-Nazi paper *El Pampero* and issued a decree prohibiting the use of secret codes in international wireless communications, thereby cutting off secret contact between Axis embassies and their governments. The new President promised "loyal cooperation with the other nations of America."

Recognition and About-Face

By June 11 the U. S. Government recognized Argentina and the need for these noises ceased. The true colors of the Ramírez government showed themselves. They were the colors of a native, nationalistic, Axis-sympathizing, anti-U. S., anti-Semitic, antiwar oligarchy.

Freedom of the press ceased to exist. *El Pampero* opened up again but *Argentina Libre*, *Vanguardia*, *La Gaceta*, *La Unión* were shut down for various criticisms of the government. "Communist" literature and films, including Joseph E. Davies' *Mission to Moscow* and the March of Time's *One Day at War*, were banned. Freedom of speech disappeared: the comedian Pepe Arias was arrested and fined 300 pesos for remarking that the initials of Pedro P. Ramírez also stood for *presidente para rato*—president for a little while. Ramírez soon showed he intended to be president for good and by force, and behind him stood the force—a clique of tough, ambitious colonels. Government was so jubilant by decree that before the end of October Ramírez had signed his 10,000th dictatorial command. He dissolved Congress and suspended the political parties. He tightened central controls over the provincial governments. Ramírez himself prepared a decree establishing the length of skirts and prohibiting the use of lipstick. And he kept Argentina rigidly neutral, although he could not help knowing that this meant helping the Axis nations because it gave them their one open door in the Western Hemisphere.

Argentina under Ramírez and his colonels

was totalitarian not because German agents made it so. The truth lay on the other side of the coin: German agents were able to use Argentina because that country was openly and strongly totalitarian in her own right.

There are other countries in Latin America with similar tendencies. Bolivia, after its revolution of Dec. 20, became openly totalitarian. There have been hints of unrest along the same lines in Peru, Chile, Paraguay. Even in the countries which have been most helpful to the Allied cause, there exist latent totalitarian currents: Brazil has its *Integralistas* and Mexico its *Sinarquistas*. In each country there are special, nationalistic reasons for these currents.

"That's That"—Maybe

And that suggests the second aspect of the Argentine news that deserves attention. The importance of this second aspect was underlined by the fairly typical reaction in the U. S. to the Argentine break. This was to sit back and say: "That's that. Now every country in Latin America is on our side." But Argentine authoritarianism was not automatically ended by the decree breaking relations with Germany. As was proved in Argentina last June and in Bolivia last December, Latin American diplomatic talk does not always mean exactly what it says.

This is what even those who find themselves confused and bored by Latin America must remember: The latent currents in Argentina and in other countries of Latin America remain. Declarations do not erase them. Not even palace revolutions change them. Waving a magic wand called Good Neighborliness does not eliminate them. Neither does pouring gifts indiscriminately from a cornucopia called Lend Lease. Neither does shouting: "*Viva democracia!*" The currents go on, and in some countries they grow, and one of the big reasons they grow is because of the failure of North Americans to try to understand their underlying causes.

It is natural that U. S. citizens should be preoccupied by the war which has taken their sons to Europe and the Pacific. But intelligent North Americans must take the trouble to 1) inform themselves sufficiently about Latin America to recognize friends and potential foes, 2) try to understand why some Latin American countries stand for things we stand against, and 3) try to mend the local disease rather than wipe out the symptom—for instance to help Argentina mend her own political philosophy rather than merely wipe out the Axis agents which are just a surface manifestation of that philosophy. If U. S. citizens do not take these troubles, then it is a safe bet that the country's fighting men will come home from hard triumphs over one set of authoritarianisms only to find another right near home.

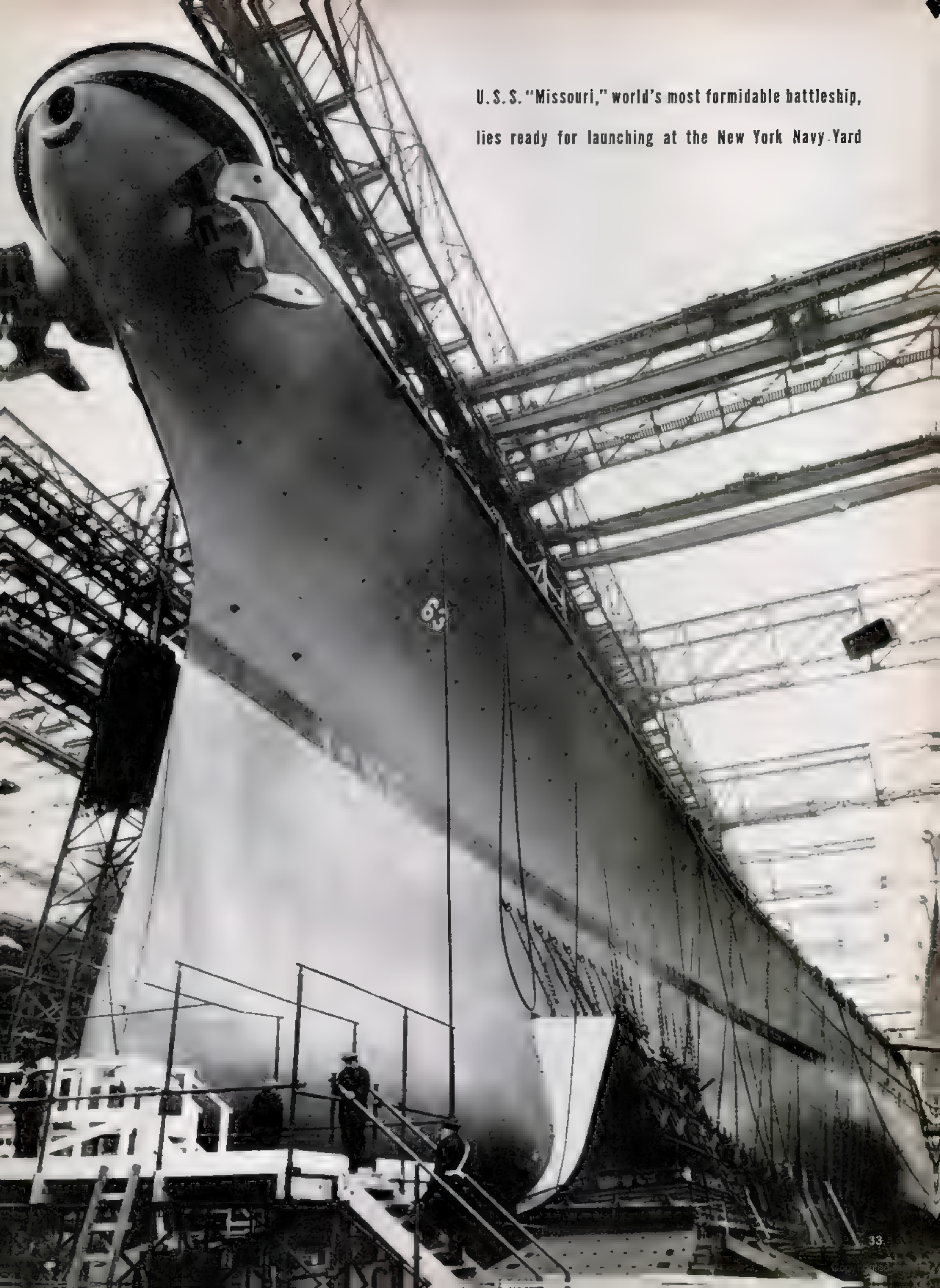
PICTURE OF THE WEEK:

Into the cold water of New York's East River at a few seconds after one o'clock Jan. 29 slid the 45,000-ton U.S.S. *Missouri*, the world's most for-

midable battleship. Overhead the winter clouds were dark, but the moment the great stern began to float the sun came out. The *Missouri's* keel was

laid Jan. 6, 1941 and she will probably be put into commission this year. She is reported to be 880 feet long, with rated speed of more than 30 knots.

U.S.S. "Missouri," world's most formidable battleship,
lies ready for launching at the New York Navy Yard





NEW YORK CITY COUNCIL

It reflects the political hue of nation's No. 1 city

Here, initiating the 1944 business of the world's biggest city, sit the members of what has been called the "most representative legislative body in the country." Whether New York's City Council merits this title depends on one's attitude toward proportional representation—the electoral system whereby voters indicate their candidates in order of preference. Under P.R., minority parties obtain representation and every voter has his choice reflected by some winning candidate in some degree.

In this fine photograph by LIFE's Herbert Gehr you can discern at a glance the



political complexion of the city. At the block of desks in center foreground sits the Democratic majority. (In the old Board of Aldermen which the Council superseded six years ago Democrats controlled 62 out of 65 votes—one reason why Tammany Hall has opposed P. R.). Across the aisle is the mingled minority of Independents, Republicans, Communists and one Laborite. The Council's two Communists sit in the back row at far left. Presiding, upper right, is Newbold Morris, able president of the Council since its creation. It was Morris who, while praising the Council's

representative virtues, once rebuked it as the nation's "least dignified and most disorderly legislature." For a time its turbulent deliberations were broadcast over New York's municipal radio station, providing taxpayers with free low comedy.

Directly below Morris sit the clerks. Beside him is Fire Commissioner Patrick Walsh and below him a Catholic priest who gave the opening invocation. At the long table (left) are a policeman and Morris' legislative assistant. In the seats at the right, members of the press. Main business of the Council last week: city finances.

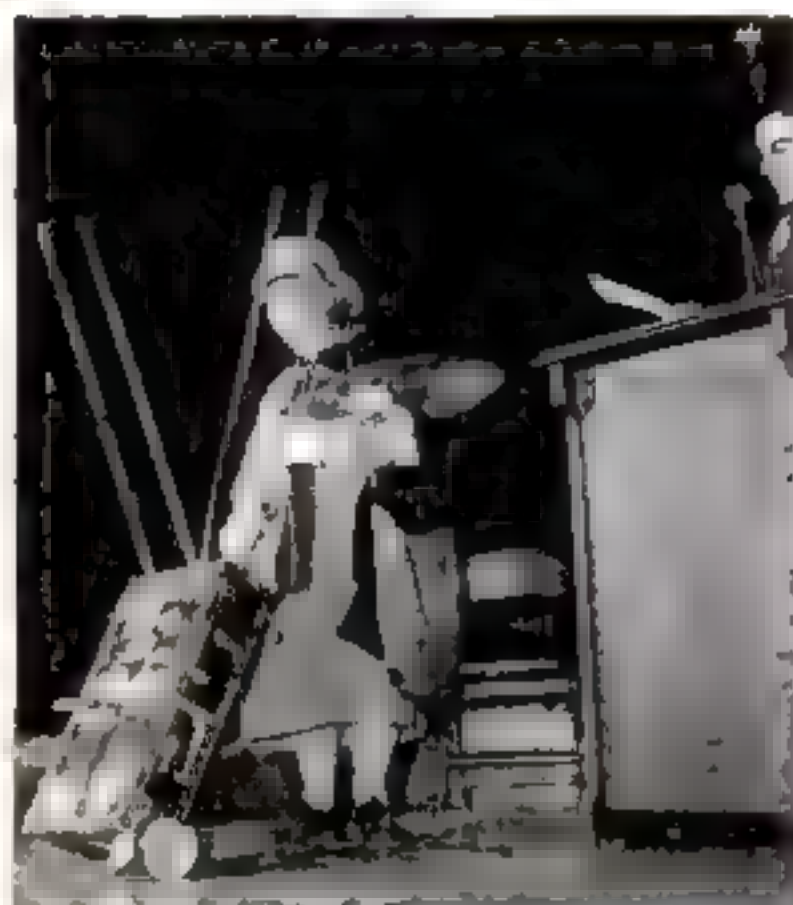
HUMAN AUCTION

Chicagoans sell selves for bonds

In Winnetka, Ill., on Jan. 18, residents of Chicago's suburban gold coast staged a new kind of auction in behalf of the 4th War Loan Drive. For sums running from four to six digits in bond pledges, 36 Winnetkans aired themselves out to other Winnetkans as butlers, silver polishers, dishwashers, car washers, dog washers, ice-choppers, porch-moppers and con-

tractors for other small chores. The evening was convivial, its aftermath hilarious, its proceeds \$1,440,000 in bonds.

As the picture sequences on these pages indicate, most bond buyers got rather small returns in labor for their patriotic investments. However, one couple who sold themselves for \$30,000 as a butler and waitress



Portrait Painter Anita Willets Buchanan brought the evening's high of \$239,000 from 32 individuals, each of whom was being painted by her. At left Mrs. Buchanan stands on the auction block with her traveling kit. At right she starts work on *Best Buyer* Mrs. Carleton H. Hunt.



Car-washer Rev. Samuel Harkness of Winnetka Congregational Church, went for \$27,500. At left auctioneer is shouting "You've been sitting here paws hissing about the good you're to do. Now for a mere \$10,000 you can tell *him* what to do." Right, Dr. Harkness does the



Chef Samuel Otis, by profession an architect, was sold for \$30,000 to Hughston McBain, president of Marshall Field & Co. At right Mr. Otis, who happens to be an amateur chef, prepares breakfast in C. W. McBain's kitchen. Holding her plate in readiness is Mrs. McBain.



Baby-wheeler Arthur P. Bryson, vice-president of Halsey, Stuart & Co., was knocked down for \$12,000. At left auctioneer bids for Bryson as "holder of record of 10,000 new baby carriages without loss of a child." Right, he sits young son of his purchaser, Mrs. Robert George.



Porch-mopper W. M. Peterson, chief of the Winnetka Police Department, brought \$20,000 from Mrs. Lael Bell, wife of chairman of Navy Price Adjustment Board. At left Peterson waits patiently while Winnetkans bid for his services. At right he swabs Mrs. Bell's piazza.



Butler and waitress team - Morris Wilson, clothing house executive, and Mrs. Wilson were auctioned off for \$30,000 in bonds. Their purchaser, Mrs. Jean Stuart, wife of the president of the Quaker Oats Co., really made them work, preparing and serving a dinner for eight.

combination, actually prepared and served a full-course dinner for eight. And a professional artist, who educed \$230,000 in bonds, undertook the task of painting the portraits of 32 buyers. Several purchasers went to the block themselves, among them Hughston Mc Bain, president of Marshall Field & Co., who both hired himself out as an ice-chopper for \$20,-

000 and bought \$195,000 worth of bonds for the evening's individual high.

At midnight a Treasury Department representative appeared and was introduced as speaker of the evening. Asked how long his address would take, he produced an enormous manuscript, replied "About 30 minutes." Some members of the audience groaned,

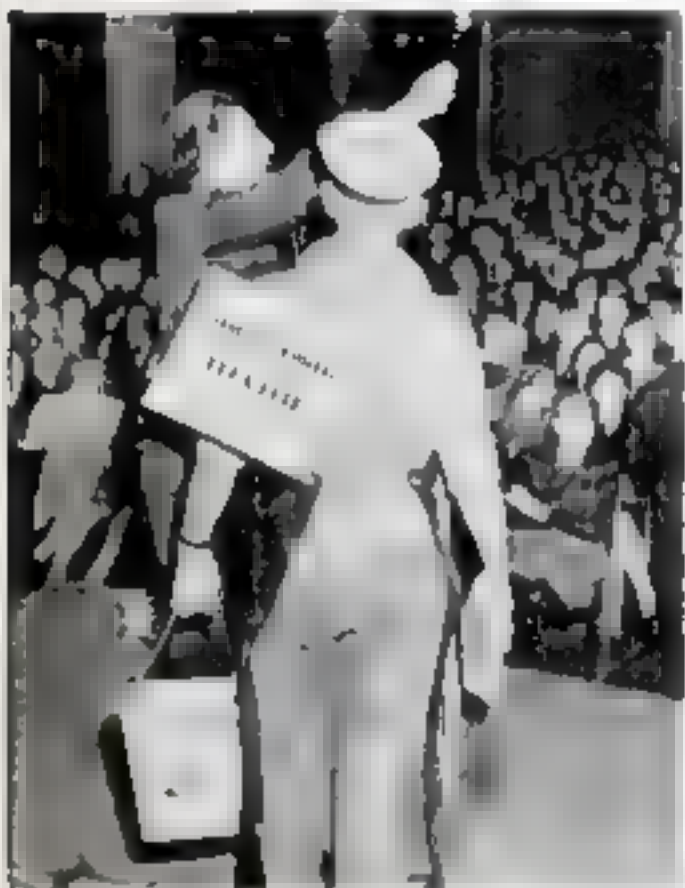
others started to walk out. The auctioneer cried, "Don't leave yet," suggested the Treasury man would cut his speech to 25 minutes for a price. Someone bid \$5,000. Someone else bid \$10,000 for another ten minutes' deletion. Finally the speech was reduced to one minute. Then second by second it was eliminated entirely. Price of a half hour of no oratory: \$50,000.



Ice-chopper Hughston McBain, who himself bought \$195,000 worth of bonds during bidding, was sold for \$20,000 to Charles Hayes, president of Chicago Motor Club. At right he attacks frozen lake in front of Hayes' house. What Mr. Hayes would do with ice was not divulged.



Window-washer Robert L. Johnson, secretary of Winnetka Chamber of Commerce, brought \$11,000 from Charles Hayes, purchaser also of ice-chopper, car-washer and dog-washer. At right, Johnson starts washing, purely a ritual since Hayes' house was closed for the winter.



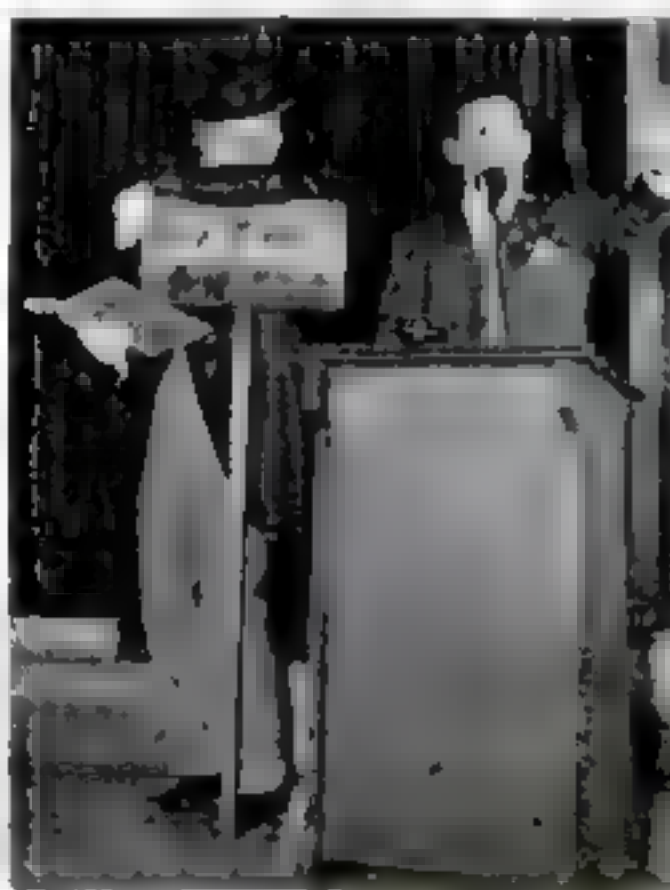
Dog-washer Frederick H. Scott, president of Carson, Pirie Scott & Co., was also strapped up by the Hayes interests. Price: \$10,000. Since no Hayes' dogs were available for laundering, Mr. Scott fulfilled his contract by washing his own dog, "Brucie," in his own basement.



Dishwashers - Matthew P. Gaffney, principal of New Trier High School, and Mrs. Walter Fisher, national chairman of League of Women Voters—were auctioned for \$13,000 to Mrs. Donald H. Rose. At right they pitch into Mrs. Rose's dishes while she keeps them company.



Silver-polisher Mrs. Ernest S. Ballard, past president of the Winnetka Woman's Club, was disposed of for \$14,000 to Mrs. Arch Shaw. At left the auctioneer hangs for big bids for "Mrs. Old Dutch Cleanser." At right, she tackles the tarnish on Mrs. Shaw's silver service.



Snow-shoveler Perry Dunlap Smith, headmaster of North Shore Country Day School, went for \$11,000 to William Watkins. Mr. Smith wore a top hat so boys could throw snowballs at him. Since there was no snow to shovel or throw, he made passes at the bare walk (right).





WINGS, TAILS, OTHER RELICS OF DEAD PLANES GO ON SCRAP PILE IN SAN FRANCISCO. OBJECT AT LOWER RIGHT WHICH LOOKS LIKE OLD BEDSPRING IS AN OLD BEDSPRING

AIRPLANE SCRAP

Fragments of wrecked aircraft make a mountain in West Coast junk yard

An ugly familiar feature of America's landscape has been the automobile graveyard where the creaked chassis of abandoned cars lie crumbling into rust. What may be a preview of things to come is the towering pile of airplane scrap shown in the picture above. For nine months the fractured remnants of war planes wrecked abroad and at home have been creating a jagged hillock in the junk yard of the Cooper Iron and Metal Co., San Francisco. Today it

towers 100 ft. high, incorporates 300 tons of metal.

Since salvage officers have reclaimed all parts of military value, Cooper's pile consists now of scrap aluminum, greatly in demand a year ago, today less marketable, thanks to the vast production of new aluminum plants. Though souvenir hunters would like to mine this mountain, not even a piston ring can be sold without a priority certificate. Hence the pile grows weekly. Cooper's question—what to do with it—



"HOME ON FURLOUGH!"—what heart-warming words those are when you have a man in the service!

First in the Service... CAMELS

YES, Camels are the number one cigarette with men in the service—here at home and abroad. They are following our men on every ocean, to every continent.

And it's Camel's job to see that our soldiers, sailors, and marines *everywhere* get their cigarettes *fresh*—cool smoking and slow burning, the way they like 'em.

That's why Camels are packed to go round the world—packed to seal in that famous Camel flavor and extra mildness—anywhere, for months at a time.

The Camel pack keeps *your* Camels fresh and full-flavored, too—preserving for *you* the extra goodness of Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos.



**WHEREVER
HE IS...**

The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records.)





"I was just going to suggest it myself..."

DRY *Paul Jones*... a gentleman's whiskey since 1865

BECAUSE PAUL JONES is a magnificent whiskey, we have made it a *dry* whiskey. For *dryness* (lack of sweetness) brings out the true nature of a whis-

key. And in Paul Jones, this *dryness* serves to bring out all the richness and flavor that make Paul Jones great.

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

DANISH SABOTAGE

First pictures show factories
blown up by anti-Nazi patriots

The most precise, economical and bloodless destruction in this war is the sabotage campaign run by the Danes against the Nazis. There are about 30 explosions every day in Denmark, all beautifully integrated and distributed, as if by a general staff. Usually masked men or a telephone call warns Danish workers at the last moment to leave their doomed workshops. The program was stepped up last August, when the Germans arrested the Danish cabinet and interned the King. To save their country from

RAF bombing, Danish patriots made a compact with John Christmas Moeller, leader-in-exile in London, to blow up as many factories as the RAF would normally bomb. On these pages are some of first pictures showing how patriots have done their part.

The orderly, split-second, calmly planned warfare of the Danes, however, inspires German occupation forces to the old Nazi counter-measures of murder, terror and torture. When news of the executions is released, the Danes gravely put their flags at half-staff.



Motor torpedo boats for Germans were made in this shipyard in Copenhagen's free port, the Nordbjerg and Wedell yard, before sabotage fire broke out in July. Firemen are Danish.



Repair shop, Heiber and Co., in Copenhagen, was invaded by armed saboteurs, who disarmed guards, warned away workers, laid their bombs and vanished. Here workers clean up mess.



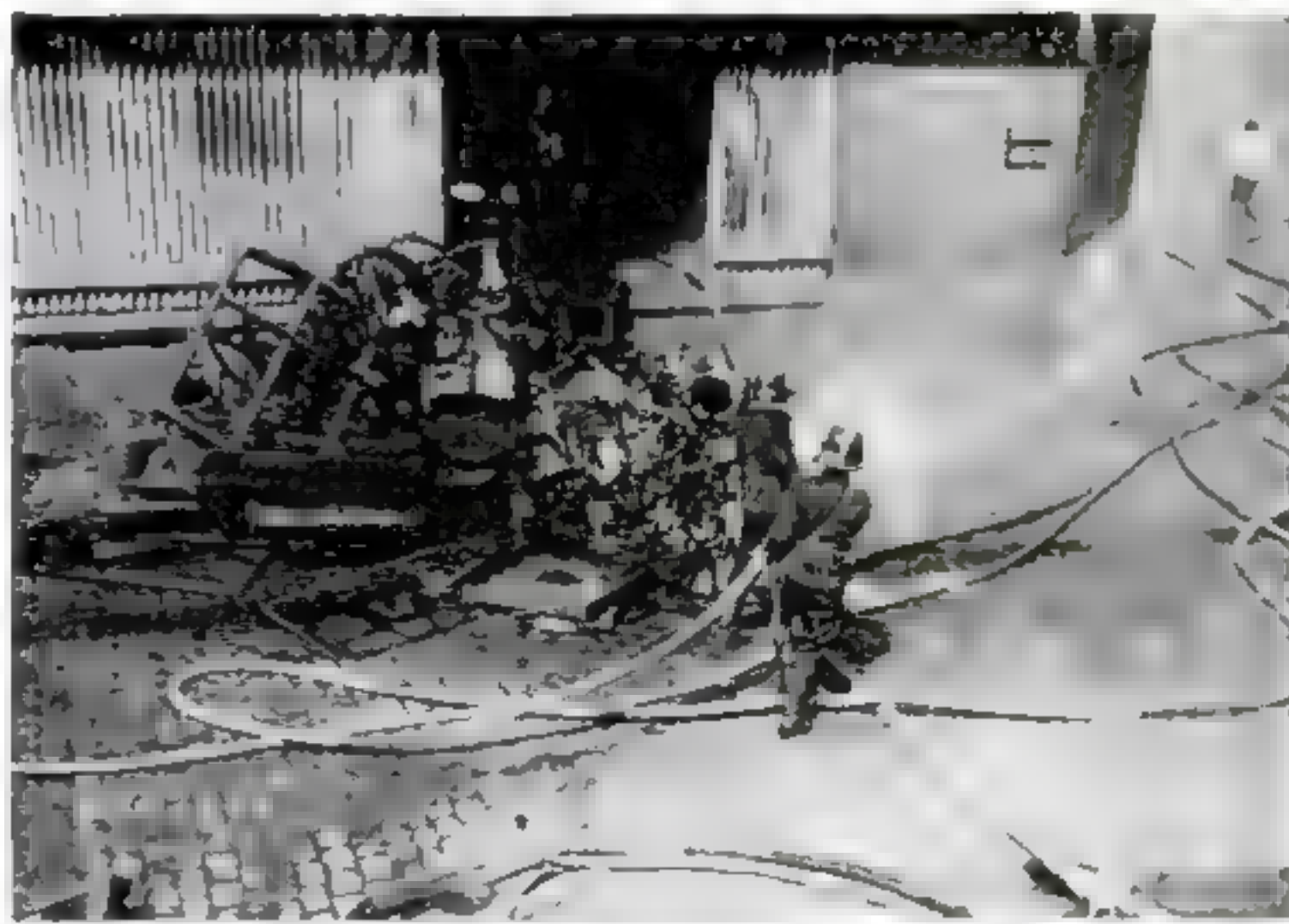
Munitions, notably heavy machine guns, were made at Industri-Syndikatet until bomb exploded last July. More important Varde Steel Works was blown up Dec. 12 by 40 armed men.



Shoe factory at Stengade in Copenhagen was gutted by fire set last September. Dynamite for such jobs as this is shipped or flown in by Britain. Sometimes British agents parachute down.



The shipyard of Burmeister and Wain in south Copenhagen was burned out last May. This was the Danish substitute for the RAF plan to bomb it, as they first did on Jan. 29, 1943.



Debris hauled out of the big Burmeister and Wain fire is drenched by Danish fireman. In addition to building ships, the firm made excellent Diesel engines for use of German U-boats.



PEQUOT WEAR STORY

TRANSLATED FROM
THE CHINESE

September 4 1943

Dear Sirs

During a serious illness in my family many years ago, I bought a supply of Pequot Sheets.

At that particular time I had a Chinese laundryman who put his characters on the sheets. Those old Chinese markings made so long ago are still on some of my sheets, reminding me how long that batch of Pequots has been in use.

For some time I have felt I should tell you of my wonderful experience with your product. My daughters have been advised to carry on in the Pequot tradition.

Cordially

Mrs. H. H. Henning
San Jose, California

This is the actual Chinese laundry mark, reproduced from one of Mrs. Henning's sheets which she sent for our inspection.

That Chinese laundry mark takes the prize for the shortest way of telling how long Pequots wear.

Their superior wearing quality is especially important these days, when Pequots for civilians must come second to the needs of our armed forces.

But as the demands increased, we've increased production to figures which would have seemed fantastic when Mrs. Henning bought her Pequots. We're making such great quantities that there will be some for Mrs. Henning's daughters . . . and some for you too. All of course of the same traditionally high Pequot quality. Pequot Mills, Salem, Massachusetts.



Pequot Mills, Salem, Mass. is a modern factory of a 19th century New England home. As new additions with the U.S.G. and a recreation center for service men and women.

BUY WAR BONDS

PEQUOT SHEETS

Danish Sabotage (continued)



Well-behaved Danes look with poker-faces at streetfront damage caused at the Heiber and Co. explosion. Informers, however, are murdered by otherwise polite Danes.



German soldier cuffs Dane, one of crowd sullenly blocking Copenhagen's City Hall Square on Aug. 29, 1943 when Germans declared siege. Pictures were smuggled out.



Casualty, named Pape, was hit with gun butt by a member of Danish SS, so-called Schalburg Corps, in City Hall Square. Danish Nazis make up the Schalburg Corps.

BEAUTY FADING? BETTER START SPENDING 1 EXTRA MINUTE A WEEK

PROTECTING YOUR TEETH WITH TEEL—ONLY LEADING DENTIFRICE THAT AVOIDS THESE CAVITIES!

SHE: Eyes left! Some day you'll get swamped by those WAVES.

HE: Was she a WAVE? All I saw was a gorgeous smile.

SHE: Well, have I lost mine?

HE: No, but if you don't watch out, 8 in 10 you may.

SHE: Sounds like dangerous odds.

HE: Dangerous is right. According to studies at a leading dental clinic, 8 in 10 adults risked getting cavities at the gumline.

SHE: Well, what can I do about it?

HE: TEEL avoids 'em. But, remember, it's the only leading dentifrice that does.

SHE: You mean TEEL is safer?

HE: The safest! And not only that, it's swell tasting.

SHE: Really?

HE: Like a twig of crispy mint!

SHE: M-m-m-m-m. You sound almost poetic!

HE: And TEEL's so darned easy to use, too. All you do is brush every day with TEEL... and one extra minute a week brush with TEEL and plain baking soda. Try it... and see the difference.

* * *

Get TEEL—today—at any drug, department or 5 and 10¢ store...



8 in 10 You May Risk Getting 'em

See that cavity in the tooth at the left? It's NOT decay or erosion! That cavity was caused by daily scouring. Dental clinic studies have shown that over half of all adults examined had these cavities—and more than 8 in 10 risked getting them—cavities ground into the softer tooth structure exposed by receding gums.

BUT—extensive laboratory tests show this: TEETH CLEANED WITH TEEL ARE PROTECTED FROM SUCH CAVITIES... BECAUSE TEEL CONTAINS NO SCOURING ABRASIVES. MOREOVER, TEEL IS THE ONLY LEADING DENTIFRICE THAT GIVES YOU THIS PROTECTION.

NEW SAFE TEEL WAY TAKES ONLY

One Extra Minute a Week!



HERE'S ALL YOU DO

1. Brush your teeth every day—thoroughly with TEEL. A few drops on dry or moistened brush. Feel it clean!

2. Once a week brush teeth with plain baking soda on brush moistened with TEEL. Brush at least an extra minute.

THIS CLEANS AND BRIGHTENS TEETH—SAFELY

Teel protects teeth *Beautifully!*

LIQUID DENTIFRICE

There's beauty in every drop!



This is one more example of the way the leaders of our War Program watch every detail that contributes to the protection and health of fighting men.

that men may LIVE to build a better world

Sometimes nothing happens in a convoy.

Men stand watch on machinery-crowded decks, eyes seeing over the horizon and high up into the black sky, ears tuned to the comfort of the ship working in the water.

Nothing else but that sound.

And the sea and air most innocent.

Then, like a change of wind, comes the feeling. Fear sneaks into every face. Nerves come out on top of the skin.

The men know enemy eyes are watching beneath the water.

They hope it won't happen. Maybe the enemy will miss, or an ash-can will do its work first.

But it happens.

Not one of them knows how—but there is a scream, a flash of hot red light, a shaking all over, and the air sick with the smell of explosion.

They don't hear it, but they know the order comes, "Abandon Ship!", and they are in the water in their life-saving suits.

Their shoulder lights extend a crooked glowing line in the black oil that covers the walls of waves.

Their suits keep them up until the beam of the rescue craft finds them. Then there will be coffee—and warmth and light again.

Later, a new ship. A new job to be done. A war to be won for Peace, so that all men may sail the seas in freedom. So that all men may live in Peace to build a better world.



SERVING THROUGH SCIENCE



The Maritime Commission wanted greater protection for its merchant seamen—a suit to keep them afloat, warm and dry. They came to us because of our long experience in manufacturing rubber clothing. We are making suits for them of synthetic rubber. Under these suits this life-saving vest is always worn.



The life-saving suits are made in one piece with gloves attached to sleeves and shoes attached to legs, to enable seamen to jump into them quickly. A draw-string makes the suit watertight. A shoulder light glows red when floating in water so that rescue parties can locate them easily, even in darkest night.



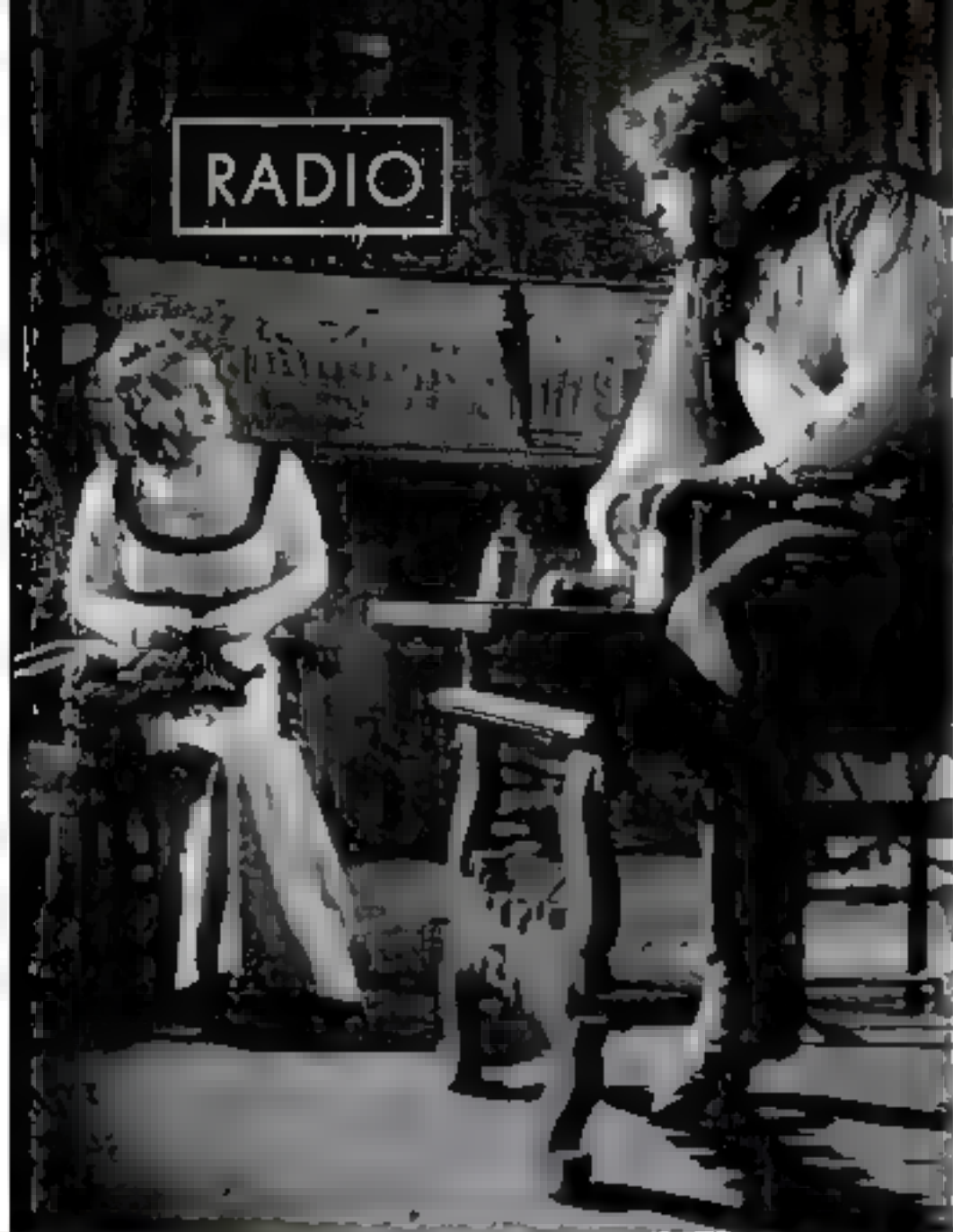
Because seamen swimming in oil could not always be lifted, a harness was built into the suit, ending in a big loop. Now a boat hook can lift a man without his slipping back into the water. Today this is the only type of suit that can be manufactured for use by seamen of the American Merchant Marine.

Listen to the Philharmonic Symphony program over the CBS network Sunday afternoon, 3.00 to 4.30 E.W.T. Carl Van Doren and a guest star present an interlude of historical significance.

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

1230 SIXTH AVENUE • ROCKEFELLER CENTER • NEW YORK 20, N. Y. • IN CANADA: DOMINION RUBBER CO., LTD.

RADIO



An innkeeper and wife (Laird Cregar, Ruth Matteson) are characters in enacted drama. Helen Hare tells Will that she will leave him unless he makes more money.



Murdering for money is suggested when Will's lodger, Mr. MacDougal (LIFE Photographer George Karger), tells Will that he has sold corpse of his recently deceased partner to a surgeon named Dr. Knox.



Will kills the lodger, sneaks the corpse out of the house in a trunk. He takes it to Dr. Knox hoping to be paid £10, enough to see the his disoriented wife.

"INNER SANCTUM"

Laird Cregar enacts role in one of radio's oldest horror programs

"He looks familiar. I wonder where I've seen him before," says Dr. Knox (Ernest Cassart) as he studies MacDougal's craver. After considerable haggling over the price, he pays

Last month one of radio's creepiest programs began its fourth consecutive year. To those who tune in to the Columbia network at 8:30 (E. W. T.) Saturday nights the eerie squeaking of a door, *Inner Sanctum's* trademark, heralds a half hour in which lust, hate and paranoia are likely to figure. A good example of its gormess is given in this pictorial enactment of *Dealer In Death*, *Inner Sanctum's* Feb. 5 script. Leading role in the show, as in these pictures, is Laird Cregar, the satiny-voiced Hollywood bogeyman. To simulate a

£10. Will agrees to keep him supplied with cadavers for dissection by his anatomy students. Will is overjoyed, knowing that this new source of income will enable him to keep

19th Century English inn, Photographer George Karger (who doubles as an actor) took Cregar and several other costumed performers to the antique shop of Gimbel's Manhattan department store.

For all its grue, *Inner Sanctum* manages to take itself lightly. Its announcer, Raymond Edward Johnson, as "Raymond, Your Host," kadsponsor Palmolive Shaving Cream, listeners and macabre scripts in a gleefully ghoully voice. "Never let anyone slant you between the eyes. It ruins your complexion."

Helen in pretty clothes for which she begs. He rushes home to tell her of his new business, realizing he must not mention that he intends to commit murder or she will leave him.



NOW! THIS AMAZING NEW 8-VITAMIN, 9-MINERAL TABLET TAKES THE PLACE OF ALL LESS POTENT PREPARATIONS

**COMPARE STAMS WITH
4 OTHER POPULAR BRANDS**

X indicates Vitamins and Minerals present in daily dosage quantities that meet or exceed minimum adult daily requirements of U. S. Government.

YOU GET MORE	STAMS	OTHER BRANDS			
		1	2	3	4
VITAMIN A	X	X	X	X	X
VITAMIN B1	X	X	X	X	X
VITAMIN B2 (G)	X	X	X	X	X
VITAMIN C	X	X	X	X	X
VITAMIN D	X	X	X	X	X
IRON	X	X	X	X	X
IODINE	X	X	X	X	X

Also—these vitamins and minerals: (*)

NIACIN	*	*	*	*
VITAMIN B6	*	*	*	*
CALCIUM PANTOTHENATE	*	*	*	*
CALCIUM	*	*	*	*
PHOSPHORUS	*	*	*	*
COPPER	*	*	*	*
ZINC	*	*	*	*
MAGNESIUM	*	*	*	*
MANGANESE	*	*	*	*
COBALT	*	*	*	*

Stams Contain 80% More Different Vitamins And Minerals Than Any Of These 4 Leading Brands.

If you are not up to par because your diet lacks Vitamins and Minerals...
NATURE CAN GIVE YOU MORE VITALITY AND PEP WITH STAMS

- 1 Stams Tablets Meet All U. S. Government Minimum Requirements For Vitamins For Which Requirements Have Been Set, Namely A, B1, B2, C, D*
- 2 Stams Also Give You Niacin, 2 Additional B Complex Vitamins and 9 Minerals*
- 3 Stams Meet Multi-Vitamin Principle Approved by Official Committee of Doctors

NOW at last! One of the world's largest producers does for vitamins and minerals what Henry Ford did for the automobile: banishes guesswork; banishes high cost.

An amazing new vitamin-tablet invention containing 8 vitamins and 9 minerals that takes the place of less potent vitamin preparations for the average person.

Made to sell at a price millions can afford. This new invention is called Stams Multi-Vitamin and Mineral Tablets. Full vitamin and mineral potency is guaranteed as stated on the package. Or your money back.

If you are not up to par because your diet

lacks vitamins and minerals, Nature can give you more vitality and pep with Stams.

Stams cost less than 5¢ a day to take in the economy size—less than 1/3 the price of a package of cigarettes. Get Stams at drug or department stores. Take just three tablets a day. You'll always be glad you did.

*3 Stams per day supply not only the full minimum daily requirements of Vitamins A, B1, B2, C and D, but also that of Iron and Iodine, 1/2 the Calcium, 1/2 the Phosphorus and 10 mg. of Niacin. Also 2 additional B Complex vitamins and 5 other minerals, the need for which in human nutrition has not been established, but considered important by many authorities.



**FULL POTENCY IS
GUARANTEED
INCLUDING 5 VITAMINS
OF THE B COMPLEX**



ON SALE AT ALL DRUGSTORES
24 Tablets Only **49¢** Economy Size 270 Tablets \$4.48

Distributed by Pharmaceutical Division, Standard Brands Incorporated

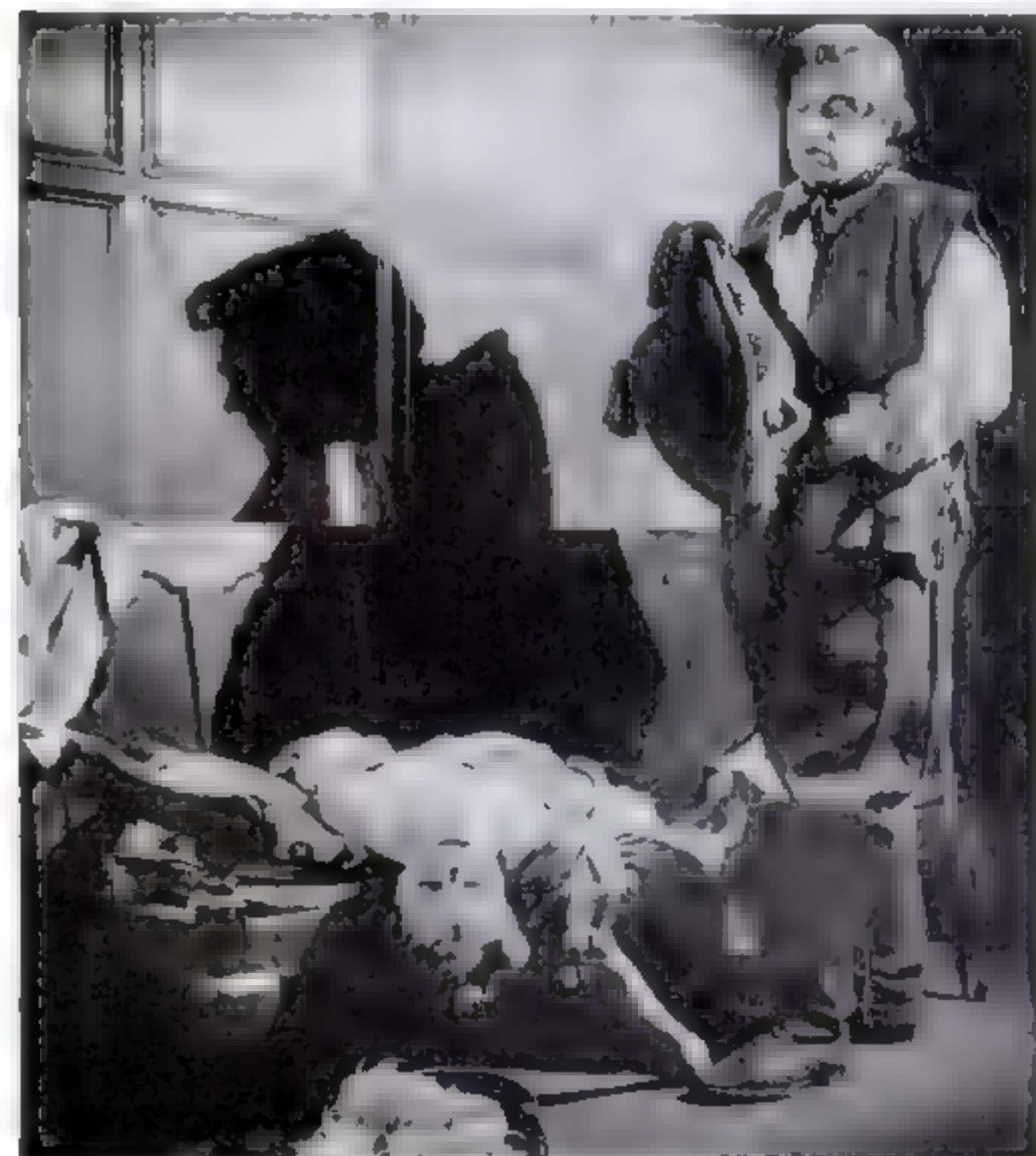
"Inner Sanctum" (continued)



"I'll give you money," Will promises Helen. "You'll be able to have fine clothes now." She laughs, perches on his lap, says, "I always loved you, I did. Of course I'll not go away now." Will tells her a half truth—that he is in the medical supply business.

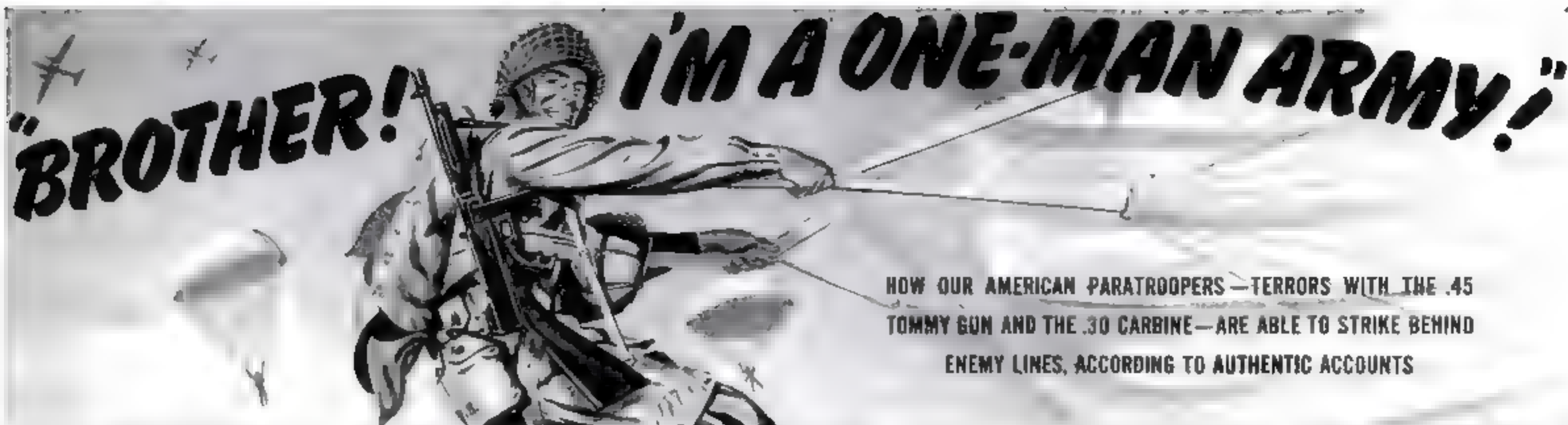


"We ladies of the theater are very advanced," says Helen's beautiful sister Mary (Virginia Gilmore), an actress who has come to visit Hares. Will dopes her drink of whisky and Mary begins to sing and dance, then suddenly collapses from dizziness.



Will smothers Mary as he has his 24 other victims. He regrets doing it, but Helen has been demanding more and more money. Meanwhile, Helen, worried about the murderer who prowls the streets, has gone to meet Mary's coach but has missed it.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 48



"H" hour is midnight. Yes, you're a paratrooper. You thought you were good—until you got overseas and the final training began. 'Chute jumps over simulated enemy objectives, hours of crawling on your belly under live ammunition... hours checking your gear. Now you're keyed for the big moment. *This is it!*



"Go!" shouts the jumpmaster. And you hit the silk. Then, with the sweetest jolt you ever felt, your 'chute canopies. In 15 seconds you'll drop the 500 feet to enemy territory. You're bulging with grenades, knife, compass, water, K rations—everything from sulfa pills to "ammo" clips. Brother, you're a one-man army!



You're a Tommy gunner. You cover your group landing... chase off a Nazi patrol with hot bursts. This allows your boys time to collect the precious, watertight boxes of "ammo" and supplies. You divide up this stuff... load a fresh clip of shells into your .45 or light powerful .30... and hike for your objectives.



Boaring toward the front, an enemy ammunition train is spotted by aerial observation. You get the report and cut across country to intercept it. No time for demolition, so you sling grenades at the wheels... pour in Tommy gun and carbine fire. The "ammo" train plunges wildly, catches fire. You push on.



Nazi counter-attack drives toward a vital bridge. Your comrades lay down protective fire as you move in. Then, at a 650 shots-per-minute rate, your Tommy gun really blasts 'em. And every enemy fighter hit with a .45 bullet really goes down! The Germans pull out, and your "demo squad" blows the bridge sky high.



Clearing the way into "X". Your job was to destroy communications. You never expected to capture a town. But here you are. Grenades get three Mark IV's. You'll wash up the snipers with Tommy guns and carbines—nothing like 'em for close work. Then, wait'll the General finds you sitting in the town hall!



46 stages of manufacture and 334 inspections are required to produce each bullet. Each has 7 parts. The finished bullets must be scratch-free—dimensionally exact to within .001 of an inch. Chrysler Corporation's Evansville Ordnance Plant is turning out millions of these bullets a day for our fighters the world over.



Test firing for accuracy, velocity, pressure and function is vital among the precautions Chrysler Corporation takes to assure perfect ammunition. Chrysler Corporation was the first to produce in quantity small arms ammunition with steel cartridge cases for combat use by the United States Army.



Chrysler Corporation plants are producing tanks, trucks, ammunition, guns and other war equipment. These same plants in peacetime built the Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler passenger cars and Dodge Job-Rated trucks now providing America with essential transportation. **BUY MORE WAR BONDS.**



Inexpensive 'C' Landing Strip on Edge of Town, Illustrated

Rosedale is just an average small town, but it is progressive. Already it has built its airplane landing strip—for the convenience of its own and other post-war fliers.

The mayor realizes that the coming air age is nearly here—that forty-eight local boys in the Air Force and three local girls in the WAFS will want to fly after Victory. Also, he knows that everyone is air-minded and that the community with landing facilities, however modest, will go ahead. So he has done something about it!

When you get your peacetime Piper Cub, you can land at Rosedale for the big county fair. And, you can go to thousands of other towns, take vacation and business trips with ease, pleasure, safety and economy.

But, will you be able to take-off

from your own town? For the convenience of its citizens and for its future, your town should plan inexpensive landing facilities now. A new booklet "What Your Town Needs for the Coming Air Age" gives the why, where and how of building local landing facilities. For your free copy, write Piper Aircraft Corporation, Dept. L24W, Lock Haven, Pennsylvania.

GET YOUR AVIATION BOOKLET—"Piper Cub . . . In War and in Peace." Full color, 32 pages. Covers history of light plane, Piper Cub planes, coming air age, how to fly. Enclose 10c in stamps or coin for postage-handling. Write Piper Aircraft Corporation, Dept. L24 Lock Haven, Pennsylvania.



PIPER *Cub*
Points the Way to Wings for All Americans

"Inner Sanctum" (continued)



Helen finds Mary's clothes hidden in a chest, realizes that Will is the murderer who has been terrorizing the community.



"Murderer!" Helen screams as she runs from the inn. Will then rushes to Dr. Knox, hoping to arrive ahead of police.



"You must destroy her at once!" Will tells Dr. Knox, referring to endavor of Mary. The sinister Knox says Mary is pretty to look at and declines. Knox refuses to protect Will, so the innkeeper stabs him. At this moment Helen and the police arrive.



Surrounded by his victims, Will holds Helen, whom he has also stabbed. He sobs to his dying wife: "I did it all so I could give fine things to you." Then he surrenders his knife to a policeman and says, "Now you can take me! Yes, take me, officer."

Memories of a kiss

Brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops, none of the bitterness, Schlitz captures the affections of those who really love fine beer. Once you taste Schlitz, the memory of its famous flavor will remain with you always.



JUST THE *kiss* OF THE HOPS

*...none of
the bitterness*



THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

The Name on the



Roblee is not the oldest name in shoes.

Yet if you are naming big shoe names, Roblee is likely to come early on your list—well-known product of a company 66 years in the business of fine shoemaking.

Where else but America—land of Free Enterprise and honest competition—can a manufacturer rise so surely under his own steam and on the basis of a little better quality every stitch of the way?

Sole of a Shoe

It is pressed in with pride by someone proud of his work.

It separates one brand of shoes from all others.

It will last no longer than it takes the paths and roads and sidewalks of a world to wear it off.

Yet in a broader sense, the name on the sole of a shoe lasts long after it is worn away

—in honor, if the shoe is good . . . in shame, if the shoe is bad.

Do not think because it is the first thing that wears off of a pair of shoes that the name on the sole is not the most important thing about that pair of shoes.

It is what a maker looks the world in the eye with.

It is his name and address for compliment or complaint.

It is Exhibit A of his right to own a factory, to be an employer, to run a business.

The history of American business is the roll call of men who wanted to do and

to build things they could be proud of.

Benjamin Franklin wanted to print a better book.

George Eastman wanted to build a better camera.

King Gillette wanted to offer men a quicker, safer shave.

They all wanted something on which they could put their good name and make it an even better name.

The name on the sole of a shoe, or the label on a can of peas, or the nameplate on an automobile says, not "Caveat

emptor" (Let the buyer beware)—but let the maker beware.

There is nothing in the Constitution of the United States that forces a manufacturer to sign his name to his product.

There is no law that compels him to multiply his promise of responsibility millions of times by advertising it.

But there is something in his heart, usually known as Pride in a Product, that causes him to hold up his brand for all the world to see.

If it were not for American Free Enterprise, there would be no incentive to make a product better.

If it were not for American Freedom of Choice, there would be no reason to look for the better—no assurance of getting it.

ROBLEE DIVISION
BROWN SHOE COMPANY, ST. LOUIS

WARTIME VIGILANCE

When we put the Roblee name on shoes in wartime I am conscious of the extra responsibility which it involves. Our fighters are getting the best leathers—and it is right that they should. This means we must increase our vigilance all along the way from the tannery to the fitting stool.

John A. Bush
President, BROWN SHOE COMPANY

\$6⁰⁰
to
\$8⁰⁰

Some special styles
slightly higher



Roblee

SHOES FOR MEN

Pronounce the "Rob" in Roblee as in rob-in



Roblee Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



I asked a stranger to dinner tonight

AT LEAST, the Lieutenant was a stranger to me . . . though, he's Joe's best friend in the Air Corps.

Joe asked him to please look me up . . . asked him just four days ago . . . The Lieutenant saw Joe four days ago . . . and it's been ten months since I did

Ten months. We'd been married a much shorter time than that, when Joe's orders sent him away, overseas.

I can't remember what he looks like . . . though I know every feature by heart. I can't remember the sound of his voice.

The one thing that hasn't changed is the feeling I have about him.

The Lieutenant seemed to understand all this. And as he talked, it was almost like see-

ing Joe again. Joe . . . hugging Joe . . . waving as he climbed into his plane. Joe . . . sitting across the table from me . . .

That last part must seem pretty far away to him. But maybe it won't when the Lieutenant gets back.

He'll tell Joe how the old walnut pipe rack stands waiting. How the hanging Ivy has grown. How I draw the curtains and light the candles when I set our International Sterling out . . .

You see, the sterling was Joe's present to me . . . a place setting for our first month's anniversary, and one for our second. The rest will come from War Bonds. Later. To keep me company, Joe said. To remind me the way something real and lovely can wait until some day we'll have the sort of life that goes with it.

INTERNATIONAL is working full speed on war production and making sterling so our jewelers may not have all the pieces you want.

But no American complains about shortages. He knows that until victory is won, bullets are more important than butter knives.

So buy more. If it checks with your money . . . earmark some of them for International. Saving after the war. International gives you the lifetime satisfaction of knowing . . .

— that your sterling was made by the world's foremost silver craftsmen.

— that your pattern was designed by International craftsmen whose predecessors were creating spoons of coin silver 100 years ago.

— that pieces created by these craftsmen have been exhibited in leading art museums.

Copyright 1944, International Silver Company

WHEN YOU'RE CHOOSING FOR LIFE . . .

Perhaps your silverware dealer can't give you the International Sterling pattern you want just at the moment you want it.

Then wait. It may not be for long.

Your sterling silver is something you live with—every day, all your life.

When you've set your heart on an International pattern, any other can't help but leave you a little dissatisfied.

International Sterling

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IN STARK GENERAL HOSPITAL, CHARLESTON, S. C., A YOUNG JAPANESE-AMERICAN BOY, BLINDED IN ITALY AT THE CROSSING OF THE VOLTURNO RIVER, SITS PATIENTLY IN BED

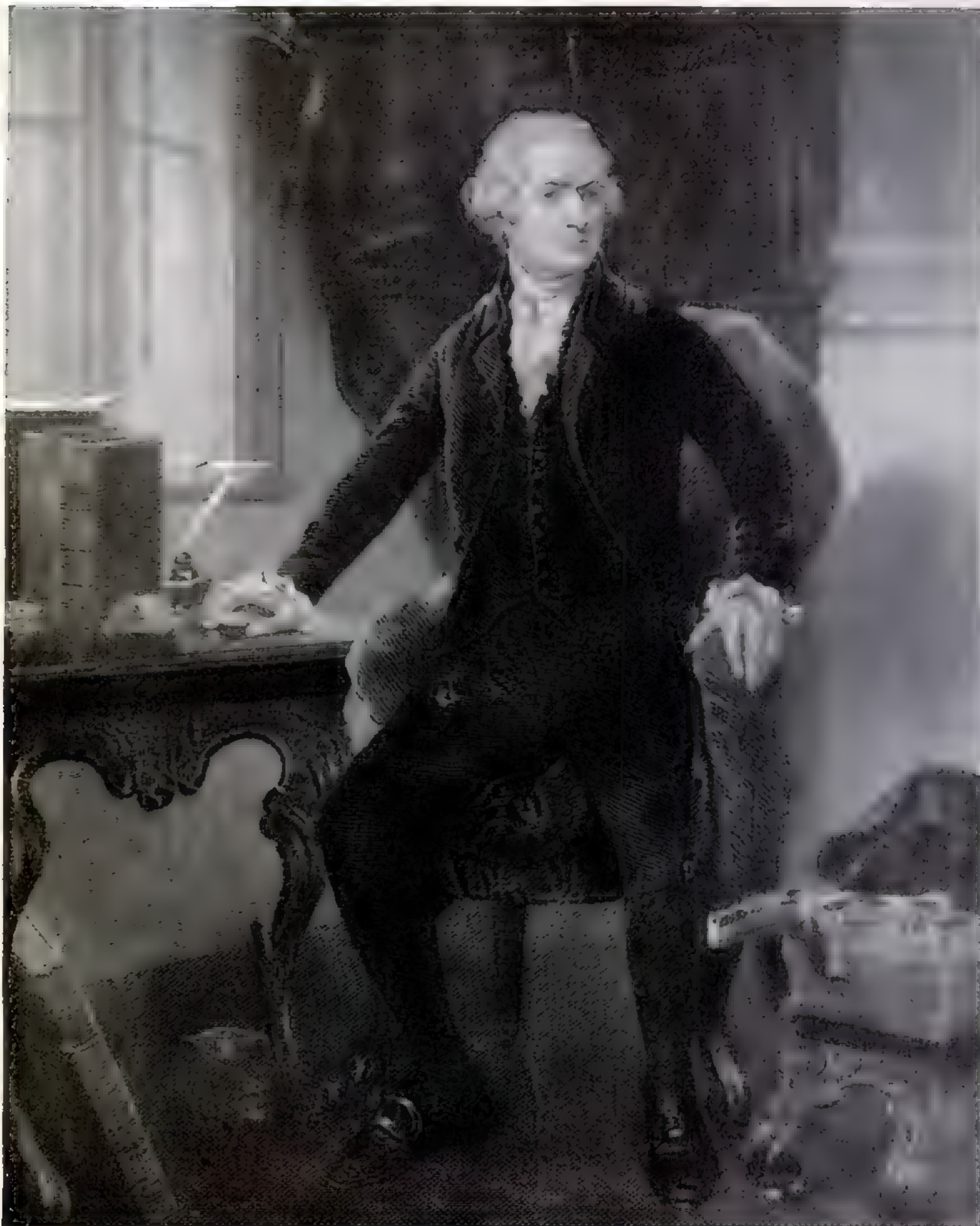
BLIND NISEI

An American hero loses his sight
at the crossing of the Volturno

When the Fifth Army crossed the Volturno River in Italy Oct. 13 a column of American-born Japanese was near the front. Fourth in line was a 24-year-old Nisei named Yoshinao Omiya, called "Turtle" by his friends because he was so slow. His parents came from Japan, but Yoshinao was born in Honolulu. It was there that he went to school and there too, just before Pearl Harbor, that he was inducted into the Army. In Italy he was a member of a U. S. machine-

gun squad and it was his duty to carry the tripod. Suddenly the leader of his column tripped over a booby-trap wire. The resulting explosion blew out one of Yoshinao's eyes and damaged the other.

Last week Jack Wilke, photographer for LIFE, took this picture of Yoshinao in Stark General Hospital, Charleston, S. C. Since then he has been evacuated to the Kennedy General Hospital in Memphis. Doctors have told him that he will never see again.



Alexander Hamilton

led the political fight for adoption of the Constitution even though he did not approve it. He would have preferred a much stronger central government, even a monarchy. Hamilton regarded public

order, public faith and seemly public behavior as the qualities most to be guarded by a government. 'The people's liberties, he wrote must always depend on the general spirit of the people themselves.

Our American form of government, how it came to be, how it works, and what, in essence, it is.—A conversation from "The Republic"

EDITOR'S NOTE: Charles A. Beard, one of America's great historians and thinkers, recently wrote a new book, *The Republic* (Viking, \$3.00), in which the basic facts about the American form of government are discussed in a series of informal Friday-evening conversations held at the Beard home. LIFE is now publishing in condensed form one such conversation from *The Republic* each week. Each of these is a self-contained article in itself, dealing with one or two great topics centering around the U. S. Constitution. This week's conversation, for instance, takes as its point of departure the opening words of the Constitution's Preamble, which says, "We, the People of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice. . . do ordain and establish this Constitution. . ." It is the hope of LIFE's editors that many readers will not only listen in to the stimulating talk of Beard and his friends, but will also

want to hold their own discussions of the subjects covered in these conversations. The three principal figures in *The Republic* are:

BEARD himself, who was born in Indiana in 1874, taught politics at Columbia for 10 years, and wrote *An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution* in 1913. He is co-author, with his wife Mary, of *The Rise of American Civilization*. **DR. ROBERT SMYTH** (the name is fictitious), a neighboring physician who is also in charge of health work in a large local factory. He was born in South Carolina around 1870 and is a staunch "Cleveland Democrat." He has a strong scientific turn of mind.

MRS. SMYTH, a Vassar graduate who cares for a household and four children, and is also active in community affairs. She is secretary of the local hospital board and has long been interested in equal rights for women movement.



CHARLES A. BEARD

A MORE PERFECT UNION AND JUSTICE

by CHARLES A. BEARD

DR. SMYTH: Beard, you have seemed to understand my way of looking at things but I have been slow to grasp yours. In medicine, many if not most of the words used have a fairly precise meaning. A fibula is a fibula, for instance, and never a scapula. Quinine is quinine and never tincture of iodine. Moreover, we assume in medicine that a hundred years ago quinine was substantially what it is today and will be the same a hundred years from now. With my training in such precise word-meanings as medicine affords, it has been hard for me to go with you in your kind of learning, if you don't object to my calling it learning.

You have apparently tried to define your words as medical scientists actually define theirs. That is, with exactness. And yet you have always left undefined fringes around the edges of your words and even shifted the centers of meanings as you have dealt with different periods of time.

At first I feared you had a screw loose in your mind and were just fumbling your way around this business of constitutionalism. But I have been endeavoring to analyze my suspicions of your learning and finally I have figured out your mental processes to some extent. In making this confession, I trust that it will help bring my mind closer to yours in the study which we are making together.

BEARD: I am used to attacks, Doctor, by men of science, and yours has been exceedingly gentle by comparison. A few years ago one of the most distinguished physicists in the United States, after hearing my lecture on 'The Idea of National Interest,' exploded during lunch in this fashion: 'If you fellows in history and the social

sciences generally would only catch up with us in physics and discover the laws of human evolution, it would be possible for humanity to get some sensible control over humanity's fate.'

MRS. SMYTH: And what did you reply?

BEARD: My answer was: 'If you fellows in physics had to deal with the intangible and intractable data of human experiences, you would never be able to catch up even with Aristotle and you would lose your minds trying, unless you grappled with the methods of historical analysis.'

DR. SMYTH: This is the best possible introduction to the seminar of tonight. Since you now realize my problem, perhaps our minds can meet better somewhere along the line of discussion. Up to date you have dealt with the people ordaining and establishing a Constitution for the United States. But I am especially interested in the practice. As far as I am concerned, the Preamble to the Constitution calls for no battling over the words 'in order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice,' and so forth.

MRS. SMYTH: After all, the Preamble is really no part of the Constitution, is it? I am no lawyer, but my father was a lawyer and he warned me, in my youth, when he was coaching me on the Constitution for a high-school test, that the Preamble was just a pleasing introduction not binding on anybody in the government or outside.

BEARD: That is the lawyer's view of it, Mrs. Smyth. But in fact the Preamble is a declaration of purposes and the underlying spirit of the grand game, if such it may be called, of self-government and liberty to be played by the people of the United States. Lawyers do say, re-

peatedly today, that the Preamble to the Constitution confers no powers upon Congress, the President, or the judiciary. In their sense of legalism, it does not. But in the sense that it fixes and expresses sentiments and aspirations cherished by multitudes of citizens, by the people, the Preamble helps to sustain the whole constitutional system.

So, I propose for our study tonight 'a more perfect Union and justice,' the first items set forth in the Preamble as objects of the new constitution-making—as aims to be fulfilled by the United States government. This bold yet cautious phrasing marked a decided break with the old Articles of Confederation which had been devised during the Revolution. It was a prophecy of a tendency toward a Union forever one and inseparable.

On the face of things the new Constitution could be, and later was, interpreted in some quarters as merely strengthening the old league of sovereign states. But all the members of the Convention of 1787 who had a hand in writing the Preamble were believers in strong government. Running through articles, pamphlets, and speeches made against the Constitution, while its adoption pended, was the note that it actually meant, what it proved to mean, the establishment of a new and highly centralized form of government, an indissoluble Union.

DR. SMYTH: Here is where I falter again in trying to go along with you. Aren't you relapsing into ancient history? Aren't you forgetting that it is the living issues of our own times with which we are primarily concerned, as we said when we first came up here to arrange for these discus-

WITH SONS AT WAR ...AMERICA NEEDS **WORKERS!**



★ What's a "fighter-backer"? It's the patriotic American... man, woman, or child... who does his share and more to back up our fighters. That's a "fighter-backer". Only your conscience can tell you whether or not you are a "fighter-backer". What does your conscience say?

Copy, 1944 by The Seven-Up Company



PRESIDENT John Adams sponsored 1798 sedition law to crush political foes.



CONGRESSMAN Lyon was jailed by the Adams' law, was re-elected anyway.

UNION AND JUSTICE (continued)

sions? Didn't some philosopher declare that the only thing we learn from history is that we learn nothing from it?

BEARD: Hegel asserted that, and it is false. We may not learn much from books on history. But what is it that most people have in their minds save their memories of past events or experiences arranged more or less in some scheme of thought?

You, Dr. Smyth, do not practice medicine on the science of the day after tomorrow. You practice *historical* medicine, at least mainly, that is, on the basis of medical experiences historically accumulated—theories and fragments of knowledge strung along from yesterday all the way back to Galen. So I need not apologize for going into ancient history.

DR. SMYTH: I was brought up to believe sincerely that the Union continued to be, after the Constitution as before, a league of states, that states were free to join it or not, and that states were free to leave it when they wanted to. If I am not mistaken, Woodrow Wilson, when he was a historian, before he became President of the United States, said somewhere that the Southern view of the Constitution was right; and here you are preaching up the old Northern fiction. Aren't you just rationalizing your old Republican predilections?

BEARD: Perhaps I am, a little, Doctor. Perhaps also your Southern ancestors were rationalizing their predilections.

DR. SMYTH: If I practiced medicine on my predilections, God help my patients! Don't historians pretend to know the truth about the nature of the more perfect union? Don't you claim to be sure of anything about it? Have you nothing more than opinions?

BEARD: On this case of the Union, Doctor, we have a lot of facts. I have here Woodrow Wilson's *Division and Reunion*, written in 1892, to which you referred. On page 211 he says:

The legal theory upon which [secession proceeded] was one which would hardly have been questioned in the early years of the government. . . . It was for long found difficult to deny that a State could withdraw from the federal arrangement, as she might have declined to enter it. . . .

Mr. Wilson seems to be saying that the theory of the sovereign state and secession was so universally accepted by the people that it would hardly have been questioned in the early days of the government.

We know, however, that the theory was many times questioned in the early days of the government by men of knowledge and competence. A number of state legislatures replied to the bold assertions made in the Kentucky Resolutions or the mild protests of Virginia or to both of them, in 1798—New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Delaware, Pennsylvania, and Maryland. All of them rejected the cardinal doctrine of nullification. The legislatures of nine states are not to be lightly brushed aside.

The secessionist theory of sovereignty was not raised in the Convention at Philadelphia. It was not discussed or passed upon there. The framers were practical men, not theorizers in politics. They knew that Great Britain, France, and Spain, with interests in the western hemisphere, would intrigue among the states if the states did not present a solid front to foreign powers. They envisaged new states rising in the West. They divined destiny—the rise of a great, forever united, power in America. They saw forces working in that direction and also other forces pulling against it, toward dispersion and dissolution. They aided the process of unification and centralization. If it is not an Irish bull, I may say that they divined and aided destiny.

DR. SMYTH: In other words, they knew what they wanted—a strong union—tried to get it, and guessed right on the future.

BEARD: Splendid! If I had studied medicine, if I had not been compelled to read academic books and to study Supreme Court decisions, I might be able to say what I mean in such neat terms. . . .

The next item in the Preamble is 'to establish Justice—'

DR. SMYTH, protesting: You mean Federalist justice. If I am not mistaken, a lot of men who voted early and often to establish justice later voted for the Sedition Act that sent Jeffersonians to jail for criticizing John Adams and his Federalist party administration.

BEARD: We might go on, while we are on this line and ask, with the Communists, what about bourgeois justice and proletarian justice? Or, with the fascists, what about capitalist justice?

DR. SMYTH: Then what is the use of talking about justice in the abstract?

BEARD: I agree that discussing justice in the abstract is not much use. Discussing it, however, with reference to concrete practices affecting life, liberty, and property seems to me decidedly helpful.

I should like to remind you, Doctor, of the Wilton case not far from our own community. Wilton was charged under an old statute of possessing and disseminating 'subversive and seditious literature.' Most respectable people were all worked up over the affair. The trial was held in an atmosphere of prejudice and vengeance. The judge and the jury were seized with the fever of Wilton's enemies. He was found guilty and sentenced to ten years in prison.

His lawyer took the case to the Supreme Court at Washington. There the charges and findings were reviewed by justices uninfluenced by local distempers. In the end Wilton was set free under the Constitution of the United States—if I may say so, under the justice of the United States. And you, Doctor, when the news of the Supreme Court decision came out, were happy, as you said to me, to see 'the old gang of witch-burners get what was coming to them.'

Of course, I am not claiming everything for these words in the Preamble, establish justice. However, they gave some moral justification for establishing a federal judicial system. Under the Articles of Confederation there had been no scheme of national courts. If a citizen of one state got into legal difficulties in another state, he was likely to be treated as a kind of foreigner. In any event, he got only such justice as the local judge and jury wanted to give him.

The "Blessings of Liberty"

Hamilton, who had been a member of the committee that shaped up the Preamble at Philadelphia, laid great emphasis on the necessity of establishing a federal Supreme Court. Leaving matters to state courts, he said, would result in contradictions in decisions and there would be 'much to fear from the bias of local views and prejudices.'

DR. SMYTH: Oh, Hamilton again! Where was he when the Sedition Act was passed in 1798? With the Federalist crowd of oppressors, I suppose.

BEARD: The joke is on you, Doctor, for Hamilton declared that the sedition bill had provisions which were 'highly exceptionable. . . . Let us not establish a tyranny [he said]. Energy is a very different thing from violence.' To Hamilton justice meant more than Federalist party justice.

And now after the lapse of more than one hundred and fifty years grand rules of national justice are applied on a national scale. These rules are not perfect by any means, but, in hours when sheer force is proclaimed in Europe and Asia as the law of life, they are precious beyond measure.

MRS. SMYTH. Even so, the word justice is pretty vague.

BEARD: I shall make it more specific then. Let us look for a moment at another phrase in the Preamble of the Constitution—"secure the Blessings of Liberty." It has become the fashion recently to exalt the Bill of Rights, the first amendments to the Constitution, as if no rights were proclaimed or taken into account by the original instrument itself. I do not wish to underestimate in any respect the significance of the Bill of Rights. But the exaltation of that list of liberties tends to obscure facts that are equally, if not more, fundamental.

Certain important blessings of liberty are incorporated in provisions of the Constitution as it was completed in 1787. In Hamilton's famous argument designed to show that a bill of rights was not necessary, he listed in Number 84 of *The Federalist* specific provisions of the Constitution that made for liberty of person and property.

First of all, 'the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* shall not be

Draws men's admiration to your **TANTALIZING LIPS** *like a magnet!*



'Magnetize' Your Lips Like Many Of The Loveliest Actresses Do—

"Magnetize" lips, you ask? Yes, indeed! You can make even the most dull, drab lips so much more inviting with exciting new beauty—and all so easy with the help of this beauty-famous lipstick—ANGELUS!

The reason ANGELUS has such remarkably beautifying qualities is that it is *evenly balanced* "just right" in texture. Just *hard* enough so that you can easily outline your lips in any shape you desire—just *soft* enough so that it spreads on divinely smooth and "stays put" for hours without caking or drying. Yet ANGELUS never appears "greasy."

The House of Louis Philippe is *famous* for its bewitching fashion shades—and you'll be *famous* for devastatingly beautiful lip-allure once you become a devotee of Louis Philippe ANGELUS Lipsticks.

ANGELUS Make-Up Spreads Gorgeous Beauty Film Over Face and Neck



ANGELUS Make-Up (in dainty *cake* form) is used by many of the most beautiful stage and screen actresses. It instantly covers face and neck with an appearance of new glowing skin beauty—it expertly covers tiny blemishes, wrinkles and freckles. At all cosmetic counters.

Louis Philippe

ANGELUS LIPSTICK—ROUGE—FACE POWDER—CREMES—MAKE-UP

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"Fresh up" THAT'S Seven-up!



★ Millions know that "fresh up" means 7-Up and 7-Up means "fresh up" . . . a happy, lively drink that goes bubbling over your tongue . . . waking up your mouth . . . lighting your face with a smile. While wartime production is limited, you can get your share if you ask for it wherever you see the 7-Up sign.

Copy, 1944 by The Seven-Up Company

*You like it...
It likes you!*



UNION AND JUSTICE (continued)

suspended, unless when in cases of rebellion or invasion the public safety may require it.'

Why is this a precious liberty? Most Americans never think of it. It would be interesting to know how many Americans are aware that it is in the Constitution or what it means.

What does it mean? It means that, as long as we keep this liberty, the Government of the United States cannot secretly, or openly for that matter, arrest persons as individuals or groups, throw them into prisons or concentration camps, hold them there indefinitely, and do what it pleases to them. This was a practice tyrannical governments had once followed in England, were following in Europe in 1787, and have in recent years revived in Germany, Italy, and other parts of Europe.

A second liberty in the original Constitution guarantees that no bill of attainder shall be passed. What does that mean? It means that no legislature, no law-making body, can pass a bill singling out one person or a group of persons by name and condemning them to death or imprisonment, without granting them a hearing or public trial of any kind. The long and bloody story of the bill of attainder was vivid in the history of that tyranny with which the framers of the Constitution were familiar. They were resolved that it should not be repeated in the United States.

MRS. SMYTH: Were they actually afraid that American legislatures elected by Americans might adopt such a cruel practice?

BEARD: They were. And it ought to be advertised that Thomas Jefferson, with all his confidence in the people, had a similar fear of legislatures, even those popularly elected.

A third liberty to be found in the original Constitution provides that no *ex post facto* law shall be passed. More dull and ponderous words! But what a history of terror lay behind *ex post facto* laws in 1787. And in our time a large part of fascist despotism in Germany and Italy has been based upon *ex post facto* legislation—some of it approved by the so-called legislatures of those countries.

What does this provision mean? It means that in our daily living and thinking we can enjoy the liberty of doing and saying all that the existing law permits. After we have done and said certain things, no law-maker can, after the fact, *ex post facto*, brand our sayings and doings as crimes and have us condemned to fine, prison, or death for our lawful deeds and words.

Trial by Jury

Only those who have been cruelly punished by the despots of our time for acts innocent in the eyes of the law can appreciate, with appropriate gratitude of spirit, the significance of these few words in the Constitution of the United States. We do not appreciate them, for we have never suffered under *ex post facto* laws and have not ourselves been compelled to struggle for such rights against brutal force.

A fourth liberty guaranteed by the Constitution provides that the trial of all federal crimes, except in cases of impeachment, shall be by jury and in the state in which said crimes are committed.

DR. SMYTH: Just a minute. I would never submit anything which calls for sense, knowledge, or understanding to the kind of jury that our sheriff picks up at the court house. I saw a jury at work on the case of Bill Hunks not long ago. Bill liked his bottle. He is a good workman at our factory when he is sober, but one day he got his hand in a machine and it was badly crushed. I fixed him up and he drew his compensation pay while he recuperated, which took a long time.

Then a lawyer inveigled him into suing our company for heavy damages. The company's lawyer answered that Bill was under the influence of liquor when he was hurt. I honestly testified that I smelt it when I operated on his hand. The company's engineer showed that the machine in question was well protected and that a man with his wits about him was not apt to get hurt while working with it. But, to my utter astonishment, the jury found for Bill against the company and gave him all the damages he claimed. There is jury trial for you. I certainly should not want to rely on any jury for my liberty or liberties.

BEARD: You are trying a human institution by an ideal standard. That is all right, if you do not expect too much from mankind, in too great a hurry. It does not take a profound knowledge of history to make one aware that mankind has as much, or more, to fear from judicial tyranny as from the tyranny of juries. Look at the perversions of justice by judges in the long history of the law. As to myself, I agree with Hamilton that, historically, jury trials is to be regarded as among the institutions that make for the liberty of persons in a world in which perfection is seldom if ever found.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 60



The Ground Crew takes a breather at Cochran Field, Ga.

When you think of the job they're doing—and all it means to us—anything we can do seems so little . . .

But if you could watch their faces when they get "snapshots from home"—if you could see how they carry those prints with them through thick and thin, and look at them over and over again,

long after they're battered and worn—you'd realize that sending snapshots is very important.

Film is hard to get now, the Army and Navy need so much. Dealers are rationed. So make the most of every roll you can get. Snap the faces and scenes he longs to see. Make your letter "a snapshot visit from home" . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

REMEMBER TORPEDO SQUADRON 8? . . . how, knowing exactly what the odds against them were, this heroic band of 30 Navy men drove gloriously into the missile fire of the Japanese fleet at Midway? And only one man survived! A stern example to us today.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

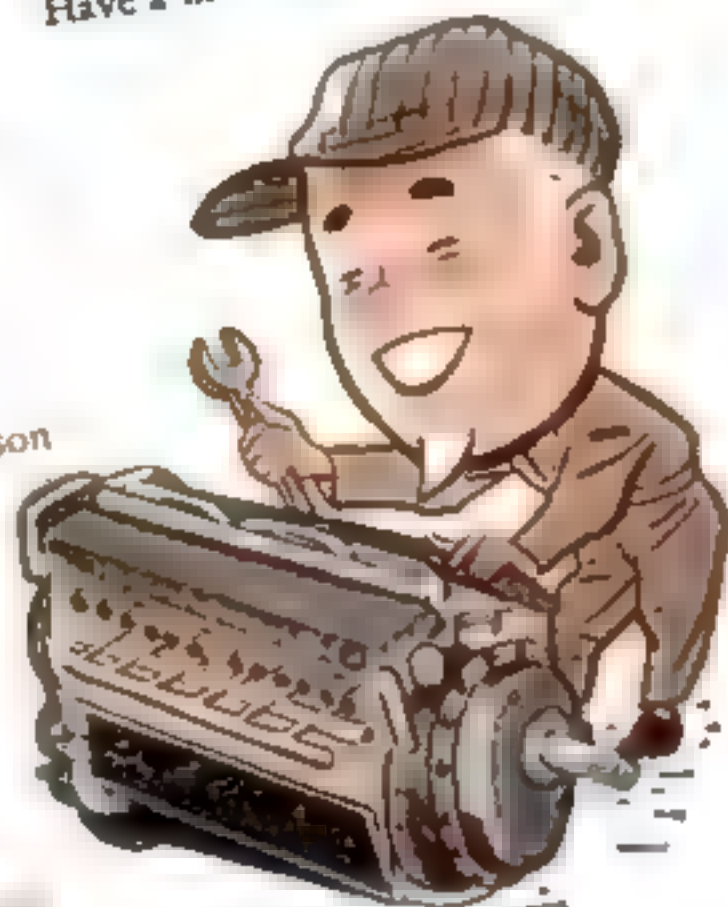
Visit him in **SNAPSHOTS**

Kodak



HEIGH-HO, HEIGH-HO...
we're Kernels you should know!

1
Credit me—Kernel Wheat—
If the pancakes you eat
Have a flavor full-bodied and pleasin'



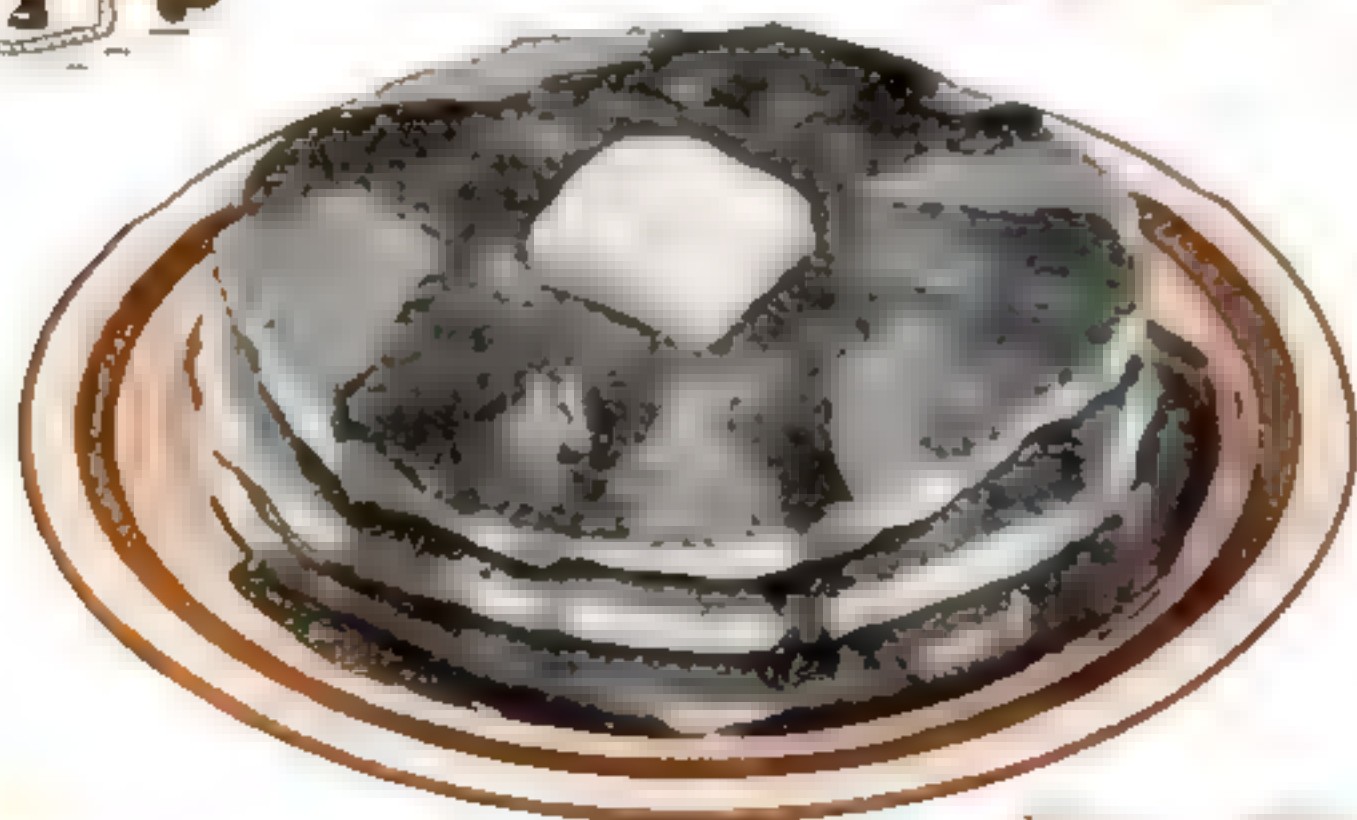
3
Ah, but I, Kernel Rice,
Make 'em fluffily nice
And lighsome and brightsome and tender



4
As for me, Kernel Rye,
My zip you'll enjye
Whatever your age or your gender!



5
That 4-Kernel flavor,
The scrumptious-est yet
Makes Pillsbury's Pancakes
Terrific, you bet!



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UNION AND JUSTICE (continued)

Let us go on with liberty under the Constitution. Hamilton's fifth item is the clause respecting treason. It reads:

Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort. No person shall be convicted of treason unless on the testimony of two witnesses to the same overt act, or on confession in open court.

Treason is a terrifying word in the history of tyranny. In community consciousness it is worse than cold-blooded murder. It is an offense against the power of the State and, if the tyrannical State is allowed to define treason, it may brand as treason the lightest criticism, make trials for treason secret, and give victims no opportunity to confront witnesses. Under our Constitution, treason is strictly defined, and the prosecution must produce witnesses to the overt act and give the accused his day in open court. Here in the quiet of our chamber, the very idea of treason seems remote; but to ears attuned to history it sounds like thunder.

But substantial as were these and other liberties set forth in the original Constitution, the document was severely criticized because it contained no long bill of rights, giving an extended list of liberties. A bill of rights was a great favorite among the left-wingers of the American Revolution. It would have been expedient for the framers to have prefaced the Constitution with a bill of rights. But there were not many left-wingers among the members of the Philadelphia Convention in 1787.

In *The Federalist* Hamilton took the position that the Federal Government was merely intended to 'regulate the general political interests of the nation,' and not 'every species of personal and private concerns.'

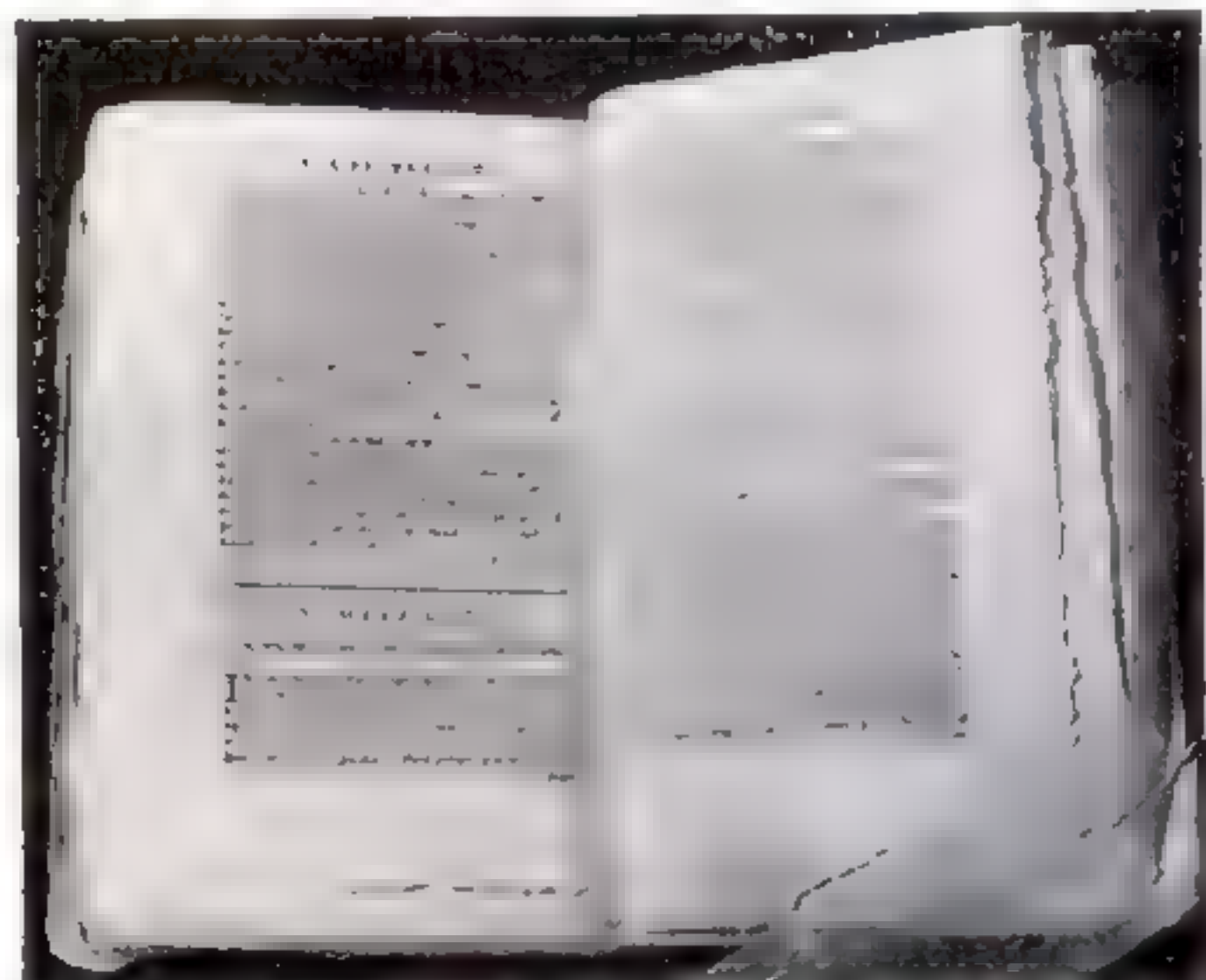
He went further and affirmed that, in respect of the Constitution, such a bill of specifications would be dangerous. For instance, the Constitution gave Congress no express power to regulate the press and, if a clause had been added proclaiming freedom of the press, it might be assumed that Congress had power to regulate the press except in matters touching its freedom.

Addressing himself immediately to freedom of the press, Hamilton asserted that declarations on this subject amounted to nothing. 'Who can give any definition which would not leave the utmost latitude for evasion?' he asked. Then he concluded, very logically, I think: 'Its security, whatever fine declarations may be inserted in any constitution respecting it, must altogether depend on public opinion, and on the general spirit of the people and of the government. And here, after all . . . must we seek for the only solid base of all our rights.'

MRS. SMYTH: Are you contending that things would not have been different if no bill of rights had been added to the Constitution? That it is useless verbiage?

BEARD: Not at all, Mrs. Smyth. I am glad, of course, that the Bill of Rights was added. I merely hold with Hamilton that, whatever fine declaration of rights you may have, liberty in final analysis actually depends on the spirit of the people and the government.

Next Week: The General Welfare Clause and What It Has Come to Mean



HAMILTON WROTE most of *The Federalist*, a collection of essays favoring the adoption of the Constitution. It is the No. 1 American book on political theory.

Secrets of a *Pin-Up Girl...*

She'll stand queer maneuvers with safety pins—if those funny people, her parents, will pay attention to the most important thing!

She *must* have her Carnation!

She's got an inexperienced little inside that begs for Carnation's easy digestibility. She's got sharp little teeth that need Carnation's *extra* reinforcement, through irradiation, with "sunshine" vitamin D. And she's got a red-in-the-face temper that's *insulted* by anything tasting less good than this famous milk.

Why experiment? A tall can of Carnation takes one brown point, out of Baby's own ration book. Almost any doctor will tell you that you couldn't spend it better. They *know*! They've seen thousands and thousands of babies thrive—on pure, wholesome Carnation.

Plenty of things are uncertain in our topsy-turvy world. Let's stick to one thing you can be sure of. Little children... and big ones, too... *do well on Carnation!*



BABY'S FORMULA

Your mother will give you directions for a baby formula. It can easily be prepared with milk, nourishing Instantized Carnation milk, which is easy to digest because it forms a thick curd. Remember that one teaspoonful of Instantized Carnation milk plus a quart of boiled water gives you the equivalent of whole milk richness, which makes it simple to figure the right proportions in the formula. Measure the milk carefully. We'll be glad to start to Carnation.

FREE! "YOUR CONTENTED BABY." This page booklet of advice on baby care, with baby recipes. Every mother needs it to help keep baby happy and well. Written by a nurse, it's authoritative, practical. Address Carnation Company, Dept. L-31, Milwaukee, Wis., or Toronto, Ont., Can.



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Carnation
FROM CONTENTED COWS

Milk



TUNE IN THE CARNATION "CONTENTED HOUR" MONDAY EVENINGS, NBC NETWORK



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Dynamic Sir Thomas Beecham has won a reputation in America that already rivals his fame in England. Significantly, this eminent conductor has chosen Victor to make his recordings.



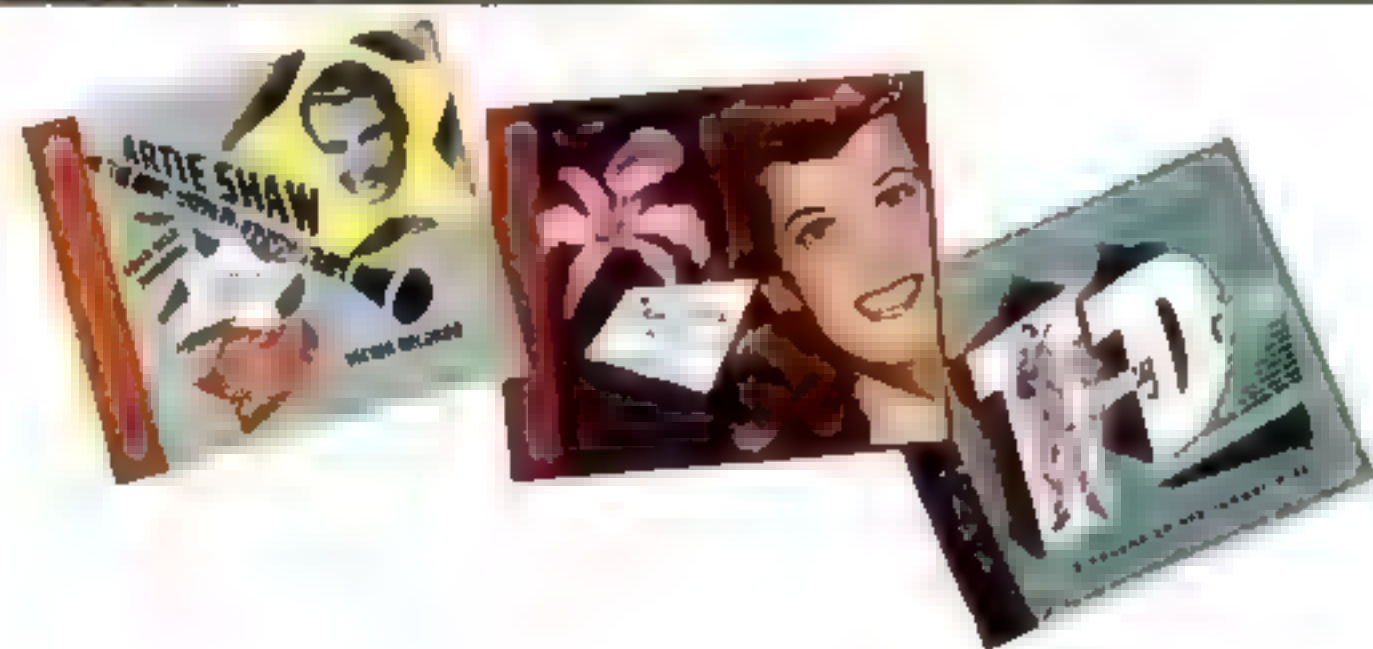
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For the past twelve years, Eugene Goossens has conducted the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra. To prove that he has made it one of the finest orchestras in the world, hear it on Victor Records!



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Victor is proud that its European-made records of Miliza Korjus helped to bring her to America. In some twenty selections you may hear her fresh, flute-like coloratura with crystal-clear realism.



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WOMEN IN THE "KNOW"

*favor **THESE** choice meats*



DEVILED HAM SANDWICHES. Spread enriched bread with butter or fortified margarine and Libby's Deviled Ham (one 3 oz. can makes 4 double sandwiches). Top with thin slices of hard cooked egg, mayonnaise, lettuce, and a second slice of bread. Pack or serve with Libby's Olives or Pickles.



VIENNA SAUSAGE PIE. Line pie plate with seasoned mashed sweet or white potatoes (left-overs may be used). Bake in 400° F. oven about 20 minutes. Remove from oven and fill with pre-heated, drained, seasoned Libby's Pasa. Top with Libby's Vienna Sausages heated as directed on label.

FLAVOR WITH A LIFT FOR HE-MAN MEALS!



● That hard worker of yours will bless you aloud for the extra taste thrill Libby's Deviled Ham lends to lunchbox sandwiches.

Specially prepared from mild smoked hams . . . pre-cooked . . . finely ground with pure spices, this instant spread may be used just as it comes from the can or mixed with salad dressing. It's grand served any time with tomatoes, olives, eggs or pickles.

And for a main-meal dish, there's Libby's Vienna Sausage. Ready-cooked—and it has a host of splendid uses. These plump sausages are made from quality beef and pork. Smoking over hardwood fires gives them a flavor and aroma that's really out of this world. Simply open the can and serve hot or cold.

Next time you're shopping, be sure to pick up a few cans of Libby's Deviled Ham and Libby's Vienna Sausage. If your dealer does not have them now, try him again. No waiting for your points to accumulate—so few are needed! *Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago.*

Libby's

DEVILED HAM

VIENNA SAUSAGE

TRAPPER

FUR CATCH IS BIG IN THE COLD NORTH WOODS

When Oliver Anderson of Gunflint Trail, Minn., 110 miles north of Duluth, made the round of his traps with LIFE's photographer, the temperature was down to 20 below zero, the North Woods country was covered with thick snow, the lakes and ponds were coated with solid ice. Trapper Anderson did not mind the rigorous weather because this winter, like most American trappers, he is working his lines with the biggest profits and best catches in years. Civilian demand is keeping the raw-fur market way up.

But, like most trappers, Oliver Anderson cannot depend on fur income alone. Five days a week he drives a snow plow. On weekends he tends his traps, setting about 40 steel traps and 40 snares up through the woods, the ridges, the swamps and frozen lakes of the North Woods. Muskrat, mink, fox and weasel account for most of his catch but Anderson's real interest is in trapping wolves. This is the most difficult kind of trapping, requiring a detailed knowledge of the high places where wolves are apt to run. By the time a winter is over, he gets to know individual wolves by their tracks and the evidences of canine leg-lifting they impudently leave beside his traps.

Trapped wolf balks back as Trapper Oliver Anderson comes up to shoot it. This brush wolf has probably been in trap for few days, has gnawed tree and trampled snow trying to rip paw free.

Trapper shoots wolf through head (above). Then he frees foot and resets trap, covering it lightly with snow, twigs (below). When man scent wears off, this high ridge will be good wolf run again.



Dead wolf, blood dripping on snow, is lugged two miles to Anderson's auto. Wolf skins are used for trimming heavy-weather coats like the parkas worn by ski troops.

MIRACLES OF THE BATTLEFRONT

JUMPING "DOCS" CUT MARINES' CASUALTIES

Smack into the hottest spots of enemy territory jump the paratroops of the U. S. Marines. And with them come the "Docs"—Navy-trained hospital corpsmen.

Every detachment of Marine paratroops has several "Docs" who make the jumps with their bags of dressings, instruments, and modern drugs. They're equipped with morphine Syrettes*, sulfa drugs, splints, and transfusion kits. They're expert at saving lives.

Whenever . . . wherever a Marine is wounded, the hospital corpsman is nearly always close at hand to give first aid. This speedy, fearless work, followed by the care that the wounded get from skillful Navy surgeons, is responsible for the remarkably low death rate in this war. *Figures to date show that among wounded Marines only 2.2 per cent have died.*

That nickname "Doc" personifies the boundless trust and respect of all the fighting men of the Navy and Marine Corps. And the man they call "Doc" is doing much to make this war the safest for the wounded.



As soon as he hits the ground the hospital corpsman is ready to give immediate care to any wounded Marine paratrooper. His job is to keep them fighting, and he does it nobly. If the wound is serious, he eases pain with a Syrette*—if a limb is fractured, he "splints 'em where they lie"—if the wounded man shows signs of shock, he may give a transfusion of Human Serum Albumin



Wounded Marine leaving beachhead by landing barge to be taken to a hospital ship off-shore. With every landing party of Marines goes a hospital corpsman who has been hospital trained by the Navy. Corpsmen are equipped to give morphine, sulfa drugs, and injections of blood plasma as soon as possible.

TO BATTLEFRONTS all over the world go scores of products from Squibb Laboratories—drugs and biologicals furnished in large quantities by the House of Squibb to Navy and Army medical department. These include

HUMAN SERUM ALBUMIN	for transfusions
MORPHINE SYRETTES*	to relieve pain
METHYL BROMIDE	delousing agent
CHLOROFORM AMPULS	for anesthesia
QUININE HYDROCHLORIDE	for malaria
SULFA DRUGS	to combat infection
PENICILLIN	new weapon against bacteria

After the war Squibb research will continue to help medical science conquer disease and prolong life for everyone.

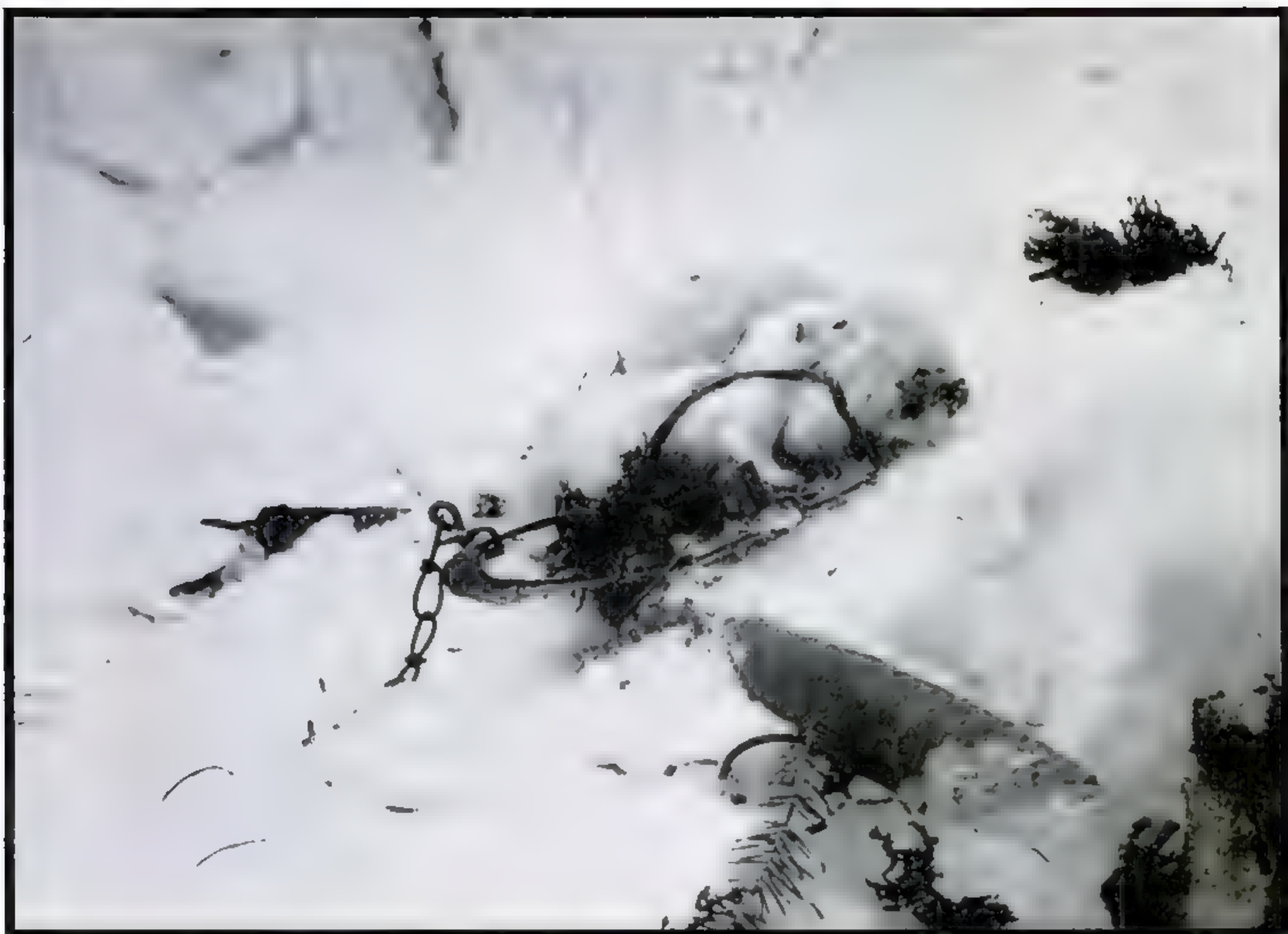
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

E·R·SQUIBB & SONS



Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession Since 1858

THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT OF EVERY PRODUCT
IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER



Weasel enacts miniature North Woods tragedy. Coming upon head and neck of dead rabbit placed in trap for bait, it sprang for rabbit's throat. As it sank teeth in jugular vein,

trap's steel jaws snapped. Weasel is brown in summer but turns white when snow falls to give natural camouflage. Fur is American ermine which is similar but inferior to Russian.



Muskrat is taken from trap by underwater house at margin of frozen lake. Muskrats account for most of U. S. raw fur production. They frequently pull feet off to escape traps.



Mink, caught in water set, is pulled out frozen stiff. Trapped along shores of streams and lakes, mink do not shy away from man scent. Decayed fish or worms are good mink bait.

TIP

From Our Own

FLEETS



and Three Good Reasons . . . for Success

As a timely tip from our own fleets, consider the fact that the FLUID DRIVE principle is used on some of our most important warships and Merchant Marine vessels just as Dodge used it in its late model cars—to *cushion* performance at all speeds, and to reduce mechanical wear and tear.

Consider, also, the fact that, for the Navy and Merchant Marine, Dodge is in quantity production on two of the Nation's most important items of fighting and navigation

equipment. Dodge makes vital parts for the famous and deadly BOFORS anti-aircraft cannon. Dodge also supplies, in quantity production, the great SPERRY GYRO-COMPASS, for the dependable navigation of allied ships at sea.

These wartime production jobs have required the utmost in precision manufacture; they have taken Dodge craftsmanship to the scenes of invasion and victorious battle action in all parts of the world.



The Dodge manufacturing record also speaks for itself through the 275,000 Dodge built military trucks produced for the armed forces,—and through the continuous reports of Dodge car and truck owners at home. These reports emphasize extreme operating economy, with gas consumption unusually low and tire mileage exceptionally high.

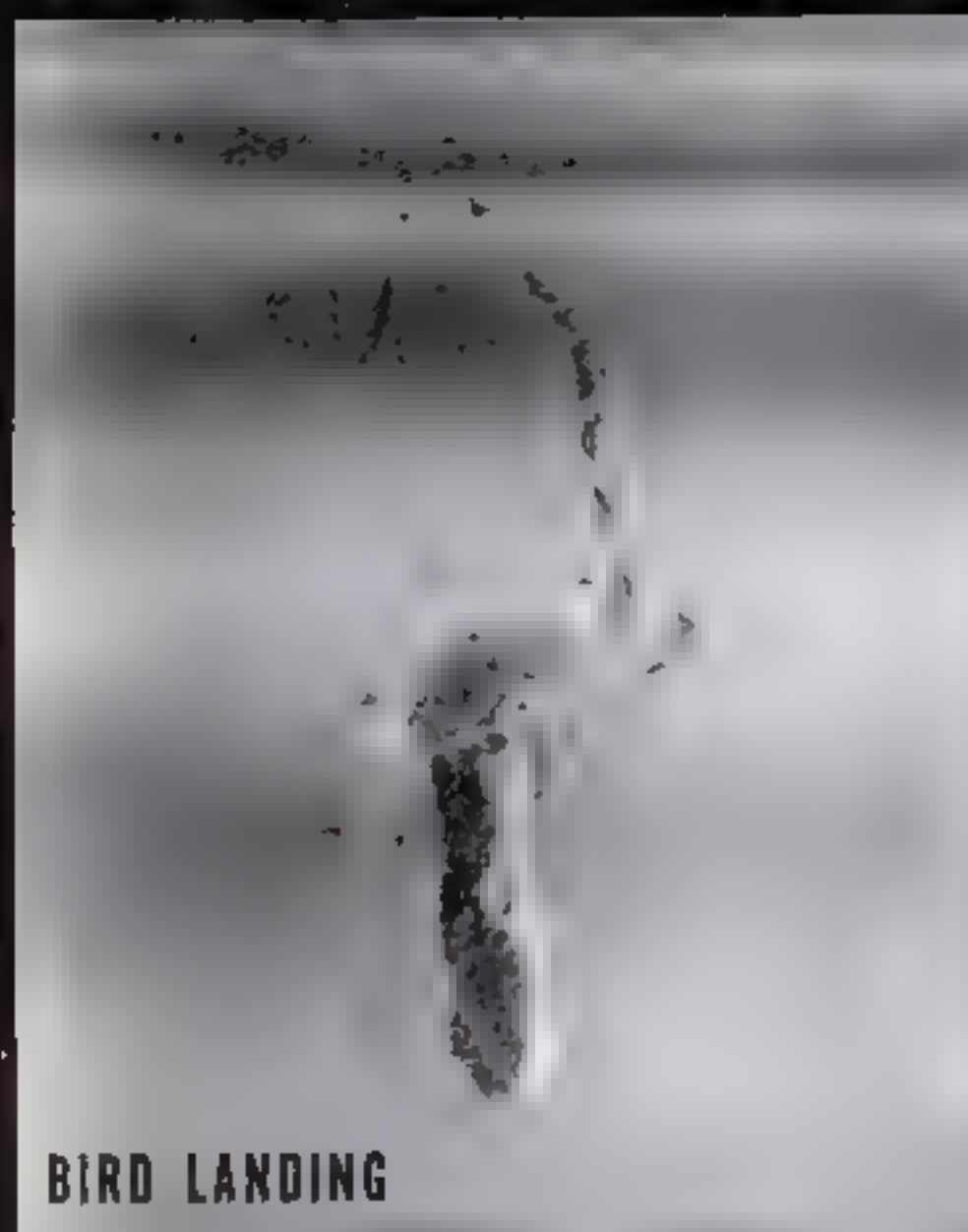
DODGE

Division of Chrysler Corporation

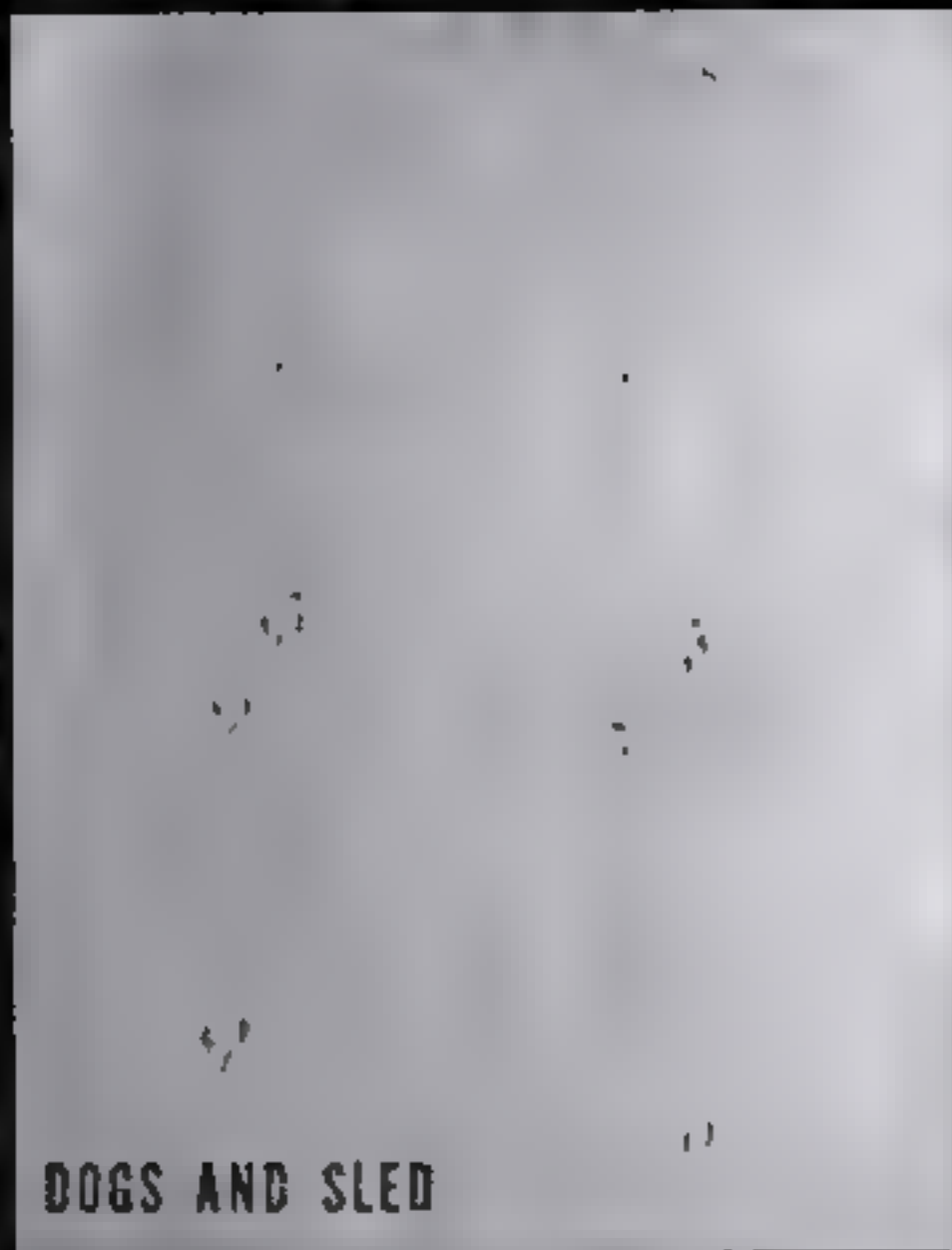
TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES EVERY THURSDAY, CBS, 9 P. M., E. W. T.

LET'S ALL BACK THE ATTACK—BUY MORE WAR BONDS

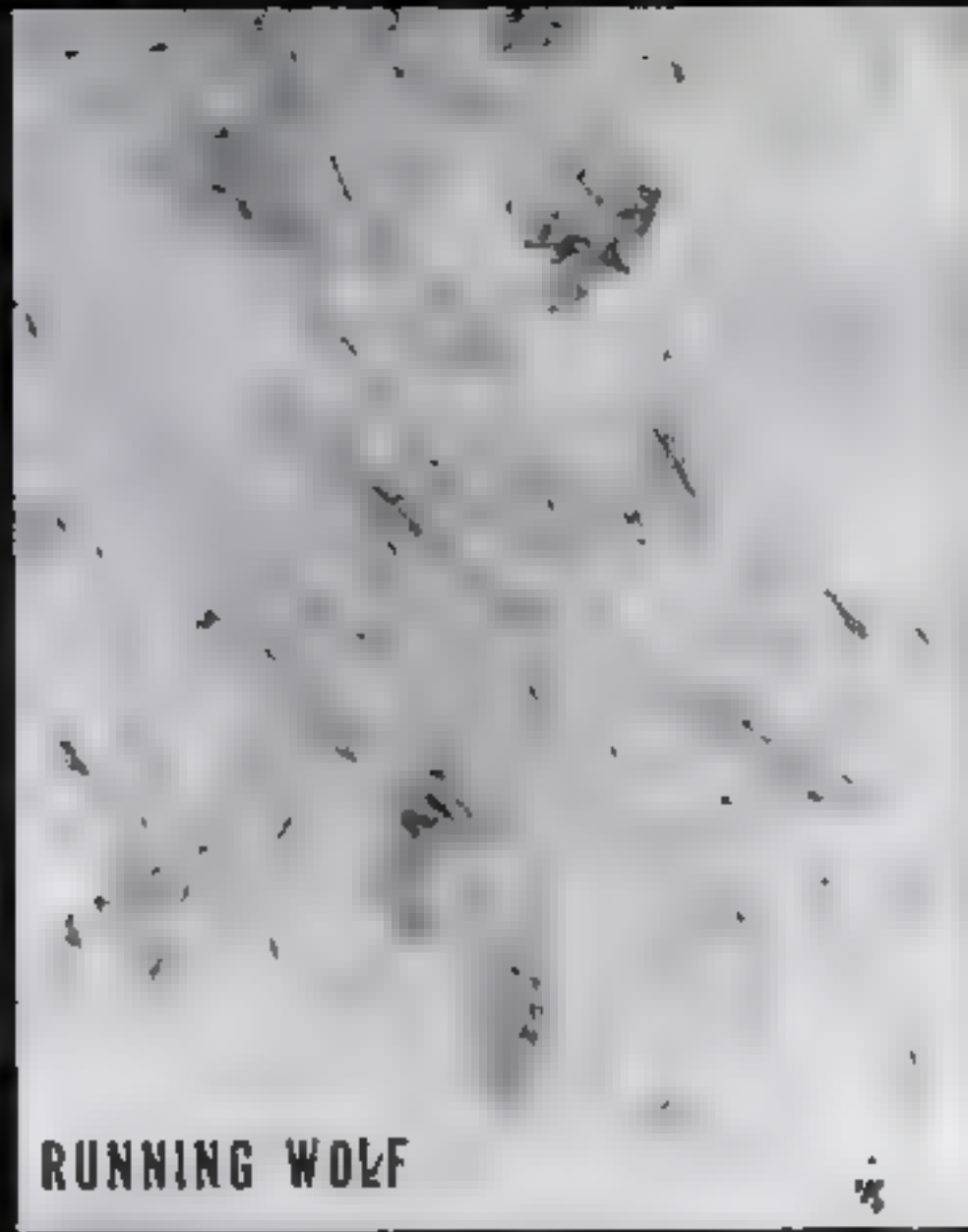
TRACKS IN SNOW TELL TRAPPER WHAT ANIMALS ARE AROUND AND WHERE HE CAN CATCH THEM



BIRD LANDING



DOGS AND SLED



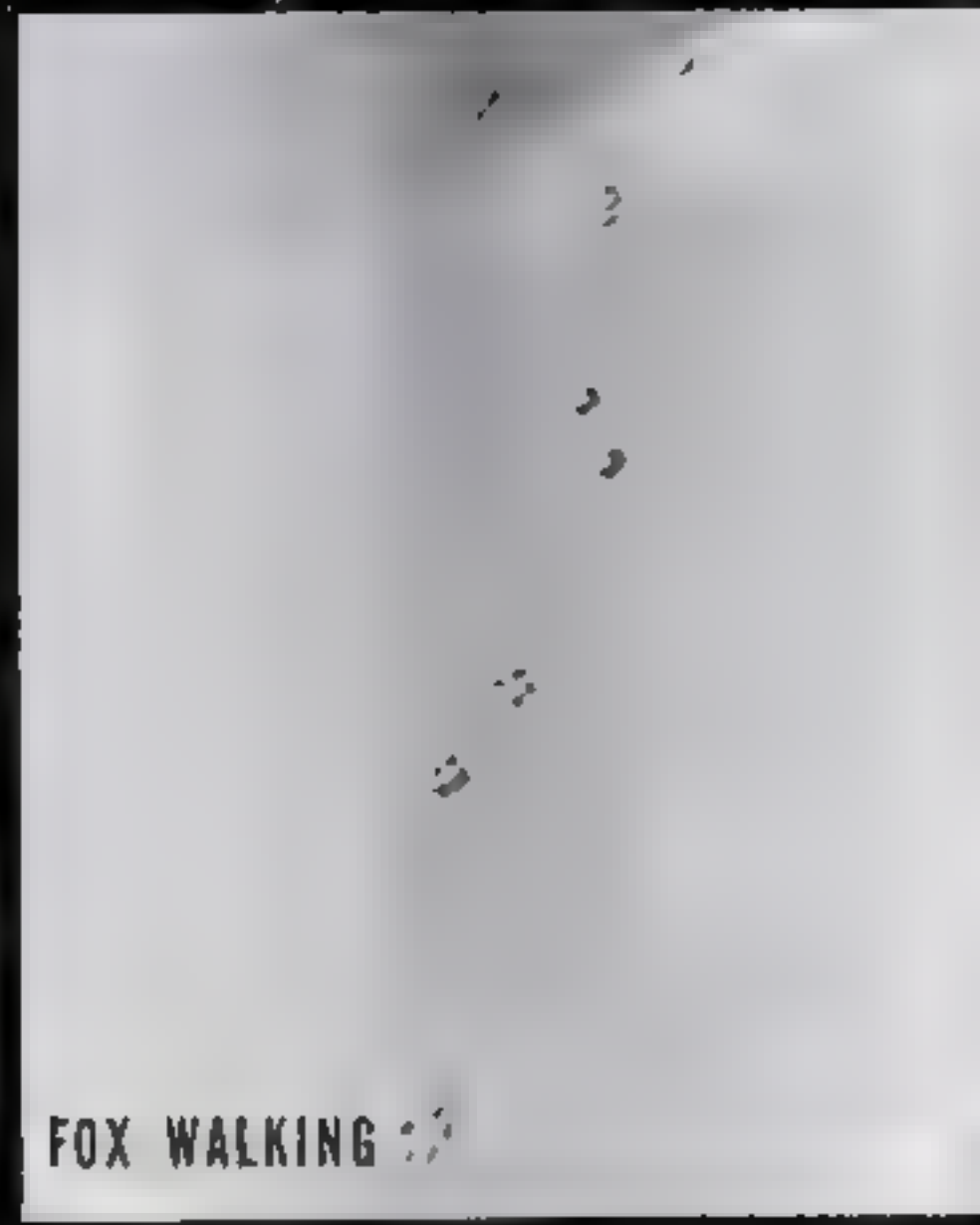
RUNNING WOLF



TWO DEER



MICE CROSSING



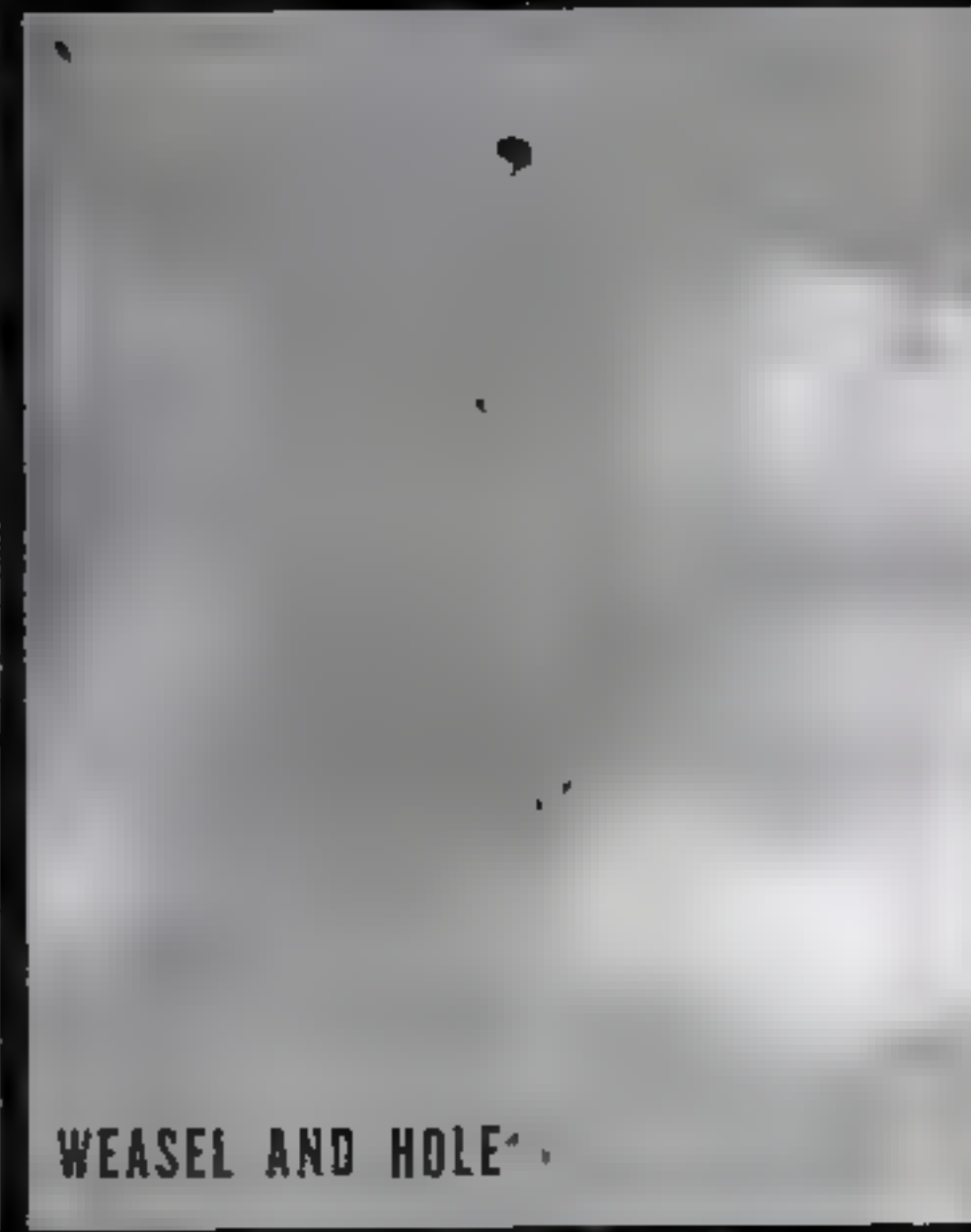
FOX WALKING



LAZY BOBCAT



MINK



WEASEL AND HOLE

Those are the signs that Oliver Anderson reads as he snowshoes over miles of his trap lines. His success depends on how well he learns the traveling habits and favorite runs

of fur animals in his territory. He spent little time with the odd marks in the left picture of the upper row, which he thought were made by a big bird landing in the snow. But

he examined the wolf tracks with care. Tracks of two deer crossing indicate where one of them has slipped. The bobcat trail indicates that the cat was lazily dragging its feet.



Trapper's catch of fox pelts are held up by Lone Anderson, trapper's 9-year-old daughter. Prices for fox pelts have fluctuated around \$22 this year. Anderson will get more than

\$1,000 for skins this winter. Although OPA has set ceiling prices, dealers manage to give trappers more pay and incentive by setting higher grades on skins. Trappers claim this is

only fair because in normal years dealers downgrade furs. Current top prices are: weasel, \$2.50; muskrat, \$3; skunk, \$5.25; brush wolf, \$16; bobcat, \$18; and wild mink \$26.50.

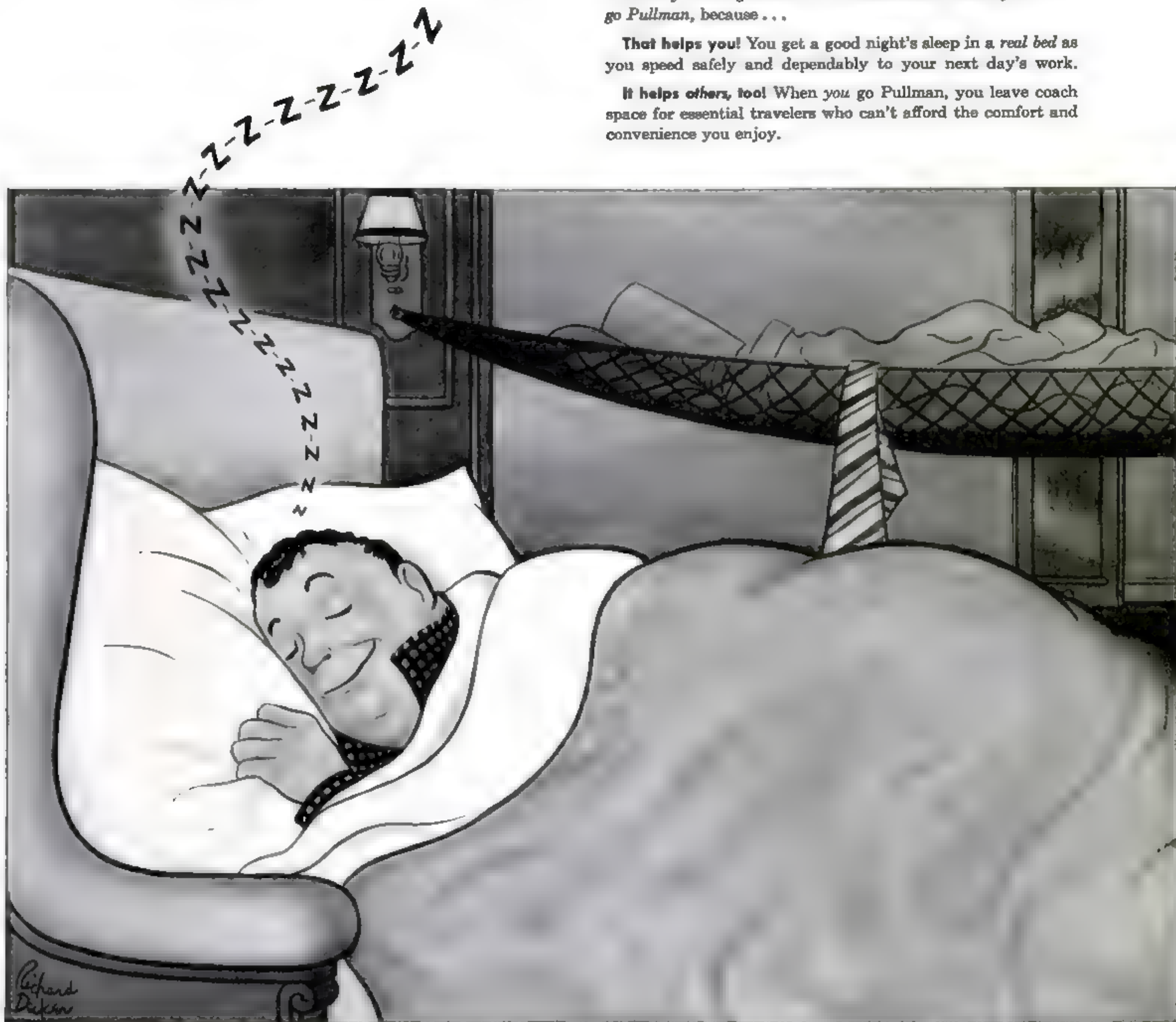
You can be helpful in your sleep!

Some Pullmans run full. But never over-filled, for each accommodation is *individually reserved*. And in *most* Pullmans—on *most* trains—reserved space is usually available.

So when you *have* to travel, always ask your ticket agent whether you can get *reserved accommodations*. When you can—go *Pullman*, because . . .

That helps you! You get a good night's sleep in a *real bed* as you speed safely and dependably to your next day's work.

It helps others, too! When you go Pullman, you leave coach space for essential travelers who can't afford the comfort and convenience you enjoy.



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LET 'EM HAVE IT—
BUY EXTRA WAR BONDS!

PULLMAN

● For more than 80 years, the greatest name in passenger transportation—now carrying out mass troop movements with half its fleet of sleeping cars and carrying more passengers in the other half than the whole fleet carried in peacetime!

LIGHT CONTROL

Polaroid filters make enemy targets easier to see

To hit your target you must be able to see it plainly. At the long ranges of modern combat, targets are obscured by atmospheric haze, by the sheer intensity of sunlight and by the glare of sunlight reflected from flat expanses of sea and land. The trick that brings a target into sharper visibility is control of the light waves that carry its image. This is accomplished by glass and plastic filters, which strain out obscuring light waves and transmit only those that carry the most accurate image. Every U. S. fire-control instrument is equipped with filters and every second man in combat wears filter goggles. Most of these are produced by the Polaroid Corp., Cambridge, Mass.

Filters, as shown here, operate on two principles, polarization and color selection. Polarizing filters are used to screen out reflected glare (top, opposite page) and, as light valves, to control over all light intensity (left). The operation of color filters depends on the fact that white light is a mixture of all the colors in the spectrum. An orange-yellow filter, by definition, transmits only the orange-yellow light and stops the other colors, notably blue. This filter is used to project vision through haze because it screens out the veil of scattered blue light and transmits the clear image carried by haze-penetrating orange-yellow light.



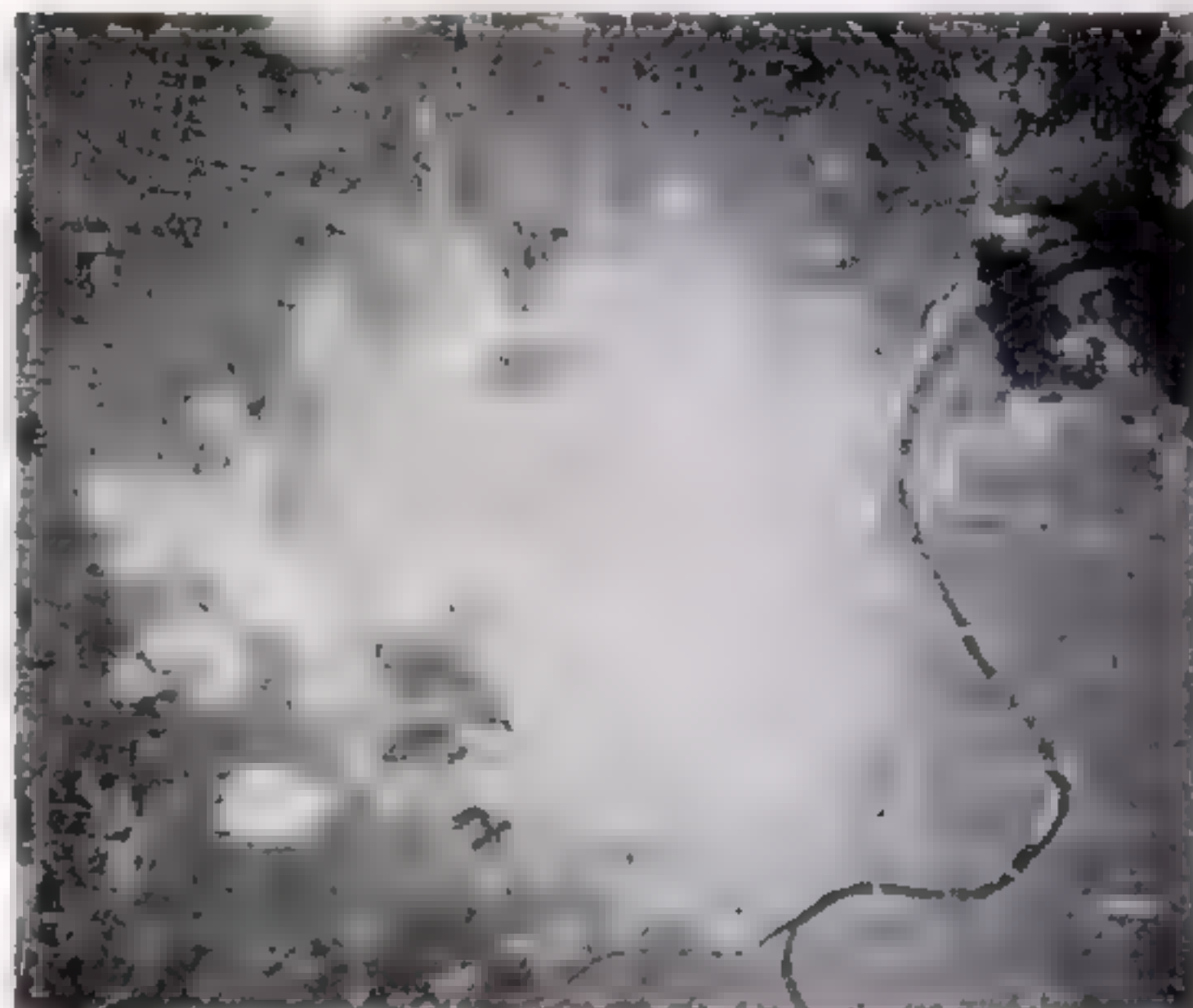
Variable density goggle is here set for full light transmission. It consists of a pair of polarizing filters over each eye. The outside filters are fixed in position to stop reflected glare.



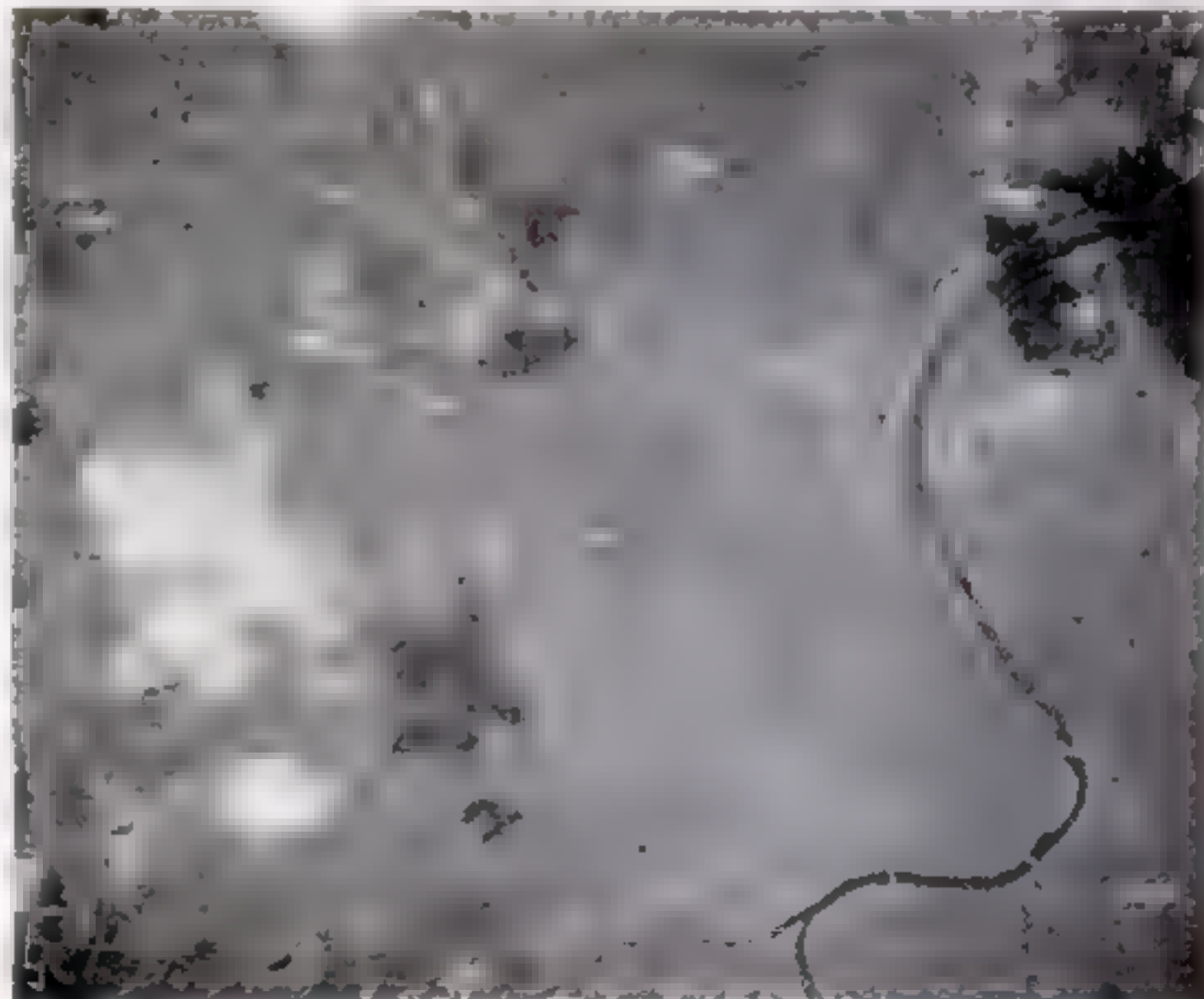
Light-valve action of goggle is controlled by knob on the bridge, which rotates filters inside. Knob has here been set to allow only half of maximum light to be transmitted to the eyes.



At full density, goggle transmits less than .02% of full light. This goggle makes it possible for U. S. gunners to look closer to the sun and thus spot enemy planes hiding in its glare.



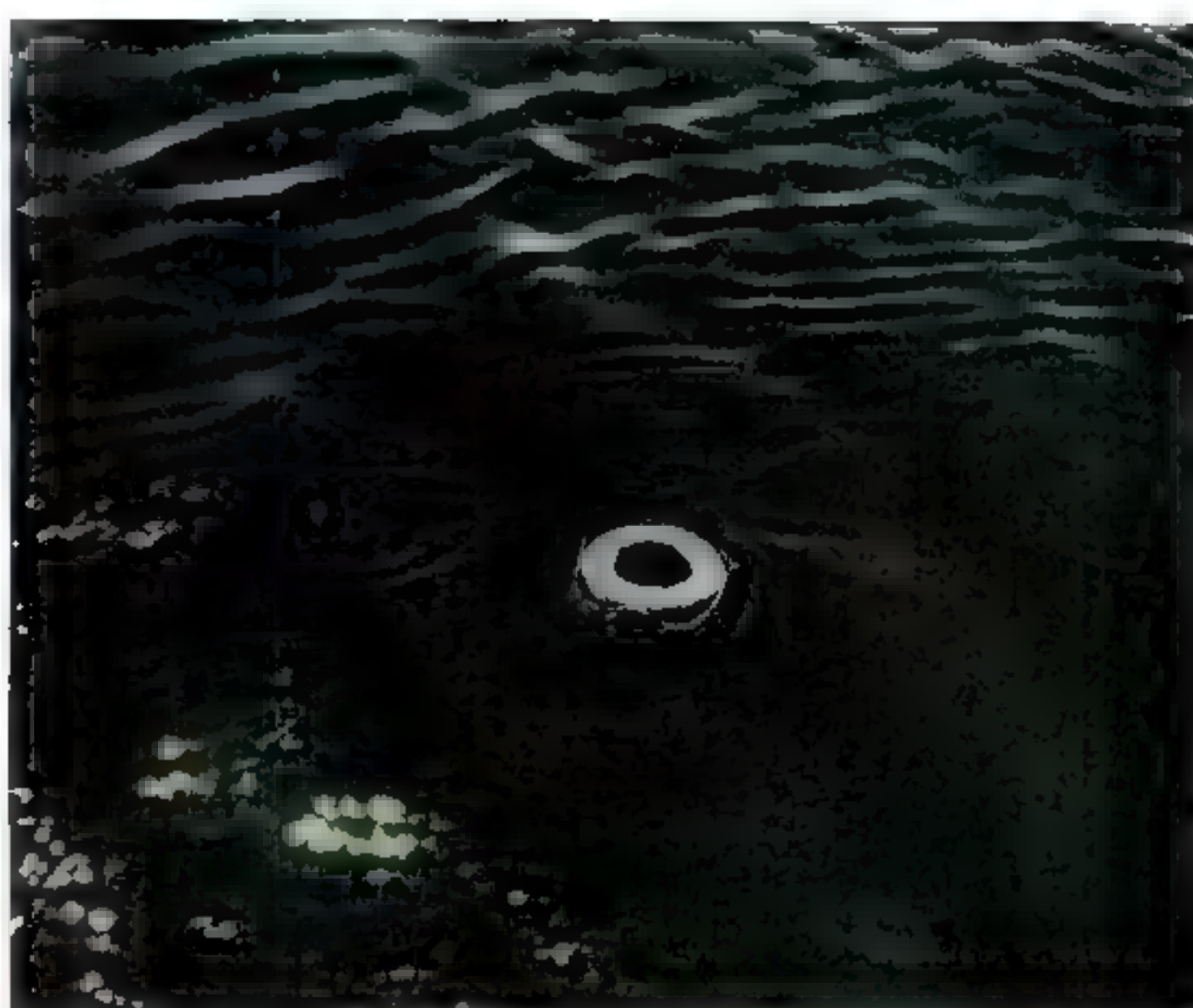
"Hot spot," white overexposed area in the center, screens the information in this aerial photograph. It is caused by uneven light transmission through some aerial camera lenses.



Even exposure is achieved by using Polaroid aerial camera filter shown on p. 74. Low transparency of star in center of filter reduces the concentration of light on center of negative.



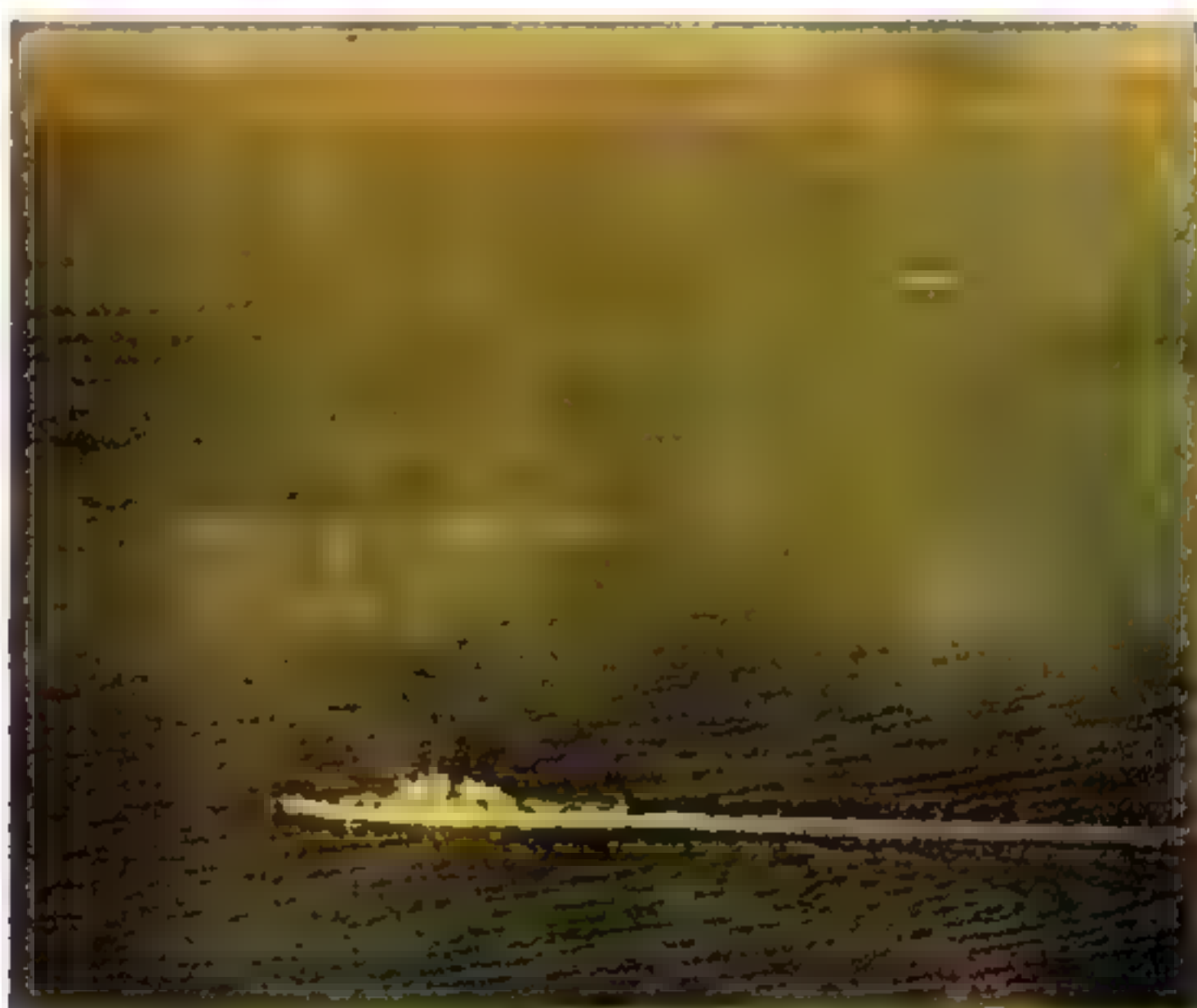
Glare of reflected sunlight from water fuzes image of life preserver. Glare from preserver makes its lettering illegible. Surface of water polarizes part of sunlight in horizontal plane.



Glare is filtered out by vertical polarizing screen in Polaroid goggle. The life preserver and its lettering are clearly visible to observer, as are details in the ripple patterns of the waves.



Haze obscures ship and shoreline. Moisture and dust particles in atmosphere create haze by scattering blue light of spectrum. This phenomenon makes sky and mountains appear blue.



Haze is killed by an orange-yellow filter. The filter stops scattered blue light, transmits image of distant objects carried on longer light waves. This filter sharpens bomb-aiming targets.



Tracer flare is invisible in this picture taken in bright sunlight. The blue components of brilliant sunlight are much stronger than the red light emitted by burning tracer streams.



Red filter steps up tracers into sharp images by killing the blue wave lengths of sunlight. Action of red filter enables antiaircraft gunners to watch path of tracers fired into blue sky.

Light Control (continued)



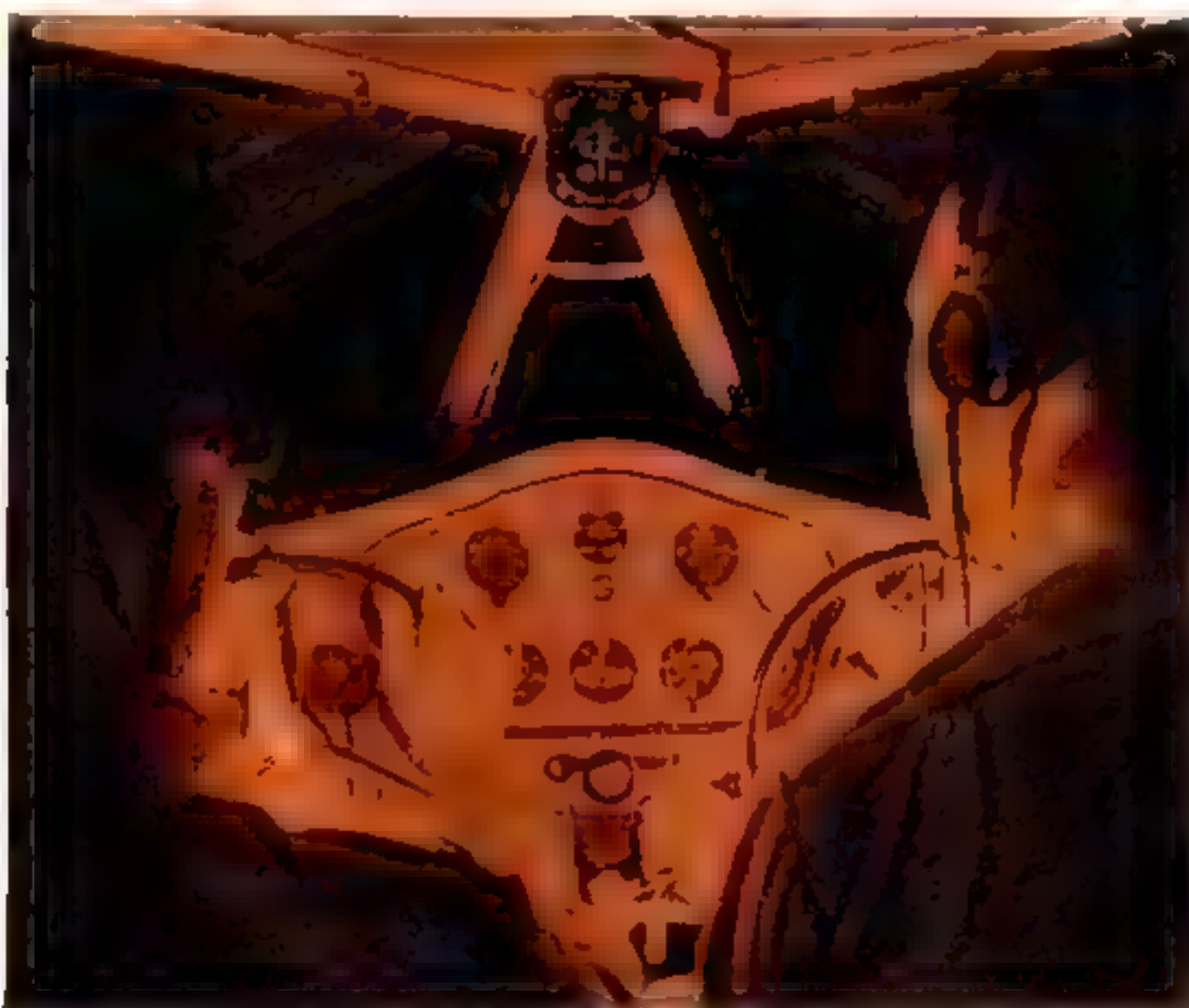
For night vision, men going on duty adapt their eyes by wearing red filters in goggles. Filter makes it unnecessary to waste time in dark waiting for eyes to adapt to darkness.



Red light in chartroom preserves dark adaptation of men who come in off bridge to consult charts. Night vision depends on red-sensitive cells of eyes and is not disturbed by red light.



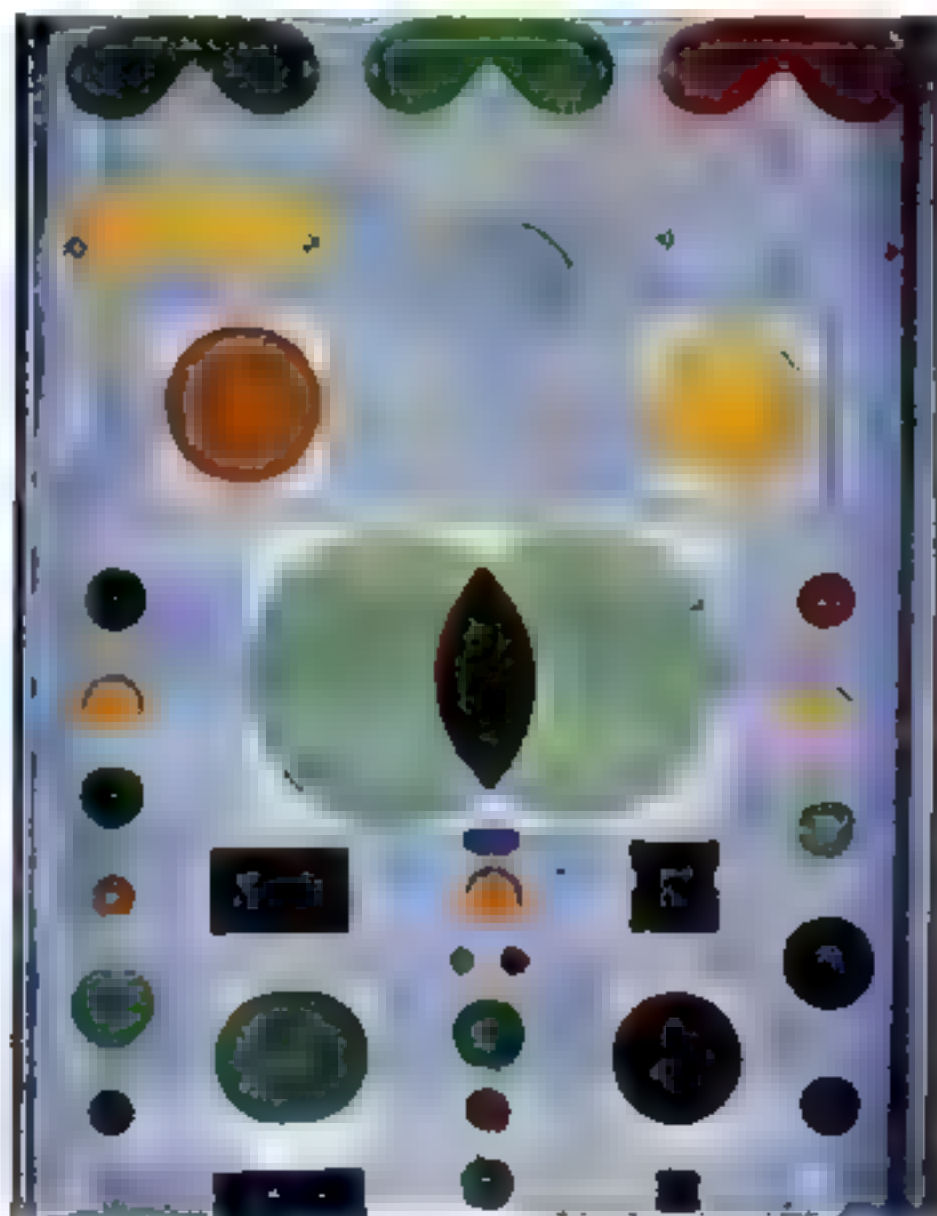
Instrument flight training in Northeast Airlines school plane is made safer by mutually canceling colors. Instructor, wearing no goggle, can see through green windshields of the cabin.



Student's eyes, through red goggle filter, can see only interior of cabin. Red filter stops the green light coming through windshield, which to student's eyes appears opaque and black.



Visor filters mounted on wide-vision aviation goggle can be flipped instantaneously in field of view for light correction.



Display of filters shows various types of light-control elements produced by Polaroid Corp. for eyes and instruments.



Aerial camera filter sharpens landscape image. Transparent silver star eliminates the "hot spot" in center of negative.

Will **OPTI-ONICS*** project battles as they are fought?



One of the new Opti-onics devices made for our armed forces by Bell & Howell ★ Buy MORE war bonds ★

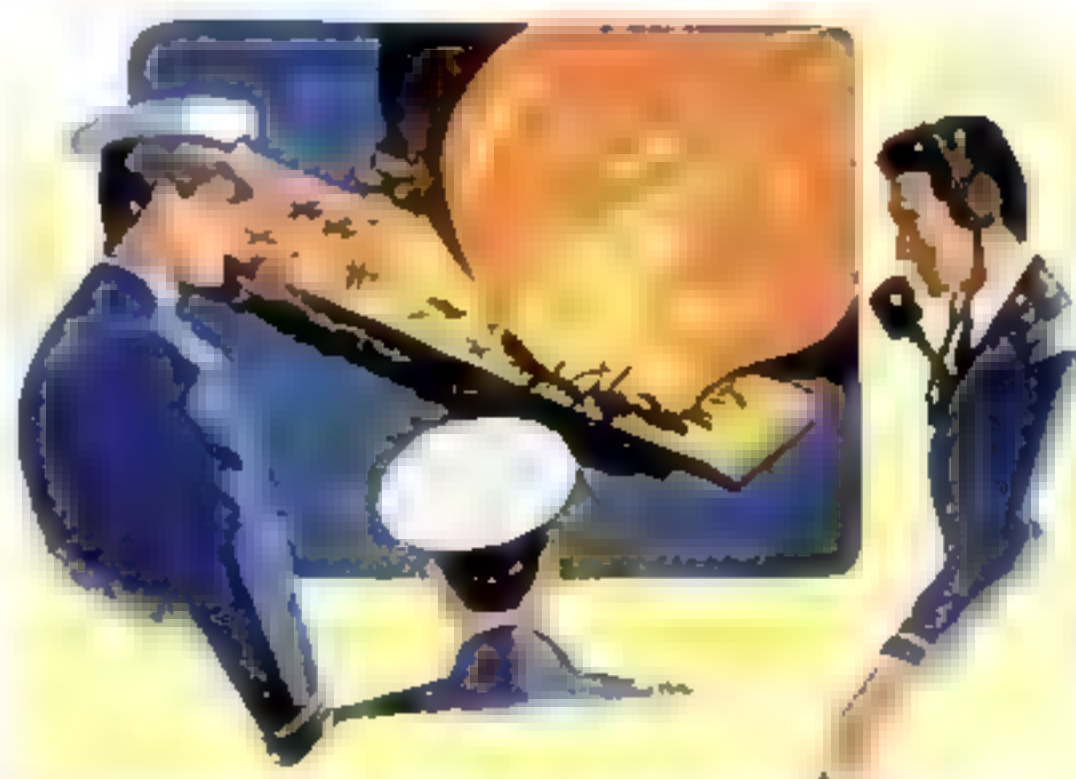
The commander of the future may see the complete pattern of attack from an OPTI-ONICS-equipped post a thousand miles from battle...and gauge from instantaneous visual and audio contact, the tactics that will win.

Even today Opti-onic devices made by Bell & Howell are giving our tank gunners, airplane pilots, and naval gunners the firing accuracy that wins battles.

The expanding horizons of this combination of OPTics, electrONics and mechanICS will bring many things to the peacetime world, through Bell & Howell dealers everywhere. It will bring new entertainment into your home. It will bring swift, effective education to your children...and faster, cheaper production to America's industry.

And it will perfect powerful weapons to protect the peace that Opti-onics is helping win...today

Bell & Howell Company, Chicago; New York; Hollywood; Washington, D. C.; London. Established 1907.



*Trade-mark registered

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"WHAT YOU SEE—YOU GET"

Copyright 1944, Bell & Howell Company



OUR HUNDREDTH YEAR

Milwaukee was a tiny outpost when "the little brewery on the hill" produced its first barrel of beer. The year was 1844.

Today, a century later, the fame of Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer has spread to every corner of the civilized world. We have grown with America...shared her prosperity...weathered her depressions...had faith in her destiny.

We are grateful for the years of opportunity and achievement that lie behind us and ahead, under the free American way of life.



*America's Symbol of
Friendly Companionship*

Copyright 1944 Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin



In a submarine, one of the two which carries Raiders to Makin, Marines crouch as Jap planes drop depth charges. This scene vividly catches closed-in feeling of submarine life.



Launching rubber boats on their arrival at Jap-garrisoned Makin, Marine Raiders prepare to paddle ashore quietly in the hush before dawn and take the Japs by complete surprise.

MOVIE OF THE WEEK:

Gung Ho

It is a realistic dramatization of the Marine raid on Makin Island

Universal's *Gung Ho* is a moving and, for the most part, faithful movie about the Second Marine Raider Battalion's attack on Japanese-held Makin Island in the Gilberts on Aug. 17, 1942. If it is true, as some movie exhibitors report, that war films are beginning to wane in popularity, *Gung Ho* probably won't earn its keep. In many respects the most literal war movie yet produced, it presents the most factual and intelligent sequence on a segment of Central Pacific fighting yet seen.

Gung Ho has no plot in the usual Hollywood interpretation. It is merely a report on the achievement of a gallant Marine battalion. It has no star in

the individual sense, for its hero is a group of men. It is remarkably free of clichés which invalidate most war movies. But even more important, it is done with such clarity that even the most ignorant can follow the battle pattern with ease.

Main character of the film, Colonel Thorwald, is a movie copy of fabulous Lieut. Col. Evans Carlson (LIFE, Sept. 20, 1943). Title of the film, *Gung Ho*, is a Chinese Red Army motto meaning "work together." Carlson, who worked with Chinese Army, made it the Raiders' watchword. As Colonel Thorwald, Randolph Scott has the weather-beaten face and the homely simplicity of the man who led the Makin raid.

COLONEL THORWALD (RANDOLPH SCOTT) LEADS RAIDERS IN ASSAULT ON THE UNDEFENDED BEACH OF MAKIN ISLAND. AS MARINES PROCEED, JAP SHIPERS BEGIN TO OPEN UP





Marine Raiders hit the beach and assemble for the attack. The scouting parties leave the main body and clear the row of palm trees leading to the Japanese positions. After months of careful training, Raiders realize that their success depends largely on the element of surprise.

Fierce hand-to-hand battle is fought by the Raiders in a Japanese dud village. Fighting has become extremely difficult now that the Japanese have been alerted. This scene reflects a flood of fighting quickly gives a feeling of hysteria that comes with close combat.





Private Perkins has some private plans

HE WANTED to share his dream with Joe . . . but he was afraid Joe would think him soft.

Joe would laugh if he told him how he loved music . . . how some day he was going to sit for a week, just listening to music . . .

Joe wouldn't get it . . . so he kept it to himself. And when Joe asked him what he was thinking about, he said . . . "A blonde in Peoria" . . . and Joe nodded approvingly.

TO PEOPLE WHO LOVE IT . . . fine music is one of life's richest experiences.

It is to those people we wish to speak . . . for tomorrow when our war job is done, we will bring them a Stromberg-Carlson radio that will rival the concert hall itself in purity and perfection of tone.

Into this instrument will go fifty years of craftsmanship . . . the skill that made Stromberg-Carlson the leader in FM radio . . . plus many new wartime developments.

When you hear what this means in truly fine music . . . we believe you'll agree it was worth waiting for . . . worth saving for in War Bonds and Stamps.



IT WAS PEOPLE, working for Victory, that won Stromberg-Carlson the Army Navy "E" . . . To these men and women, and to our men in the Armed Forces, we have a responsibility. We must assure them good jobs when peace comes . . . We must plan ahead today. That is the important reason for planning fine radios for you . . . It's the important reason for all post-war planning.



IN RADIOS, TELEPHONES, SOUND SYSTEMS...
THERE IS NOTHING FINER THAN A

STROMBERG-CARLSON

A HALF-CENTURY OF FINE CRAFTSMANSHIP

© 1943, STROMBERG-CARLSON COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Fit yourself into this picture Now...



Son Jim isn't in this snapshot—his present address is an APO. And his folks want him home again. Just as much—just as soon—as everyone wants those boys back. So the whole family is pitching in to help:



DAD STARTED A CAR POOL, SPEAKS AT WAR BOND DRIVES, BUYS BONDS



MOTHER IS TAKING NURSES' AIDE TRAINING; SAVES FATS AND TIN.



JANE IS A SCHOOL TEACHER; BUYS WAR BONDS; WORKS IN OCD AND USO



EVEN JOHNNY HELPS THE OCD; HE'S A CHAMPION SCRAP COLLECTOR, TOO

That's how this whole family works whole-heartedly to win. If every family does the same, we'll gain an earlier victory...

...and get the boys home Sooner!

When the war is over...

...and sons and daughters return, American families will have won the right to live their own lives—in their own way—in their own homes.



Homes that will be made more comfortable and labor-free by many well-known products that will come back on the market with important post-war improvements. Among them will be the Duo-Therm Fuel Oil Heaters, Furnaces and Water Heaters that will be produced just as soon as Duo-Therm's men and machines are no longer needed in war work.

These post-war Duo-Therms will be even more efficient, more economical and more beautiful than the pre-war models now delivering more heat from less fuel in 500,000 wartime homes.

Copyright 1944, Motor Wheel Corp.



DUO-THERM FUEL OIL HEATERS

DIVISION OF MOTOR WHEEL CORPORATION LANSING, MICHIGAN

America's Leading Manufacturer of Fuel Oil Heating Appliances

"Gung Ho" (continued)



Shouting "Gung Ho," Chinese war cry of Marine Raiders, Colonel Thorwald (Randolph Scott) sends his men into battle after the landing has been successfully made.



Preparing to charge the Japs, Lieut. Cristoforos (J. Carroll Naish) calls on his men to follow. Snipers sheltered in palms cause casualties and temporarily hold up Raiders.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12



BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

One nest egg that will hatch!

We think there should be more sense and less sentiment about War Bonds.

Buying Bonds is hard, important, patriotic service. But it doesn't automatically make a man a hero.

Digging dollars out of a pants pocket is not the same as digging Japs out of a jungle.

Lending your money for ten years is not the same as giving your life for *keeps*.

A War Bond is a business deal in which *you* make all the profit. It's the best nest egg you can have. It's *your* capital.

An ordinary china nest egg never hatches, of course. But this one *will*. We hope you'll hold it until it does.

The more such nest eggs you have, the more pleasant your own post-war plans can be. But

the eggs will buy *more* — their value will grow *one-third greater* — if you leave them in the nest until maturity. So don't cash them unless things get tough. Then you'll thank your lucky stars you have them.

American industry is post-war planning, too. Scientists everywhere are busy hatching out new ideas.

In the National Dairy Laboratories right now, we're developing interesting new products that can help make jobs, wealth and health for the nation.

Just as you with your War Bonds will have capital for *your* post-war plans, so industry must have a nest egg for *its* post-war job-making. Its nest egg, too, is *capital*, by means of which ideas *become* jobs.

Only if industry *has* a nest egg, after paying taxes, can there be built the better America that we all want and believe in.

Only if there is *enough* capital, can jobs be made to help you protect *your* nest egg.



NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION
AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

Don't put yourself in this picture



We know how you feel about it. If anything should deprive you of your Schick Electric Shaver you'd probably rather grow a beard than go back to any old-fashioned method of shaving. For we can't build any new Schicks while our plant is going full-tilt on war work.

But cheer up—even if you do accidentally damage your Schick, you can keep right on getting those quick, clean, close shaves. For, at any of the offices listed below,

they're set to give you expert repair service and genuine Schick renewal parts at low cost. You can even get a new 2-M Hollow-Ground Shearing Head, if your shaver needs one. And for only \$3.00!

Meanwhile, just to play safe, why not take or mail your Schick in for a check-up job? For a trifling charge it will be cleaned, lubricated and adjusted! Today?

SCHICK INCORPORATED, Stamford, Conn., U.S.A.

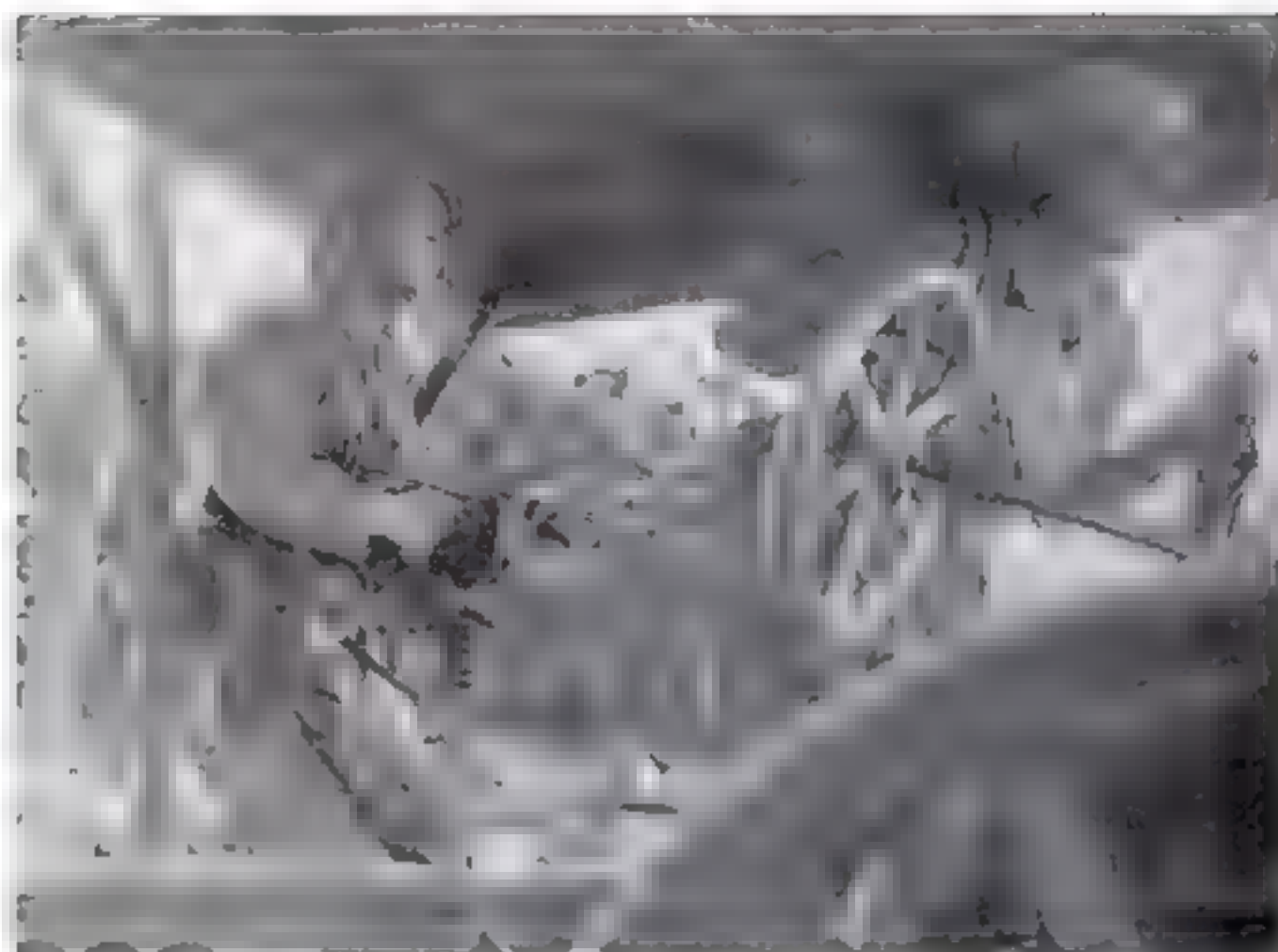
TO KEEP 'EM SHAVING, Schick Service, Inc. offers expert service and genuine Schick renewal parts—including the famous 2-M Hollow-Ground Shearing Head—at all of their offices listed below. Careful attention given to shavers mailed to these offices:

ALBANY 7, N. Y. 938 Natl. Savings Bk. Bldg.	DALLAS 1, TEXAS 411 Southland Life Bldg.	NEWARK 2, N. J. 100 Raymond Com. Bldg.	PROVIDENCE 3, R. I. 508 Turks Head Bldg.
ATLANTA 3, GA. 803 Rhodes-Haverly Bldg.	DENVER 2, COLO. 601 Colorado Bldg.	NEW YORK 17, N. Y. 1 E. 42nd St. Rm. 600	ROCHESTER 4, N. Y. 705 Temple Bldg.
BALTIMORE 1, MD. 111 N. Charles St.	DES MOINES 9, IOWA 413 Fleming Bldg.	NEW YORK 18, N. Y. 1 E. 42nd St. Rm. 600	ST. LOUIS 1, MO. 25 Mezzanine Arcade Bldg.
BOSTON 9, MASS. 830 Beacon C. of C. Bldg.	DETROIT 28, MICH. 600 Industrial Bk. Bldg.	NEWARK 2, N. J. 100 Raymond Com. Bldg.	SAN FRANCISCO 5, CALIF. 787 Monastnock Bldg.
BROOKLYN 17, N. Y. 1007 Fox Bldg.	HARTFORD 3, CONN. 1001 American Ind. Bldg.	NEW YORK 18, N. Y. 1 E. 42nd St. Rm. 600	SEATTLE 1, WASH. 501 Republic Bldg.
BUFFALO 3, N. Y. 802 Brisbane Bldg.	HOLSTON 2, TEXAS 521 Shell Bldg.	NEW YORK 18, N. Y. 1 E. 42nd St. Rm. 600	WASHINGTON 5, D. C. 521 Bond Bldg.
CHICAGO 3, ILL. 412 Palmer House	INDIANAPOLIS 4, IND. 700 Merchants Bk. Bldg.	NEW YORK 18, N. Y. 1 E. 42nd St. Rm. 600	
CINCINNATI 3, OHIO 814 Schmidt Bldg.	KANSAS CITY 6, MO. 710 Fidelity Bk. Bldg.	NEW YORK 18, N. Y. 1 E. 42nd St. Rm. 600	
CLEVELAND 14, OHIO 9 Union Com. Bldg. Arcade	LOS ANGELES 13, CALIF. 445 So. Spring St.	NEW YORK 18, N. Y. 1 E. 42nd St. Rm. 600	
COLLINGS 13, OHIO 1200 Beake Bldg.	MIAMI 32, FLA. 112 Shoreland Arcade	NEW YORK 18, N. Y. 1 E. 42nd St. Rm. 600	



TO HASTEN VICTORY—BUY MORE WAR BONDS

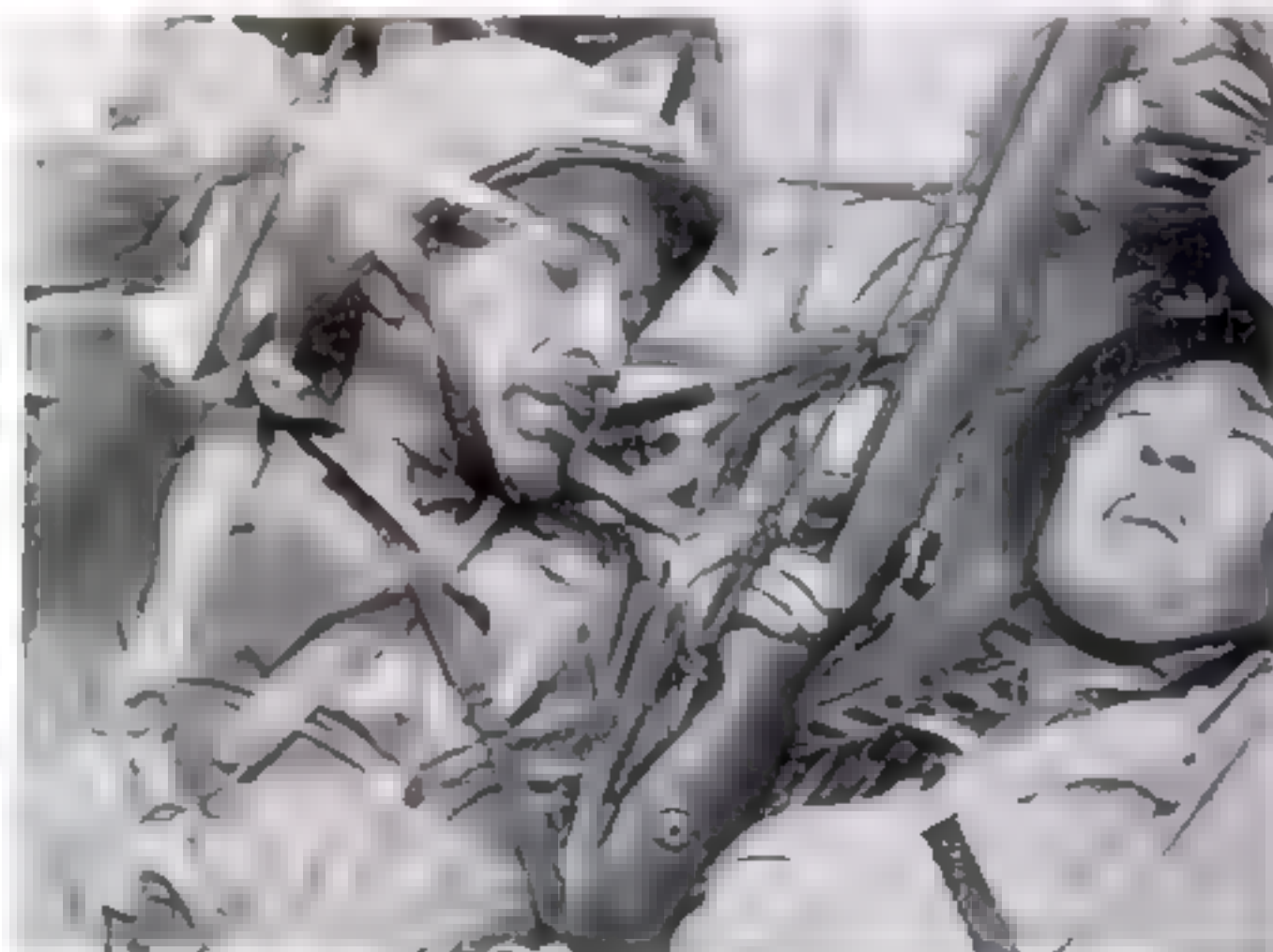
"Gung Ho" (continued)



Captured Japanese road roller charges enemy position. Unable to take heavily defended house, the ingenious Marines smash it by driving the road roller right into it.



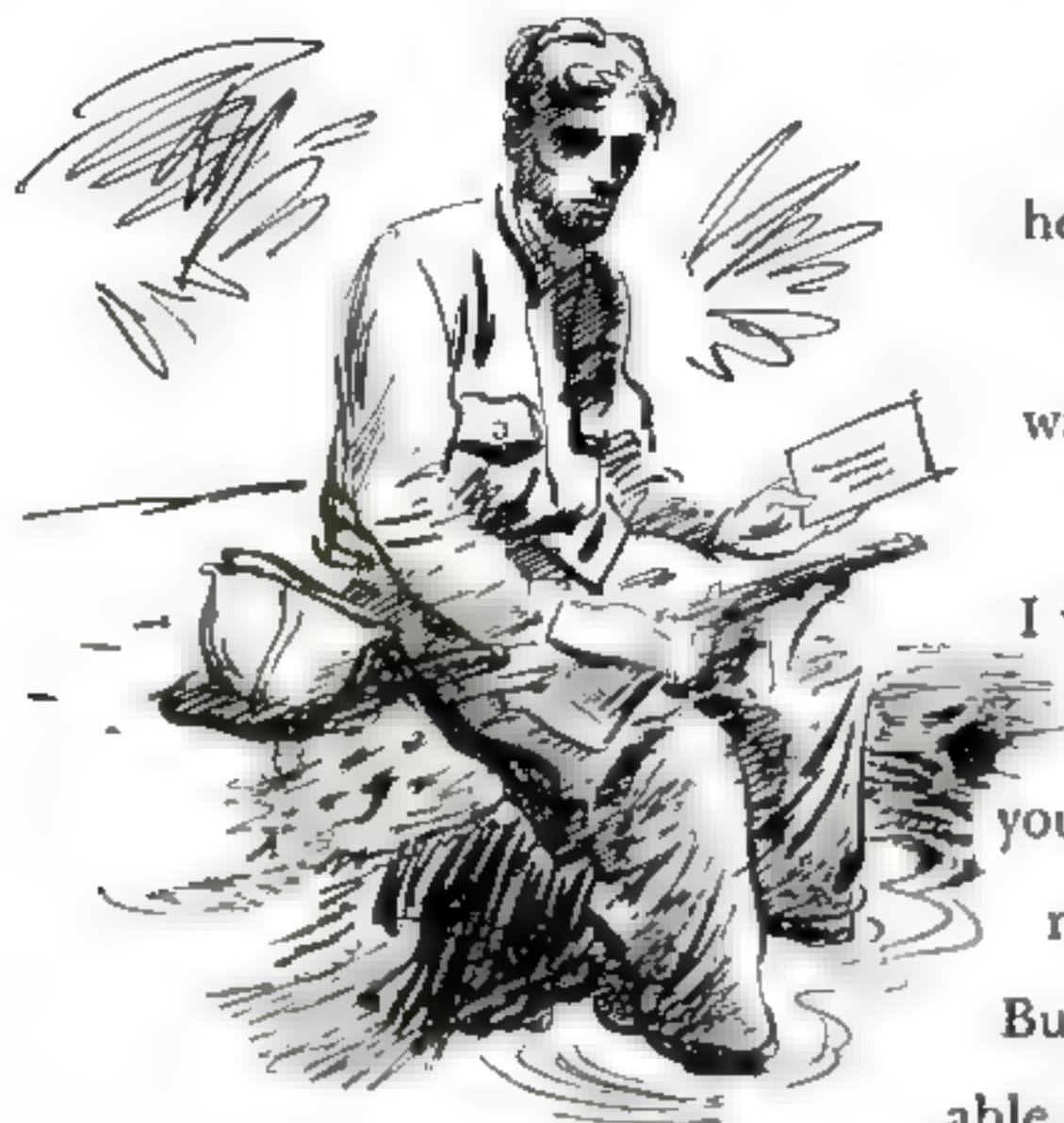
Dead Raider hangs from road roller after being killed in the storming of the enemy strip. House containing core of island's radio stations has already been taken.



Knifing a Jap soldier, Lieut. Cristoforos illustrates the toughness and resolution that were required of all the men selected for service with Colonel Thorwald's Raiders.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24

"I hope, Mary, you will never read this letter . . .



If you do, it will mean that you will have to go on from here without me. You will have to face alone all these things we started out so confidently to face together. • I have wanted so much for you my darling. So many things I had hoped to give you and to share with you. • Above all else,

I wanted you always to have peace of mind, your dignity and your independence. • Now it's too late for me to have a part in that.

But perhaps I have been able to help a little. For sometimes, when things seem

clear to me, I feel that these are the things we over here have been fighting for. • All my love, Mary.

We have had, at least, a little time together."

Tragedies like this—personal, individual tragedies—are happening every day. And they will continue happening until the great tragedy of war is over—and our victorious men start coming home. • America needs millions of her women—needs *you personally*—to make this day of victory come sooner. • *You* can do a vital job in ending this war quicker. *You* can save many and many an American soldier from fighting needless extra days. • You are wanted, desperately in a war job—in the armed services—in essential civilian work. Today, look in the classified section of your newspaper, or go to your nearest United States Employment Service office. In most communities you will find the right job for you. If your choice is the armed services, apply at your Army or Navy Recruiting Station.

The more women at war . . . the sooner we'll win

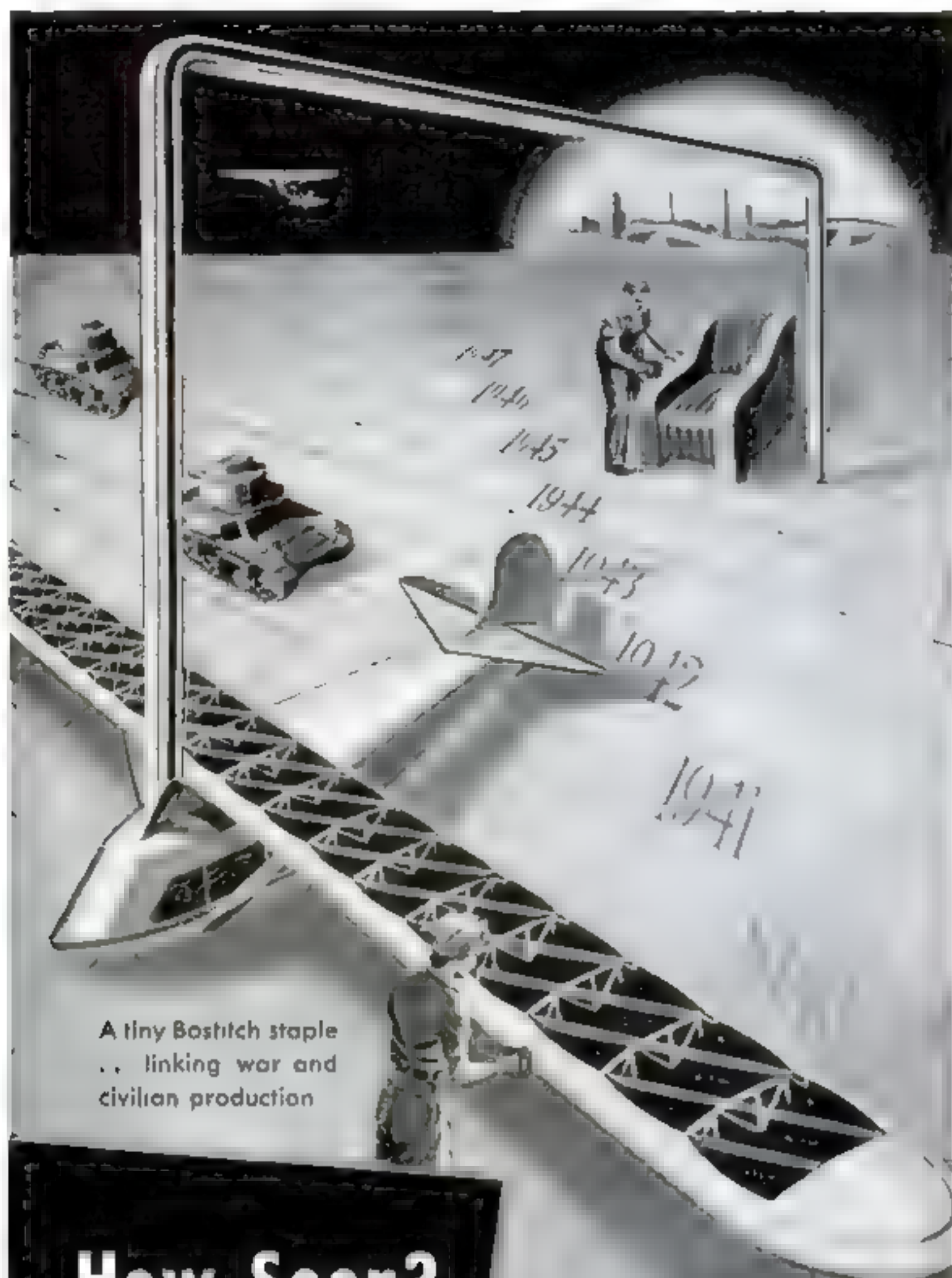
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A tiny Bostitch staple
... linking war and
civilian production

How Soon?

A MONTH...or many months...to the day your industry will get the "go ahead" on civilian goods...to create jobs for men as they are released from service or war work?

How soon? What products can come first? *Most important*—will you be ready...on that day...to change quickly from gliders to furniture...jeeps to cars...shells to cosmetics...or whatever it may be?

If your planning involves fastening... Bostitching offers you *speed*... often 50% more speed... over nailing, riveting, welding, gluing, or tying. 800 different Bostitch machines...to stitch paper, or steel... tack insulation, shingles, wall board... seal shipping containers... encircle wires or cords (as shown below).

Investigate Bostitching...especially the new Bostitch

"When-Available Plan"

which gives priority to your future needs... helps you to prepare and us to plan... to meet opportunities quickly as they arise... without interfering with war work. Write for "W.A" folder

Bostitch (Boston Wire Stitcher Company), 41 Division Street, East Greenwich, R. I. (Bostitch-Canada, Ltd., Montreal)

Below: "Wrap-Around Stapler, newest of 800 Bostitch staplers, tackers, stitchers.



"Gung Ho" (continued)



Japs are tricked by Thorwald into occupying building evacuated by Marines. Sighting their own planes, Japs laugh, think that Marines will be bombed to destruction.



Jap planes bomb Jap soldiers. Before evacuating building, Thorwald painted American flag on roof, duping Jap dive bombers into destroying their own fellow soldiers.

ESTABLISHED BY

E. H. Taylor

To this matchless product,
as to any other masterpiece, the maker
proudly signed his name.



Signed
**SEALED and
DELICIOUS**

PLEASE BE PATIENT. We're doing our best to
spread our prewar stocks of Old Taylor fairly—
as we're now engaged in war production of alcohol.

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York
This Whiskey is 4 Years Old



First in their hearts

Tell her she's the object of your affections—with a Whitman's Sampler on Valentine's Day. With her, Whitman's Chocolates rate first. She loves their smooth richness—the luscious creams and mints, crunchy nuts and caramels—yes, every tempting piece.

Whitman's



CHOCOLATES

BUY MORE UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★ A WOMAN NEVER FORGETS THE MAN WHO REMEMBERS

© 1944 Wm. W. Whitman & Co., Inc. New York, N.Y.



WILLIAM M. AITKEN, BARON BEAVERBROOK OF BEAVERBROOK

Before photographing Lord Beaverbrook. Photographer Yousuf Karsh asked one of his friends what the Lord Privy Seal looked like. The man answered, "Briefly, Mr.

Karsh, in a few years we will all look like him." It took Karsh half an hour to get Beaverbrook into a chair. Born a Canadian and a poor boy, he is now the chief

Lord of the British press. As Minister for Aircraft Production in 1919-1941, he rammed Britain through the blitz. His portrait shows all his anxiety and violence.

LEADERS OF BRITAIN

All photographs © 1943 Karsh, Ottawa

The team of Englishmen who in this hour of war truly stand for England comprises some of the most pictorial men in public life. To photograph them for the history books, as great men have seldom been photographed, the Canadian-Armenian photographer, Yousuf Karsh, made the rounds of the ministries in London last fall and produced the portfolio shown on these pages. Each picture is a subtle and memorable masterpiece, worthy to put beside Karsh's great portrait of Winston Churchill (LIFE, Feb. 2, 1942).

The brilliance of Karsh's portraits depends a good deal on what he has just said to the sitter.

Before he calls on a general, Karsh studies up on his military campaigns. Then he attempts to draw him into an argument. That may take time, frequently a full hour. He uses lighting brilliantly to bring out character, not to hide or distort it. He may put a little mascara on the eyebrows or mustache of a blond man to make them as visible as in life.

When Karsh called on George Bernard Shaw, whose portrait is on the front cover, the playwright gave him only five minutes to work. Karsh replied, "How would you feel, Mr. Shaw, if someone were to tie your hands behind your

back and seal your lips and then the world expected the great man to write the best play of his life?" Karsh got half an hour and was told by Shaw: "The trouble with painters is that they put far too much of themselves into their work. That is the reason portraits of me make me look as if I took spirits." Karsh enormously admired all the men he has portrayed here, so that they found it easy to respond to him.

Some part of what Germany is up against is revealed in this gallery of tough, polite knights, right honorables, plain masters and one king, produced by so many backgrounds and traditions.



LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN, D.S.O.

The steady, level regard of the sailor and the impression of great height were what Photographer Karsh wanted in his portrait of the Supreme Allied Commander in Southeast Asia, Acting-Admiral Lord Louis Francis Albert Victor Nicholas Mountbatten, 43, formerly British Chief of Combined Operations (Commandos). The great-grandson of Queen Victor-

ia, Mountbatten is the only royalty now in high active command in this war. Between the last war and this, he was conspicuously gay as a playboy but inconspicuously diligent as a solid and brilliant naval officer. Twice in this war he brought his badly damaged destroyer *Kelly* home safe. The third time, off Crete, the *Kelly* went down. The moving picture *In*

Which We Serve is the cinema story of the *Kelly* with Noel Coward playing the commander. Lord Louis is the only Briton except the King who holds rank in navy, army and air forces, so that Churchill called him "a complete triphibian—that is to say, a creature equally at home in three elements, earth, air and water, and also well accustomed to fire."



HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE VI

To photograph a wartime king against a plain setting instead of an ornate one, Photographer Karsh took an army blanket to Buckingham Palace for the picture's backdrop. The King helped to hang up the blanket. Of the grave portrait Karsh says, "I tried to make of him a man who has felt the war, and he has felt it." The session lasted an hour. The picture

shows that, while so much else has changed, George of England has remained unswervingly the same—unassuming, unflinching and patient. He is wearing the uniform of the Fleet Air Arm, with the four narrow stripes of an admiral of the fleet. Mountbatten, with whom George VI was at the Battle of Jutland in World War I, wears the three stripes of an

admiral. George VI is utterly without flamboyance or drama but he bears the most resounding title in all Christendom: "George VI, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, Ireland and the British Dominions Beyond the Seas, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India." The high pride of these great and ancient claims may sometimes make him quail.



SIR CHARLES FREDERICK PORTAL, K.C.B.

A very even-tempered man and a very plain one is Britain's No. 1 airman, chief of the Air Staff (CAS) and a marshal of the Royal Air Force. Portal, now 50, has never been seen to lose his temper, even on "the night London burned" (Dec. 29, 1940). Yet he is called "the man with the offensive mind," "the bomber boy" and sometimes "the

killer." As Director of Plans 10 years ago, he started tabulating vital spots in Germany. Now he has the job of hitting them. He speaks as little as possible, in a deep, soft voice, giving to the greatest events only the recognition of "good show" or "bad show." He is descended from French Huguenots. His aged father is master of the Craven

Hounds. Portal is a terrific worker. Even his hobbies are technical: photography, model planes, sailing, aerodynamics and falconry. A very few people call him "Peter." Usually he is spoken of as CAS. He had just had a haircut when Karsh first called so Karsh asked for a second appointment, because "a fresh haircut is not conducive to good photography."



SIR ALAN FRANCIS BROOKE, K.C.B.

The chief of the Imperial General Staff, Field Marshal Brooke, 60, is the chief of Britain's crop of Orangeman generals from Northern Ireland. On the bitter retreat to Dunkirk, he led the Second Army Corps so masterfully that the Second Corps was first off the beach. Back in England, he had the shattered army half rearmed and at its posts within

a week. Born and reared in southern France where his father was master of a pack of hounds said to have hunted for Wellington, he speaks French "indecently well." He is the British Army's efficiency expert, specializing in mechanization, gunnery and German tactics. As an artilleryman, he invented the famous barrage map now used by all

armies. Because he has always done tough jobs without apparent effort, he is called "Wizard." Actually his facility conceals a high degree of impatience and self-control. A big-game hunter, he once speared a wolf with a hog spear while on horseback. In this portrait, beside the map, he was asked by Karsh not to put his finger on the port of invasion.



RIGHT HON. ERNEST BEVIN

Tough, taciturn, ruthless, hard-eyed, the Minister of Labor and National Service is Britain's No. 1 union man. He dislikes politicians and newspapermen and fulgures irritably in House of Commons. Onetime trolley conductor and ginger-beer carter, Bevin is, of all Britain's rulers, the one most likely to talk out of turn.



RIGHT HON. HERBERT MORRISON

A Cockney who is proud to be a Cockney, son of a policeman and a housemaid, the Secretary of State for Home Affairs and Home Security shows a steadily increasing stature intellectually and politically. Representing the quizzical dead center of British Labor, he has grown tweedier than the Tories. Karsh's camera looked for and found the plain, skeptical, God-fearing man.

SIR ANDREW CUNNINGHAM

This scrappy little Scots Chief of Naval Staff. He is the opposite number of Portal and Brooke. He has a well-earned "Cunningham's Pond" in the Mediterranean, for Cunningham cleared the Italians out of it. His orders include K. C. B. (Knight Commander of the Bath) and D. S. O. (Distinguished Service Order).



SIR MAX KENNEDY HORTON, K.C.B.

If one man beat the U-boats, it is Admiral Horton, commander in chief of the Western Approaches. A bachelor and bridge-player, he has been a submarine man all his life, intimately closer to death more often than any other man on these pages. He long ago proved his inhuman superiority to fear and the fact that he knows as much about submarines as any German.





RIGHT HON. SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS

The coldest, sharpest frame on these pages, with the possible exception of Shaw's, belongs to the Minister of Aircraft Production. He had heard the story of Karsh taking Churchill's cigar away from him to take his picture and surlily covered his cigar with his hand. Here a brilliant lawyer and Socialist with whom neither Labor nor Conservative Party knows what to do.



RIGHT HON. CLEMENT ATTLEE

Karsh found the Deputy Prime Minister wearing the same suit in which he had been photographed several years ago, suggested for change. Attlee replied that the suit he was wearing was good enough. This was characteristic of the leader of the Labor Party, a man so little given to apparent change that people call him dull.

F. J. MARQUIS, BARON WOOLTON

"Seldom," said Karsh, "have I seen a face with so much benevolence." But when he told Lord Woolton this, the Minister of Reconstruction, formerly Minister of Food, objected. "If you ask the black market people, they will not tell you I am so benevolent." A social worker and store man, he has been immortalized by "Woolton Pie," a combination of vegetables and bacon rind.



RIGHT HON. ANTHONY EDEN

The gentlemanly idealist in the British team is Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who has an archaic right to the title of Count of the Holy Roman Empire. At 21 he was Britain's youngest brigade major. Called by the French "Le roi Eye-la-hi," he has triumphed over his appearance so far as to win admiration of Stalin.





MIR. HERBERT GEORGE WELLS

The author's opening remark to Karsh was: "I hear you photographed Shaw. You know, when future generations dig through the ruins of London, they will unearth Shaw, more Shaw, and still more Shaw photographs. And the unfortunate part of it is they will think him the typical Englishman." Wells at 77 is one lap behind Shaw's 87. The son of a gar-

dener and lady's maid, he is still a household word to people over 40. In the late Victorian era, he set the style of pseudoscientific fantasies (*The Time Machine*, *The Island of Dr. Moreau*, *The Invisible Man*). In the Edwardian age, he grew interested in people and wrote novels filled with ironic pity (*Kipps*, *Tono-Bungay*). These were climaxed by the great novel

of World War I, *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*, which held that that war was the property of the common man. But the war so dismayed Wells that he decided to find out why man should be so stupid. The results were the great outlines of history and finally *The Shape of Things to Come*. His chief desire now is to see shape of things after World War II.



MR. DAVID LOW

As the greatest living cartoonist sat at his drawing board, he told the photographer: "Someday I will reciprocate but only after you have annoyed all the leaders of the world." Karsh's portrait shows a sly, judicious gnome peering out of shadow. Nothing said about Low can be as funny as Low's work itself—his quotations from the steaming Tory, Col-

onel Blimp, or his rubbing of his gnomeish employer, Beaverbrook, or his cartoon of the lunatic English group who, having been told by a page, "Please sir, a man's here to say that Hitler's swiped France and Russia and the Atlantic Ocean has just fallen off the map," gave their answer: "Tell him to wait."

Low's savagery toward English politicians may

come from the fact that he is a New Zealander. His entry in *Who's Who* reveals his astonishing precocity: Born in 1891, the biography says, and, Political Cartoonist, *The Spectator*, Christchurch, 1902 (at the age of 11). He claims that he has never altered a line against his convictions. Such a man in these times is one of Britain's most glorious ornaments.



WITH TWO-BY-FOUR A JAP PERIODICALLY BEATS THREE AMERICAN OFFICERS WHO ARE HELD UPRIGHT BY ROPES TIED TO AN OVERHEAD PURCHASE. THEY WERE CAUGHT ESCAPING

"DEATH WAS PART OF OUR LIFE"

and thankless one, for the Japanese interpreters at the camp headquarters, usually non-combatants, were particularly fond of slapping American prisoners on the slightest provocation, or no provocation at all.

The experience of a lieutenant colonel who was executive officer of our camp is a case in point. I will not give his name, as it would cause unnecessary worry to his family. On a visit to Japanese prison headquarters, he was struck behind the ear with a heavy riding crop by a Jap interpreter, a civilian. This injury was aggravated by another beating he received at another camp to which we were later transferred. When I last saw this officer, just before my escape, he suffered from periodic headaches which were extremely painful, and he had a growing paralysis on one side. It is doubtful whether he is still alive.

Lieut. Col. Mellnik: For the first three months of its existence, Cabanatuan prison camp was commanded by Japanese noncoms. After it had been somewhat organized we heard that the command was to be transferred to a commissioned officer. Then came the day of the new commander's arrival. He was a lieutenant colonel, a little on the stout side, and with a bristling black moustache.

"Holy cow," said an enlisted man who was peering through the fence near where I was standing. "Look at old Mori. Used to run a bicycle shop in Manila. Butter wouldn't melt in his mouth—he couldn't be nice enough to us guys in uniform."

Apparently, Lieut. Col. Mori had a very convenient memory, for as far as I was able to learn he did not seem to recall any of his former clients from his bicycle-shop days.

And the change in our treatment, if any, was not discernible—it would have required nothing short of genius on the part of a new commander to make matters worse. There was, however, one temporary change for the better in the matter of hospital supplies. The Philippine Red Cross in Manila had quinine available and was willing to supply it to us. When the quinine finally did arrive it was allowed to remain unpacked for days, the Japanese giving the excuse that the supplies had to be inventoried before they could be used. A small amount was given to us in late September.

Nevertheless, the death rate among the American prisoners dropped from 30 per day in July to 21 per day in August, principally due to the fact that many of the weaker ones had already died. September showed an all-time low of 14 per day, but this rose to 19 per day in October. By the middle of October the small supply of quinine had been used up, and deaths from malaria were on the increase. On one red-letter day in October, however, there were only three deaths in the camp. A notice to this effect was published, and there was much optimism. The next day, however, the death rate was up again, with nearly a score of bodies being dragged out of the barracks the following morning.

At the time I left Cabanatuan in October, 1942,

being transferred to another camp, approximately 3,000 persons had died there. Twenty-two hundred had died earlier at Camp O'Donnell, not counting the unknown number killed by the Japanese or who died on the death march from Bataan. This makes a known total of more than 5,000 Americans dead by October 1942. Up until the end of 1943 the Japanese had released the names of only 1,800 dead. I am certain that there have been many, many deaths at Cabanatuan since I last saw the place.

Most of the people who died at Cabanatuan were men who had been captured on Bataan. For instance, one colonel told me that in his regiment of 1,000, 25 had been killed and 75 were missing at the fall of Bataan, but that 453 additional men had died for various reasons while in the hands of the Japanese.

One of the heroes of the prison (and there were many) was an officer from New Mexico, Lieut. Col. Cane, of the 100th Coast Artillery. Colonel Cane made every effort to ease the lot of the sick and the hungry and often interceded on their behalf with the Japanese prison officials. On one occasion, he was struck brutally by Mr. Nimura, the interpreter, and he lay on the floor unconscious for nearly an hour. On another occasion, Colonel Cane had managed to get a tin of sardines from the minute stock in the prison store, and I accompanied him as he took this great delicacy to a patient in the hospital. I was appalled by the conditions there, with no medicines, and with the doctors and hospital corpsmen as sick as their patients. The place was a stink-hole, with fecal matter on the floors and with flies as plentiful as in our own camp. Only by heroic efforts

were the doctors and corpsmen able to accomplish anything at all.

In September we were notified by the prison officials that we were to be visited for an inspection by a very high Japanese personage. We were all ordered to police up the prison and to appear in our best clothes on the appointed date. Our three group commanders were warned very sternly not to talk to the great personage, but only to give a brief but respectful answer to any questions.

Our visitor turned out to be a Japanese general. The Japanese prison officials bowed and smirked obsequiously as they escorted him about. The commander of my group was called forth to accompany the general on the inspection of our group.

This officer courageously pointed out any number of American officers and enlisted men who were too ill to stand in the ranks. "We have very many sick here," he pointed out.

The Japanese general spoke excellent English. He wanted to know why.

Our group commander accompanied our visitor to the mess barracks. "Here is why," he said, pointing to the noonday meal of white rice and thin comote-top soup. "We are all starving."

"That will be enough," the Japanese general snapped. "Your men are not starving. They need more exercise."

Commander McCoy: In September 1942, an attempt to escape was made by two Army officers and an officer in the Civil Engineer Corps, Navy. I shall not give the names of these men, because I believe their families should be spared the details.

On a very dark night, the two Army officers and the Naval officer were carrying out a plan to escape by attempting to crawl along a ditch and thereby get through the wire around the camp. They had almost reached their objective when their progress was accidentally halted; an Army enlisted man, said to have been a former Notre Dame football star, stumbled into the three men in the dark.

Whatever his reasons, one of the officers sprang from the ditch and began to struggle with the enlisted man. Other Americans ran out of their barracks to stop this fray, with the result that it became quite noisy. After the actual fighting stopped, the first officer to spring out of the ditch was quite loud in his recriminations, taking the attitude that there had been a deliberate attempt inside the camp to prevent his escape. The enlisted man denied this, and since he was not a member of the officer's "shooting squad," and so would not have suffered from the escape, he presumably was sincere in his denial.

At any rate, the irate officers used the word "escape" so often that it got to the ears of the Japanese. The three Americans were taken out of the camp, and after some questioning by the Japanese, their punishment was decided upon. The Japanese first beat the three Americans about the feet and calves until they were no longer able to stand. Then they kicked the men and jumped on them with all their weight.

After an extended example of this treatment, the Japanese waited until morning and then stripped the Americans of all their clothing except their shorts. The three men were then marched out into the Cabanatuan road to a point which was in full view of the camp. Their hands were tied behind them, and they were pulled up by ropes from an overhead purchase so that they had to remain standing, but bent forward to ease the pressure on their arms.

Then began 48 hours of intermittent torture, interrupted for one brief period while the three men were left exposed to a typhoon. Many of the prisoners went into their barracks so they would not

be able to see what went on. The Japanese guards were ready with their submachine guns in case of any trouble. The Japanese periodically beat the men with a heavy board. Any Filipino unlucky enough to pass along the road was forced to strike the men in the face with this club. If the Japanese did not think the Filipinos put enough force into their blows, the Filipinos themselves were beaten. Where the three men were standing, the earth was spattered with blood for several feet in all directions. Their half-conscious groans and cries were horrible to hear.

The amazing thing was the ability of the three men to stay alive, if indeed they were still alive at the end of second day of this treatment—they were battered beyond recognition, with the ear of one prisoner hanging down to his shoulder.

I think we all prayed for the men during this ordeal. I know I did. And I am sure all of us said a prayer of relief when the Japanese finally cut the men down and took them away for execution. Two of the men were shot. The third was beheaded. There had at no time been the semblance of a trial.

Lieut. Col. Mellnik: Toward the end of September or early in October we learned that 1,000 prisoners were to be transferred to another prison camp, this one on the Island of Mindanao, to the southward. Both McCoy and I were among those selected to go. We did not know what to expect at the new camp, but I am sure we both felt that anything would be an improvement over the conditions at Cabanatuan.

Chapter IV: "Prison Farm At Davao"

Of the approximately 1,000 American prisoners of war who were being transferred from the Japanese prison camp at Cabanatuan, not one but was glad to go. None of us knew what the new prison would be like, or what conditions we would find there. We knew only that we would be leaving Cabanatuan and the island of Luzon, and we felt certain that any change would be for the better. During more than five months since the fall of Corregidor, as military prisoners of the Japanese in the Philippines, we had seen nothing but starvation, illness, brutality and death.

Lieut. Col. Mellnik: I will never forget my farewell to Cabanatuan. I was glad to go, no matter what lay ahead. But the departure had its element of sadness, too.

On the day we were to leave Cabanatuan I went around to say goodbye to the many officers with whom I had served in better times in other stations, and also the many friends I had made in prison. Many of them, I knew, would never live to welcome their freedom, unless it came in a matter of weeks and this did not seem likely. One of these was an officer whom I had known almost since the day of my graduation at West Point. He was suffering from beriberi, and experienced excruciating pain in his fingers and toes. Also he had recurrent attacks of malaria, and he found it difficult to retain even the small amount of food which the Japanese allowed us.

As I came to say goodbye, this officer stopped massaging his fingers and toes and shook hands with me. Both of us knew that he did not have long to live. He took my hand and pressed it as firmly as his strength would allow. "Goodbye, Steve," he said. "Best of luck, boy." That was all.

There are other pathetic memories of that parting, of my friends pressing small gifts on me as they assured me they would have no need for whatever the gift happened to be; and I, in turn, giving away some of my few precious possessions to close friends. Years of military training are

supposed to teach an officer to keep a stiff upper lip, but there were times when I had to keep a firm grip on myself to prevent myself from becoming a spectacle. I had seen plenty of heroism on Corregidor, but I will carry with me longest the memory of the little things at Cabanatuan. Perhaps those little things are remembered because they are man's unconscious striving to achieve nobility.

Commander McCoy: At the time of the transfer of prisoners from Cabanatuan none of us had yet formed any clear plan of escape, although it was always in our minds. There were less than 200 Navy and Marine Corps personnel in the camp, as against some 8,000 Army, so a portion of our number was allowed to volunteer to go to the new camp. I was one of the volunteers.

I was convinced that staying at Cabanatuan meant eventual death. Although I was one of the healthiest specimens in the camp, in five months I had already lost 18 pounds. Therefore I was doubly glad I had volunteered when, in some inexplicable manner, word got around that we were to be sent to a prison colony on Mindanao, the farthest southward of the Philippine Islands and about 600 statute miles on a direct line from Cabanatuan. I was interested in Mindanao because, although I had had no news for some time, I knew that island to be just 600 miles closer to the Netherlands Indies, New Guinea and Australia—all areas in which I presumed United States forces to be operating.

On October 16, 1942, our group of approximately 1,000 prisoners left the camp for Manila. There we were placed aboard a 7,000-ton freighter which the Japs had captured from the British in their drive down the east coast of the Asiatic mainland. We were loaded into two holds of the ship but, since there was not room for all hands, a number of us were placed on the unprotected deck. I was one of the lucky ones topside, while Mellnik was in the almost unbearably crowded confines of a cargo hold.

During the 11-day voyage to Davao Gulf, the Japanese at no time made any effort to identify this vessel as having prisoners of war aboard—I am sure that any number of my fellow prisoners

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Map shows the prison camps to which the Americans were taken. How they got away to Australia remains a secret.

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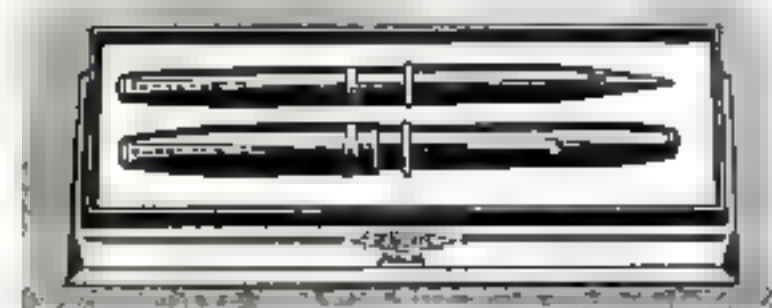


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PRISONERS OF JAPAN (continued)

joined me in the hope that one of our subs would pop a fish into her, letting us take our own chances in the water. The most memorable highlight of this trip was the food. At noontime we were given a bit of dried fish with our rice, and at the evening meal we enjoyed a super-luxury—each of us was given a morsel of the canned corned beef which the Japs had captured when they took over the Cavite Navy Yard. Except for a few with money, none of us had tasted meat in months, or little else that was substantial. I can remember how those of us on deck turned this tidbit over in our mouths and luxuriated in the taste. (Once in awhile I get to thinking about the food rationing back here in the States, and I sit down and laugh like hell.)

On Nov. 6, at 8 in the morning, we tied up at the Lasang Lumber Dock near Davao city, on Mindanao. We were marched ashore and, waiting for the extreme heat of the day, we began the 17-mile march to the Davao Penal Colony. As we marched, there was a single question in our minds: Will this be better than Cabanatuan, where starvation, brutality and death had been our ever-present companions?

Lieut. Col. Mellnik In prewar days, the Davao prison colony had been operated by the Philippine Bureau of Prisons, and had contained some 2,000 convicts. All but 150 of these convicts had been transported to another prison near Puerto Princessa, Palawan, the 150 being retained to aid in the management of the prison farm. These 150 felons had been convicted of killing their fellow men in all the various degrees ranging from manslaughter to murder; but any one of them was kinder and more human than any of our Japanese guards. In fact, two of these convicts came along as willing guides when 10 of us finally got free as the first party of American prisoners of war to escape from the Japs in the Philippines.

As we marched into the prison colony we were lined up for review by Major Maida, the Japanese prison commander. We could see that he was furious. Major Maida pointed at the great number in our ranks who were so ill they could barely stand. He stormed about, declaring that he had asked for prisoners capable of doing hard labor. Instead, he shouted, he had been sent a batch of walking corpses.

If Lieut. Col. Mori, the Japanese commander at Cabanatuan, had known of these requirements he had kept such knowledge to himself. In fact, he had included many sick in our party, perhaps to avoid the trouble of having them die on his hands.

Major Maida outlined the kinds of work which awaited us, no matter what our wishes in the matter. This work included planting and harvesting rice; the planting and harvesting of corn, camotes and mongo beans; logging; the building of field fortifications, barbed-wire entanglements and parapets for riflemen; plowing; and the miscellaneous slavery work of keeping up the Japanese camp area, such as the latrine detail. And it was at this time that Major Maida made us a speech.

"You have been used to a soft, easy life since your capture," Major Maida told us. "All that will be different here. Now you will learn about hard labor. Every prisoner will continue to work until he is actually hospitalized. Punishment for malingering will be severe."

Major Maida's orders were never relaxed.

Shortly after our arrival, the total number of American prisoners



Carrying his food from Mahina Tunnel on Corregidor to officers' mess is Major General G. F. Moore. Behind him is Colonel Royal Jenks, Corregidor's finance officer.

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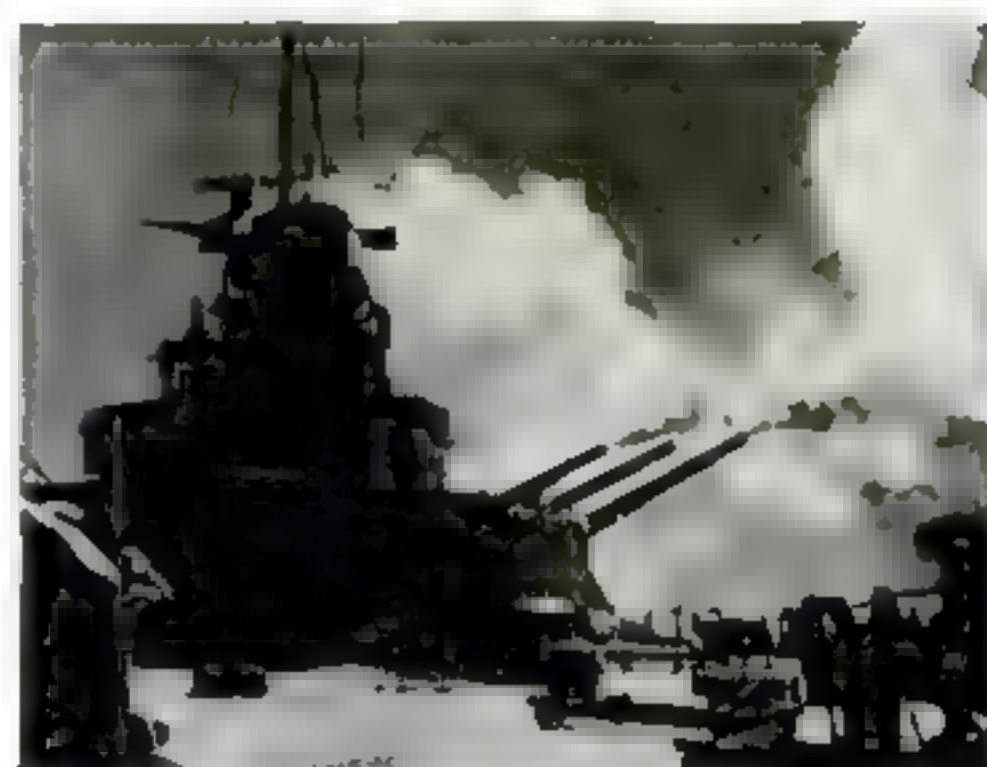
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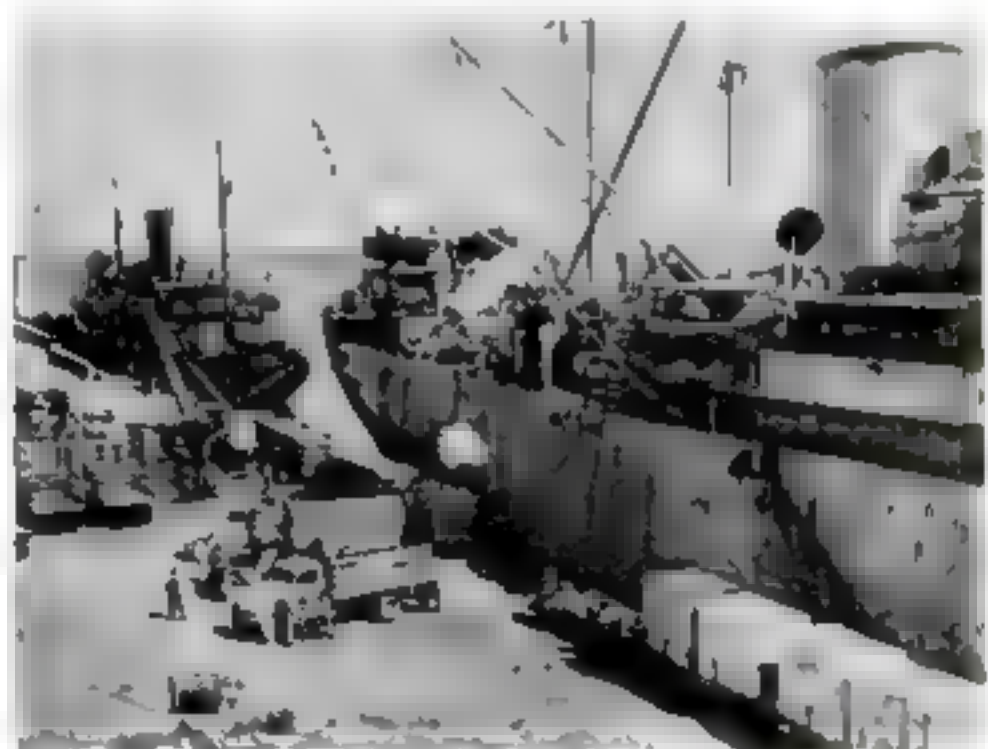
"Who can buy them?" First, of course, comes the Army. Since so few machines have been made since Pearl Harbor, the armed forces still need thousands of them, and they get first call on the L C Smith machines now in production at our Syracuse Plant.



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About one out of ten L C Smiths will be allotted for essential war activities, on application to and approval from the War Production Board. For complete information see W.P.B. Conversion Order L-54-a, as amended Sept. 20, 1943.



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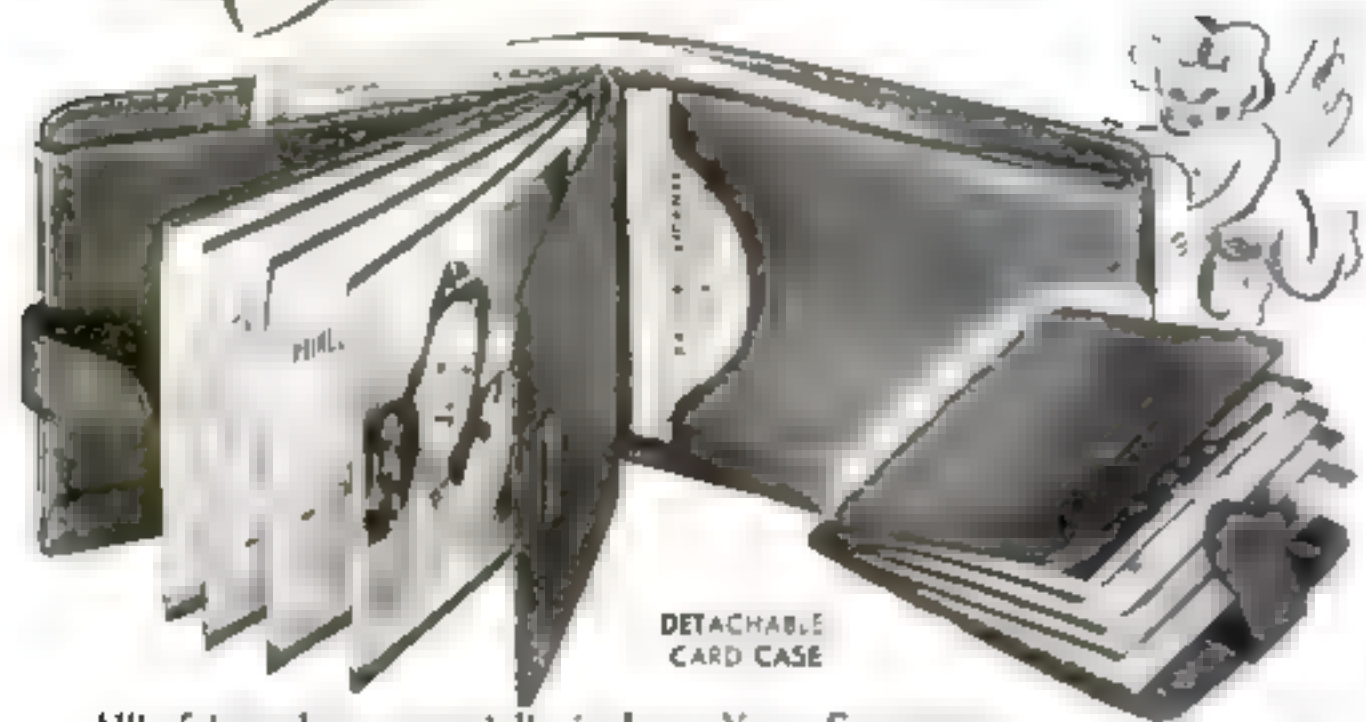
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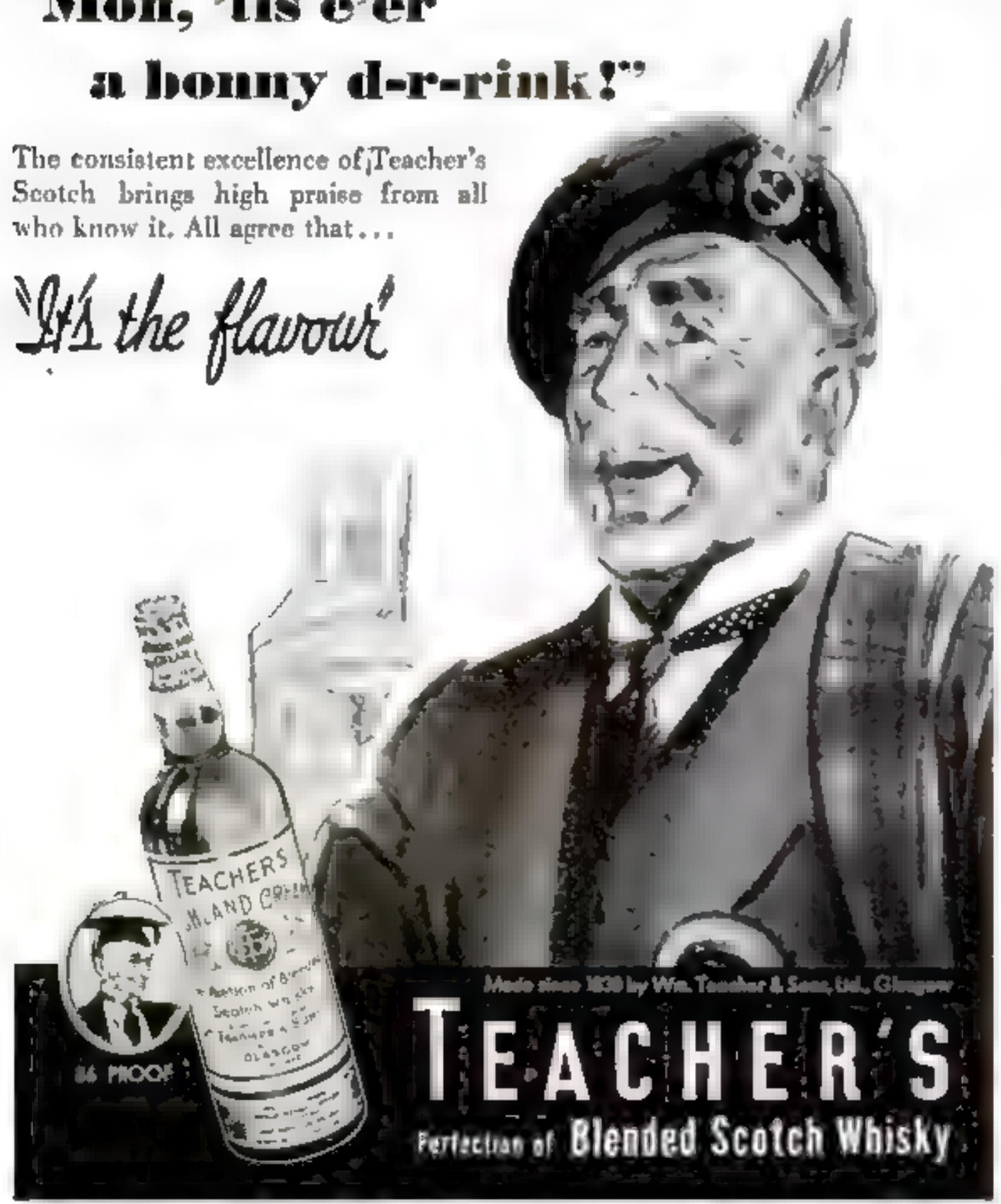
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PRISONERS OF JAPAN (continued)

at Davao was brought to approximately 2,000 by the addition of prisoners captured in the Visayan Islands and on Mindanao itself.

None of us will ever forget how good these prisoners looked when they first arrived—they were all in good physical condition, by comparison making us look like scarecrows. These prisoners had not been exposed to pollution, disease and hunger as we had, most of them having surrendered or been captured some time after the fall of Corregidor. But it did not take them long to join our ranks. And when I escaped from Davao some five months later, only 1,100 of our 2,000 were working. The other 900 were too sick to work. American doctors in the prison hospital told me that, since almost no medicines were available, very few of these 900 had a chance to leave the hospital alive. They would go steadily downhill to the end.

Discipline at Davao was strict, and we soon found that one of our chief tormentors was First Lieut. Hosume. Among ourselves, we very quickly named him "The Crown Prince of Swat."

According to a Jap guard at the prison, Hosume had distinguished himself in a couple of actions by doing his fighting at the rear. As a punishment he was assigned to the prison detail at Davao, and he seemed bent on proving his bravery by smacking around every American prisoner in reach. I am only one of several hundreds who quickly learned to cherish a fond hope of meeting up with Lieut. Hosume after this war. God, what a treat! As a matter of fact, Lieut. Hosume delayed our final escape by one week, and caused us to fear that it would miscarry altogether.

In some ways the prison at Davao was far superior to the one at Cabanatuan. The food was still rice, but with each meal we received some vegetables such as camotes, green papayas, cassavas or cooking bananas. Also, once each day we were usually given a small portion of mongo beans, which are very nourishing. At least the food was better until January, when the Japanese took away everything but our three daily portions of white rice.

A number of the prisoners from Cabanatuan were already suffering from beriberi, and even the improved diet at first given us at Davao was not enough to keep them from sliding backward. Advanced cases of beriberi were sent to the hospital. It was a pathetic sight to visit the hospital and watch the people sitting all day massaging their aching toes and fingers. No narcotics or sedatives, of course, were available.

Commander McCoy: Almost since the day of arrival at Mindanao there had been lurking in my mind the thought of escape. Early in January, I was assigned as the officer in charge of a detail to work the prison's coffee plantation. I was assisted on this detail by Mellnik—he and I were the only younger officers in the group—and it was here that Steve and I began to plan our attempt to escape. After I had mentioned the plan to him, Mellnik gave it careful thought, which was his custom.

At Mellnik's suggestion we wangled two sergeants to assist with the midday cooking for our work party—Sgts. Paul Marshall and R. B. Spielman. Marshall and Spielman were taken in on the escape plan. Our hope was to make a break out of the prison farm, elude our guards, reach the coast and set out in a stolen sailboat. We were not too enthusiastic about our chances for a successful escape. On the other hand, neither were we too enthusiastic about our chances for staying alive if we remained. The escape plan had not yet matured, however, when there occurred an event which brightened the lives of all the American prisoners, at least temporarily.

As I was returning from work one afternoon in early January, I was met near the prison barracks by an enlisted seaman who had been attached to my unit at the Cavite Navy Yard.

"It's Christmas, Commander McCoy!" he shouted. "It's Christmas."

"Stuff from home," he babbled. "Boxes from the States. Red Cross boxes."

I had quickened my pace, and now both of us broke into a run, a headlong dash for the barracks.

The news was true. There were, indeed, Red Cross boxes, and two for each prisoner. More than that, they meant to each of us—home.

I will make no attempt to describe the joy with which those Red Cross boxes were received. Just as there is no word for "truth" in the Japanese language, neither are there any words known to me which could describe the feelings with which we greeted this first communication from our homeland.

There were coffee, chocolate bars, cheese, crackers and cookies, there were tinned meats and sardines, cigarets, and a portion each

CONTINUED ON PAGE 102

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PRISONERS OF JAPAN (continued)

of tea, cocoa, salt, pepper and sugar. Best of all, there were sulfa drugs and precious quinine!

In addition to the two boxes received by each prisoner, each of us also received 15 cans of corned beef or meat-and-vegetable stew. This was rationed to us by the Japanese at the rate of two cans a week, and it therefore lasted us approximately eight weeks. The food during those eight weeks was the best and most nourishing I received in all the 11 months of my imprisonment by the Japanese.

But our belated Christmas rejoicings had a dark side, too. We learned that our precious Red Cross supplies had been received aboard a diplomatic ship back in June of 1942, in Japan. We never learned why it took them some seven months to reach us in Davao. More catastrophic was the fact that, as soon as our boxes were received, the Japanese promptly discontinued the meager supply of vegetables which we had been rationed. And when each man had eaten the last of his 15 cans of meat, the vegetables still were withheld from us.

This was in March 1943 and by that time our plans for escape had gone well forward, with myself as senior officer and with Mellnik as executive.

"How far is it to Australia from here, Commander?" Sgt. Marshall asked me one day, while we were out on the coffee detail.

"About 1,600 miles to one of the nearest points," I answered. "Melville, for instance."

"And you mean, if we can find a sailboat, you can take us there?"

"Within 10 or 15 miles of any place on the map. Provided, of course, that we can rig up some half-way decent navigating equipment."

And provided, of course, we had a lot of luck with the weather, and the Japs didn't stop us. But I kept these thoughts to myself.

Lieut. Col. Mellnik McCoy, as senior officer, was to lead our escape group and to do the navigating, when and if we reached the coast, and were able to steal a boat. Meanwhile, I was responsible for most of the preparatory detail.

The first step decided upon was to put ourselves in as good physical condition as possible. Sgt. Spielman had earned a reputation as a food thief *de luxe*, so he and McCoy and I now turned our combined talents and attention to the chicken farm kept by the Japanese for their own exclusive use—they thought. There were some 1,500 of these chickens, and we made it a point of honor never to take less than two on a single raid, and including as many eggs as could be safely carried. By an elaborate system of watchers, McCoy and Spielman and I relieved the Japs of a total of 133 of their plumpest fowls over a period of three months.

After we had stolen 75 of these chickens the Japanese noted their losses. Thereafter we had to work with infinitely more guile. Some of these chickens we ate at the noon meal we cooked for ourselves while working in the coffee plantation, dividing them with the older officers in our work party. Others we traded for almost non-existent quinine, sulfa drugs and any other article which we considered might be useful on our trip through the jungle and onward to Australia.

Commander McCoy: In March, our plans were given an entirely new twist. At that time I was approached by Captain A. C. Shofner, United States Marine Corps. Shofner reported that he and five other Army and Marine Corps officers were planning an escape. They would like me to take charge, if I so desired.

Captain Shofner's party was headed by himself and Captain W. E. Dyess, the famous Bataan ace, who was later killed in a plane crash after our escape. In addition, there were two other Marine Corps officers, Lieuts. Jack Hawkins and Michiel Dobervich; and two other Army officers, Lieuts. Samuel Grashio, who had flown with Dyess on Bataan, and L. A. Boelens.

Our two groups now merged, and we added to our party two Filipino convicts who were serving time for murder, Benigno de la Cruz and Victorio Jumarung.

"I will need a sextant," I pointed out, during a furtive meeting of our little group.

Lieut. Boelens said that he could make a sextant. He not only kept his promise—he did a bang-up job into the bargain. In some manner, Mellnik was able to lay his hands on a book of astronomy, and I was able to obtain the necessary data on the principal stars, and also the equation of time. We were also able to obtain the proper altitude corrections, and since I could compute the correct ascension and declination of the sun, I felt prepared to navigate within

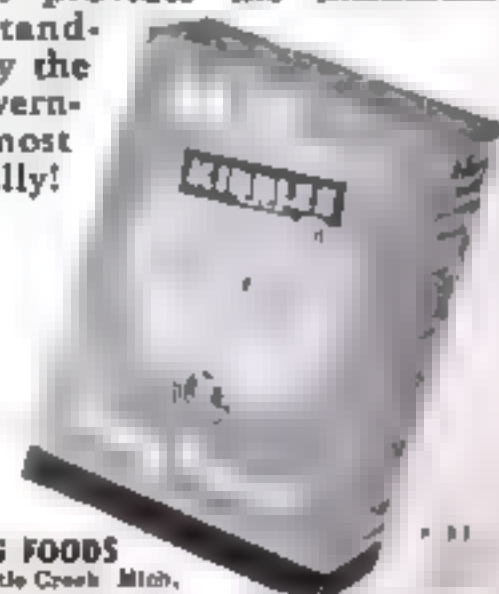
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Made today for our armed forces only
but no lighters can be supplied direct

CONTINUED ON PAGE 105



$$\text{ZERO} \div \text{B-25} = \text{💣}$$

Tojo's boy's are learning simple arithmetic from Uncle Sam's...

Typical is this flyer's report:

"Newspaper stories of American flyers knocking down Jap planes by the dozens, while losing only a few, are absolutely correct. I remember the gunner of my B-25... as soon as the Japs got within range of his .50 caliber machine gun, he began firing bursts to keep the Jap away. He protected our ship very well, and when there was a Jap pilot with guts enough to come in close,

the gunner made it so hot for him that the guy sheered off. This gunner got three Zeros.

"Another time, our B-25's and fighter escort were jumped by 40 or 50 Zeros. We got 23 for sure, probably 9 more, and lost one plane. The ratio of Jap losses to ours is really high!"

That's just a pilot's way of saying that Zero divided by B-25 equals zero—and always will!

The men and women of North American Aviation are delighted to have a hand in the education of the Sons of Heaven... proud to supply, as the lethal divisor in this simple

problem in American arithmetic, the B-25 Billy Mitchell bomber—"the old reliable," flyers call it.

North American Aviation planes, brilliantly engineered and soundly built, have had no small share in the outstanding achievements of American flyers on every front of this global war.

North American Aviation, Inc., designers and builders of the B-25 Mitchell bomber, the AT-6 Texan combat trainer and the P-51 Mustang fighter (A-36 fighter-bomber). Member of the Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.

North American Aviation *Sets the Pace!*



Old-fashioned custom

In these days of only-so-much, plenty for some would mean privation for others.

That's why feasting is an outmoded privilege—and why no one is permitted to have an overstuffed pantry. And it's the simple, down-to-earth reason for rationing. Needed things must be shared by all—and by all alike.

That same policy of fairness is behind the purchase-limits placed on IMPERIAL, for

this superb, "velvety" whiskey is also an "only-so-much" commodity. With all America's distilleries producing war alcohol, no more whiskey is at present being made—and stocks on hand must last for a longer time than originally intended.

Therefore you may be asked to limit yourself to one bottle of IMPERIAL at a time. But if you are, remember—the only way to keep supplying you with a little is to permit no one to have a lot.

Blended whiskey. 86 proof. 70% grain neutral spirits. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

IMPERIAL

50% ALC. BY VOL.

*"velvety" for
extra smoothness*



PRISONERS OF JAPAN (continued)

reasonable limits. I also had a pocket watch which had a fairly constant rate, and whose error I determined by comparing the watch with the time of apparent local noon.

Lieut. Col. Mellnik We now selected March 28 as the date for our escape. This was a Sunday, and we figured that once clear we would have as much as eight hours start before the Japs discovered our absence.

Things were steadily getting worse in the prison camp, particularly among those prisoners who were too weak to go on work details and thus were unable to steal any food. The problem of smuggling in food to these prisoners was also becoming harder, as the Jap guards had begun to search most of us when we returned from the prison farm at the end of each day's work.

Conditions in the camp only spurred our determination to make a break. Of the working prisoners, very few had footgear of any kind. It is still a nightmarish memory to think of American prisoners, their bodies weakened by malaria and beriberi, working in rice paddies with mud and water up to their waists. Eight hundred of the prisoners were in a separate compound as unfit for work. These were the prisoners partially or totally blind due to diet deficiencies, those whose beriberi kept them from walking, those with severe hernias, and others with various illnesses. Two hundred others had already been removed to the hospital as totally unable to care for themselves, and this number was increasing daily. Almost no medicines were available for any of these prisoners.

On March 14, we rehearsed our carefully-planned escape route but without taking any of our equipment. We were overjoyed to find that we apparently had not been spotted from any of the watch towers or observation posts. Then, on March 26, we began to sneak our equipment into the jungles. (The Japanese, incidentally, will not voluntarily go into the Philippine jungles unless they are armed and in force.) We continued to sneak our equipment into the jungles on the next day, which was Saturday.

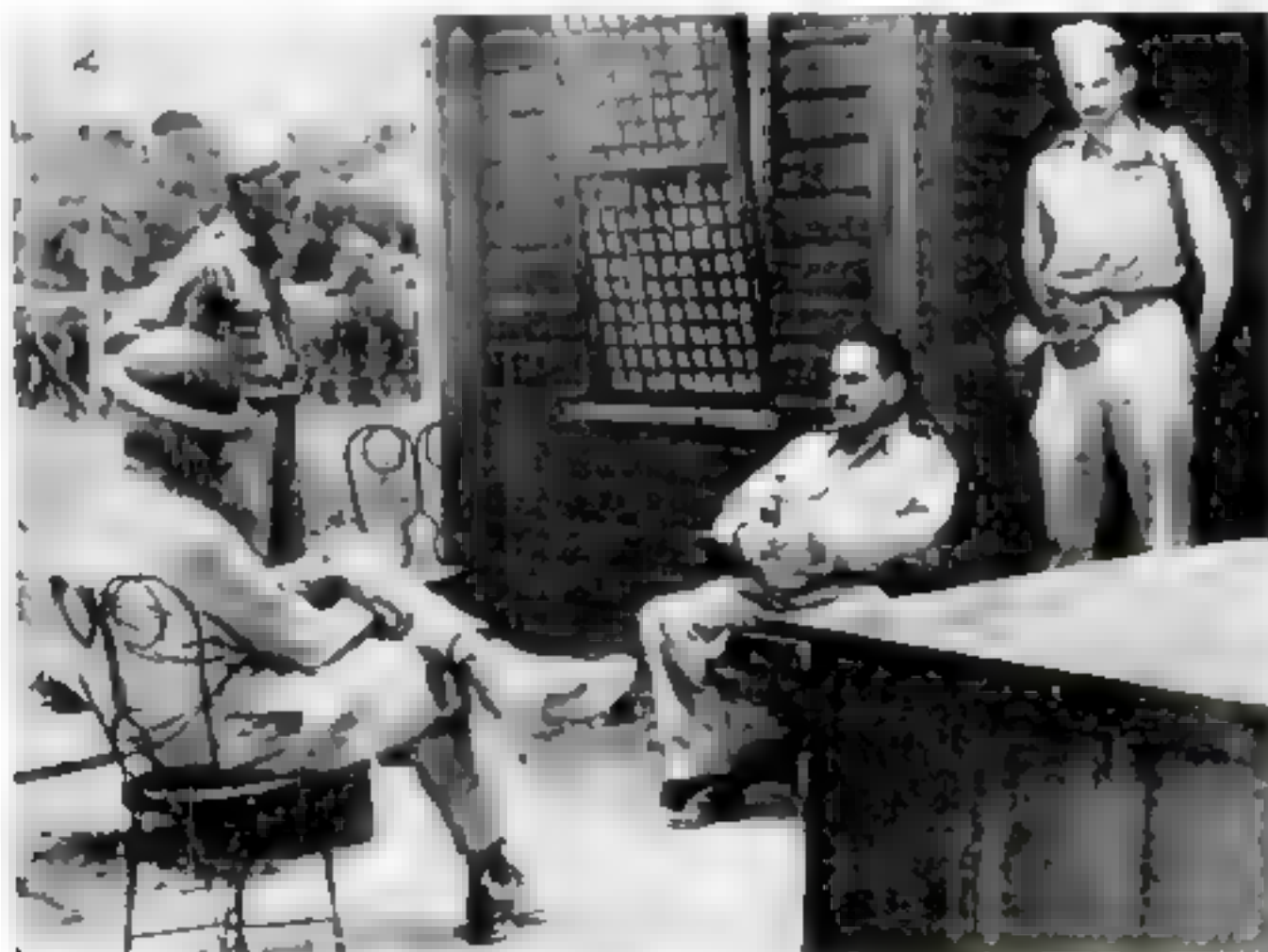
One of our worst danger points was a guardhouse, which had to be passed if we were to get our equipment out safely. Captain Dyess remembered that the sentries at this guardhouse were very partial to the fruit which was gathered for use by the Japanese, and which usually was brought by this spot. On the day before we planned to escape, we placed our equipment in the bottom of a bull cart driven by Dyess and Mellnik. The equipment was then hidden by covering it with a load of small logs. On the back of the cart was placed a burlap bag of star apples, such as was often delivered in this manner to the Japanese quartermaster.

The plan worked without a hitch. The Jap sentry took his usual rake-off of the star apples and waved the cart on. The equipment was safely hidden in the jungle.

But we had reckoned without Lieut. Hosume, the Crown Prince of Swat.

At noon that day, the day before we were to make our break, Hosume made an inspection to see if any of the work parties were using forbidden food, such as fruits or vegetables, each man's noon portion of rice being doled out before the work parties left in the morning. In Captain Shofner's musette bag was a bottle containing the entire quinine supply for our escape.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



After capture by the Japanese Major General E. P. King, commander of American artillery on Bataan, sits tensely in a chair. Around him are members of his staff.

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PRISONERS OF JAPAN (continued)

Hosume opened the bag and looked in. The quinine was in plain view. Captain Shofner said later that he established a new world's record for holding the breath.

Fortunately for us all, the Crown Prince of Swat had a one-track mind: he was looking for forbidden food and there was none in the bag. After slapping around the men in Shofner's party, he continued on his honorable and exalted way.

All our plans were made. Our equipment was in the jungle and, if we got away on the following day, there was little danger that it would be found meantime and betray us.

That night we received very disturbing news. Lieut. Hosume had found forbidden food in possession of one of the work parties. As general punishment, all hands were ordered to work in the rice fields the next day—the Sunday on which we were to have made our escape. Our equipment was hidden in the edge of the jungle, where it might be discovered at any moment by the Japanese and thus give us away.

But we had no choice. Our escape attempt would have to be postponed for at least a week. We were plenty scared.

The week following the Sunday on which we had planned to escape was one in which all of us lived in the state of constant alarm. Each time a Jap guard approached any member of our intended escape party, that member was certain that the Japanese had stumbled onto the equipment we had hidden in the jungle the week before, and that the end had come. We had not been able to take our escape equipment far into the jungle—our presence would have been missed—and there was always the off-chance that a wandering Japanese soldier would find it.

As each day passed without discovery, each of us sent up a prayer of thanks. And each of us prayed that, on the coming Sunday we would not be punished by an order to work.

Our luck held.

Lieut. Col. Mellnik Sunday, April 4, 1943, was now the date set for our escape, either to freedom or to a fate none of us cared to dwell upon in our thoughts. As I was returning to the barracks with the work detail from the coffee plantation on Thursday of that week, we noticed a new alertness on the part of the prison guards. We thought the worst had come, that our hidden escape gear had been discovered and that we were walking to our doom.

Once at the barracks, nothing immediately happened. We stowed our work gear—used in picking the coffee beans, and in pruning the trees of parasitic and non-productive branches—and I assigned Sgts. Spielman and Marshall to scout for news. Marshall was the first to return.

"We've got to watch our step," said Marshall. "There was some trouble today. The Japs may be onto something."

"What happened?"

"Jap sentry shot down a hospital orderly. Said he was trying to escape."

"Was he trying to escape?"

"No, sir. We can't figure it out, unless maybe the damn' Jap just had trigger itch."

The facts, when they came out, proved that the hospital orderly had not been attempting to escape. He was an Army enlisted man, and he had been digging camotes just outside the hospital stockade and almost directly underneath a Jap sentry tower. The camotes were to be added to the sparse diet of rice and thin soup rationed to the hospital patients. (Prisoners not in hospital were allowed no vegetables at all.)

As it was an extremely hot day, this hospital orderly—whom I will call Bunkley—called inside the stockade and asked a buddy to toss over a canteen of water. His buddy complied.

Bunkley was about to drink from the canteen when the Jap guard in the sentry tower suddenly yelled at him. Wondering at the commotion, and not understanding the Japanese words being shouted at him, Bunkley tilted the canteen and spilled some of the liquid to show the Japanese that it was nothing more than water. That was Bunkley's mistake, although we were never able to find out just why.

The Jap guard shouted again and then flung up his rifle and pulled the trigger. The bullet entered at the junction of the neck and shoulder and came out through the hip.

Bunkley yelled out, as he staggered, "My God—don't shoot me again."

The sentry poured two more bullets into Bunkley's body, and then fired the remaining shots in his clip at his buddy inside the hospital compound, who by this time was running for dear life for the safety of the barracks. This second man was not hit.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 108

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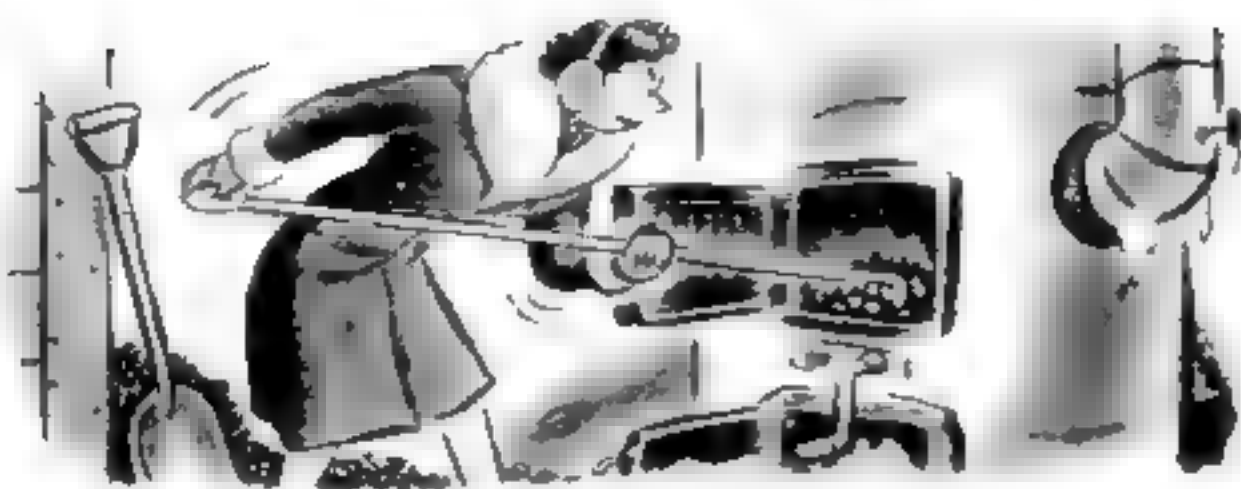
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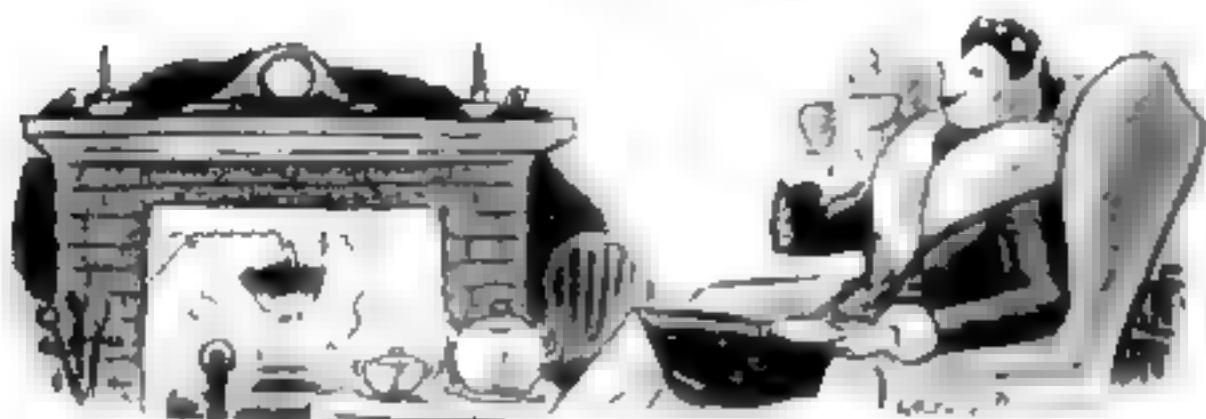
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Here are the real ideas of real house-
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it with nutmeg while heating."

Mrs. William A. Gatto, Dallas, Texas, says: "Canned spinach has a fresh team the
garden flavor when you add a teaspoon
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PRISONERS OF JAPAN (continued)

The next day the Japanese commander informed our own prison headquarters that Bunkley had been shot while trying to escape, and that they were sorry that the incident had occurred. That closed the entire matter.

Bunkley was murdered in cold blood. There was no evidence to support the statement that he had been trying to escape. We examined his effects in the hospital after the shooting. He was carrying no food or equipment of any kind. No sane person would have attempted to brave the jungle in such a manner.

But there was no thought of turning back among our little escape party of 10, although this event served to increase our caution.

Commander McCoy: The two days after the shooting of Bunkley, Friday and Saturday, were the two longest days in my memory.

On Sunday morning I got up early and began to hide my charts, extra clothing, medicines, etc., underneath my usual garments.

One member of our party, Captain Shofner, United States Marine Corps, was in charge of a plowing detail. It was comparatively easy for him to get out of the prison confines on the logical ground that he was going to change the grazing location of the Indian steers used in plowing the fields of the prison farm. With him were the other two Marine officers, Lieut. Jack Hawkins and Michiel Dobervich, and also Lieut. Samuel Grashio, the Army pilot who had flown with Dyess on Bataan.

The escape problem for my party was somewhat harder. In this party, besides Mellnik and myself, were Dyess and Lieut. L. A. Boelens, of the Army Air Forces, and Sgts. R. B. Spielman and Paul Marshall.

The first test to face us was the main gate, leading from the prison confines into the prison farm. This we somehow passed safely, despite the bulky appearance caused by the articles hidden underneath our clothing.

Once out of sight of the gate we quickly ducked into a coconut grove and began to sneak Indian-fashion toward the spot in the jungle where we had previously hidden our equipment. At one point we had to cross a prison road which was always patrolled by a Jap sentry—there was no other way to go. When we reached this spot we formed into ranks and marched boldly into view. As we passed the sentry I called for "eyes left," and as the others complied I gave a snappy salute. This we never did except with an occasional guard who was a little less severe than the others; in payment for his kindness we thus attempted to give him "face" with his superiors. In this present case the Jap apparently was so surprised that he returned the salute and smiled toothily as we marched on past.

Shortly we had joined the other party and had gathered around our equipment, now soggy from a week of rain, and much of it useless. But we were in the jungle. And, for the first time, we began to breathe with the feeling that we had a chance to get free.

Lieut. Col. Mellnik: There was a fearful and impatient wait for more than an hour due to the absence of one of the Filipino prisoners who were to guide us, (both convicted and sentenced for murder prior to the outbreak of war, and both kept on at the prison to aid in supervising the farm work after the other civilian felons had been sent away to make room for the American prisoners of war. These men, Benigno de la Cruz and Victorio Jumarung, helped us without any thought of gain for themselves).

The jungle heat was oppressive, the noise broken only by our own careful progress, the squawk of startled birds, or the chatter of occasional beady-eyed and elusive monkeys. Soon we were in swamp, with water up to our knees and in sharp-edged grass that grew over our heads. We had to hack our way every step.

At night we finally found a place to camp—here the water was only ankle deep. By cutting off boughs from trees we managed to build crude structures which would keep our blankets above water. When we turned in, all of us were near the point of exhaustion, and all of us slept the sleep of the dead. As a result, none of us was aroused when the water rose during the night, and we awoke to find ourselves half-floating in our beds.

As an example of the hard going of the Philippine jungle, at the end of the fourth day we had not progressed more than 12 miles from our escape point. And we soon found obvious evidence that the Japs had been on the hunt for us—evidence in the shape of an empty .303-ammunition clip, and the remains of food which the Jap search party had eaten.

But the natives gave us news. In some manner they had learned that the Japs believed we had escaped in an effort to round up a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 122

Pretty = PLEASE !

"Catch them as they leave City Hall," whips out the chief at Acme Newspictures, "and even if you have to hang from the bow, get plenty of close-ups at the launching! Pictures, thousands of them ... to spangle the city newspapers are Adeline Leavy's job. The news photographer she's taking over for

has gone to war. But the edition must still go to press.

It's a busy, breath- and time-taking job. But regularly, every night, Miss Leavy finds the minutes for her DuBarry Beauty Preparations. "I saw how much they did for me in the DuBarry Success School," says Miss Leavy. "That's

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PRISONERS OF JAPAN (continued)

raiding party and attack the prison to avenge the murder of Bunkley. As a result, 200 Japanese reinforcements had been hastily added to the Jap garrison at the prison.

Commander McCoy: Once out of immediate danger from our Jap pursuers, our main problem was one of physical travel through the unexplored jungles and rough terrain of Mindanao, in an effort to get to where we wanted to go. No longer were we on a starvation diet. For instance, I note from my journal that on one morning we had a breakfast of rice, soft-boiled eggs, vegetables and coffee, all obtained from the countryside. On another morning we luxuriated over a menu containing eggs, cottage cheese, carabao meat and coffee.

One of the worst parts of our journey led through dense jungle in which we waded through water as deep as our armpits. This jungle was infested with leeches which traveled with a jackknife motion through the water, and which attached themselves to our flesh by the score, despite our efforts to keep them off. We wore our socks outside our trousers, and then used improvised leggings, but somehow the leeches got through. Once attached to the skin, they would suck out blood and puff themselves out like a balloon. The only way to remove them was to apply fire or tobacco. Although their bite was not painful, the puncture they made in the skin was an invitation to infection.

On two occasions when we had almost reached our objective we were close to recapture by the Japanese. Once we were aboard a stolen fishing craft, which could do about four knots, when dawn broke to reveal that we were just astern two Japanese coastal patrol vessels, armed with three-inch guns. It was too late to turn back, and any attempt to outrun the Japs would have been sheer folly. Having no alternative, we chose the course of boldness, deliberately following the Japs until they ran into a harbor. We, of course, did not follow them.

Perhaps our closest shave occurred when the Japs landed a force of 200 men, covered by five fighter planes. On this occasion we escaped into the jungle. The planes strafed the undergrowth, but fortunately none of us was hit.

Commander McCoy and Lieut. Col. Melnik: By this time it must be obvious that there has been no attempt to detail even an approximation of the route we took through the Island of Mindanao in our escape; the reasons for these omissions should need no explanation. In addition, however, we have been careful to withhold the information of military value brought out by those of us who escaped, and which has already been placed in the proper hands.

As for the final escape itself, this is still an unfinished story as these lines are being written. At this time, not every member of our party has actually reached the States. Every one of the 10 of us, however, is free of the Japs. Naturally we do not intend even to hint at the manner in which we finally got clear of the Philippines. It is a great pleasure to leave the Japs an entirely free field in which to guess.

We received a right royal welcome by our Army and Navy colleagues in Australia. We are, in fact, willing to admit that on the morning following the day of our arrival, we were not quite as chipper as we had been on the night before. It was a great celebration.



In Australia General MacArthur poses with (l. to r.) Dyess, McCoy and Melnik. Before Batzan fell, Colonel Dyess commanded the northernmost U. S. airfield, many times led his 15 rickety planes into the air against the Japs. After the escape he was killed Dec. 22, 1943 in the U. S. when his P-38 fighter plane crashed at Burbank, Calif.

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The Colony dining room is furnished conservatively, with dull red banquettes, pale pink walls. The center pillar marks the

"great divide;" choicest seats are in foreground, near the entrance. At center table, Cavallero chats with Kitty Carlisle

Amia Loos is at table behind. At right center (*back to camera*) is Mme. Paul Dubouché, at lower left is Princess Ruspoli.



COLONY'S GRAY STONE ENTRANCE FACES ON 151ST STREET

Life Visits The Colony

Its reputation for excellence is
founded on food, service, patrons

Lucius Beebe, an arbiter of epicurean realms, calls New York's Colony "the first restaurant of today's world." Located in an unpretentious building (*above*) off Madison Avenue, the Colony has none of the swish and panoply associated with such a superlative reputation. Its furnishings, except for the bar, are conservative to the point of drabness, and its patrons are known for their solid social standing rather than their glitter. Celebrities by the dozen are present every day, but they attract little attention.

For 20 years the Colony has been a home away from home for the world's most traveled set, and old New Yorkers who shudder at the thought of dining out are as comfortable there as though their feet were under their own tables. In the first two years of its existence (1920-22) it catered frankly to ladies of the demimonde and their wealthy beaux. Gradually its reputation for good food and excellent service attracted a more substantial clientele, and three of its employees, realizing the possibilities of the place, bought it for \$25,000. One of them was Gene Cavallero, who started as No. 2 headwaiter, is now its prosperous senior partner.

Suave and imperturbable, he still functions as his own headwaiter, greeting customers as they enter. "Regulars," whose almost daily appearance when in town is as predictable as their orders, include: Lady Mendl (baby lamb), Mrs. Harrison Wilhams (steak *minute*), William Rhinelander Stewart (grouse), the Windsors (game), Alfred Sloan (roast beef). Eric Schaal's pictures on these pages show other distinguished patrons.



Owner Gene Cavallero is son of Italian innkeeper. He worked in restaurants in London and Berlin before coming to U. S.



MRS. VINCENT ASTOR (MARY CUSHING) AND DUKE DI VERDURA



MR. AND MRS. JOHN D. HERTZ JR. (MYRNA LOY)



MRS. G. LAWSON JOHNSTON, MRS. CORNELIUS DRESSELHUYE



DOROTHY THOMPSON CHATS WITH ELSA MAXWELL



MRS. ROCKHILL BREYER POTTS WITH MATTIE CARNEGIE
MRS. MARJORIE ROBERTSON (A DIDDLE), MRS. HAROLD BROOKS



BETH LEARY LUNCHESS WITH RICCARDO SALMONA
MRS. HERBERT WESTON, MRS. ANGER DIDDLE DUKE





ONE WOMAN'S TELLING ANOTHER
...for simple headaches try a "BC" Headache Powder. Its fast working prescription-type ingredients help soothe minor headache and neuralgic pain. Keep a package handy!

QUICK-ACTING
"BC"
for **HEADACHES**
neuralgic and muscular pains



Headache tip to WAR WORKERS

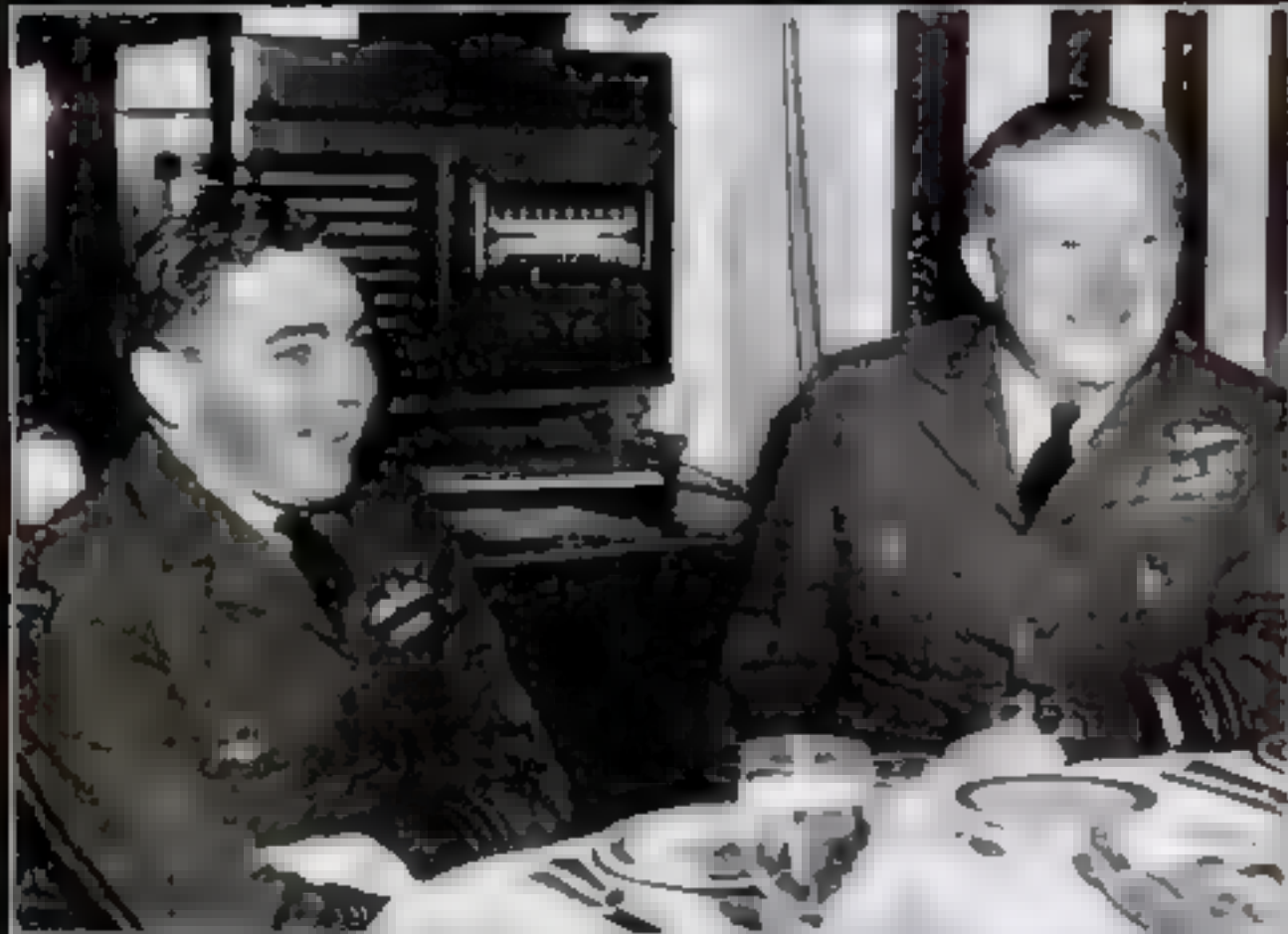
Headaches tend to slow you down . . . impair your efficiency. Keep a package of quick-acting "BC" Headache Powders handy and be prepared for that next headache. 10¢ and 25¢ packages at all drug stores. Use only as directed.



BARON GODELLE AND PRINCE RENE DE BOURBON PARME (DITA'S BROTHER)



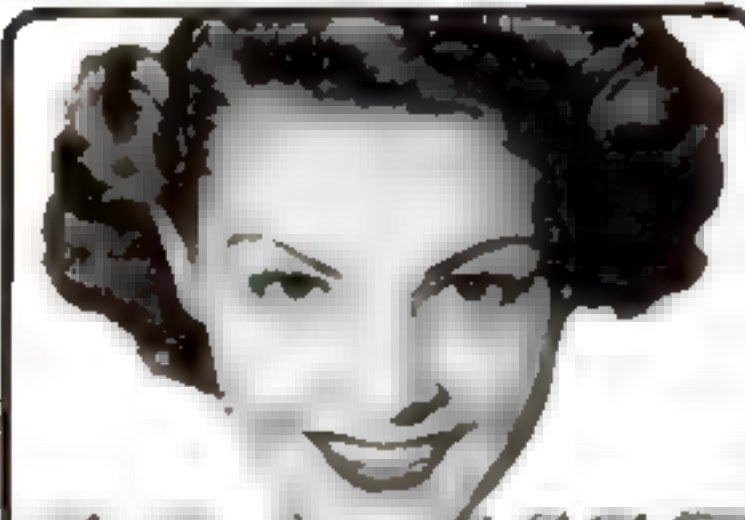
MRS. GILBERT MILLER, MRS. JOHN G. WILSON (PRINCESS NATALIE PALEY)



WING COMMANDER P. G. RODIER, CANADIAN AIR MARSHAL BILLY BISHOP



ROSEMARY WARKURTON (A VANDERBILT) AND MURIEL VANDERVILT PHELPS



IODENT

DOES REMOVE *Smudges*

Choose
PASTE or POWDER

Iodent No. 1 for teeth easy to bryten and No. 2 for teeth hard to bryten are made by a Dentist. Choose the texture to suit your teeth and watch those smudges vanish.



IODENT
TOOTH
POWDER
PASTE



Precious velvet-cut nail file

If you own one, treasure it. It may be irreplaceable. For the duration most of our production is devoted to army-navy surgical instruments.

La. Cross

For more than four decades America's Finest Manicure Implements
SCHNEPFL BROS. CORPORATION FIFTH AVE. N. Y.

How to get **"Coffee Left"** with **NODOZ AWAKENERS!**

For quick "pick-up," try handy NoDox Awakeners. Contain caffeine, as in coffee, and harmless as coffee. Makes work go faster, easier, smoother.

For trial-size package, send 10¢ to NoDox Awakeners, Dept. F-8, Tribune Tower, Oakland 12, Calif. Offer valid after February 28, 1944.

NODOZ AWAKENERS

At your druggist 25¢

Over fifty million NoDox Awakeners have been used since 1933

BUY WAR BONDS

FOR VICTORY

Helps Shorten Working Hours

For Tired, Burning Feet

Eight and twelve hours on the job—here's the way to take the murder out of those hard floors—make those endless hours seem shorter. Tonight, give your feet and ankles a brisk massage with frosty white, stainless Ice-Mint—and repeat again in the morning. The cooling, soothing action of Ice-Mint goes to work at once to relieve fiery burning—to help relax tired muscles. Also helps to soften up stinging corns and calluses. Get a jar of Ice-Mint today.



Every second of every hour—
Of every day—and every night—
In every season—
Flagships are in the air—
Saving transportation time—
And countless man-hours—
Expediting our nation's work.

ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS **AMERICAN AIRLINES** *Inc.*



What whiskey is so
supremely fine that it has
come to be associated with
Nature's loveliest flower...
the Gardenia?



ANSWER:

PM

DE LUXE

Always remember that PM means
in whiskies what the gardenia
means in flowers . . . perfection!



RYE OR
BOURBON

Life Visits The Colony (continued)



The Colony's bar strikes only modern note in decor. Its blue and white canvas walls and red and white awnings over bar were installed for summer use, retained year-round by popular demand. Cellar holds 17,000 bottles. Reserve is in warehouses.



Chef Edmond Berger has been at Colony since it opened. He and another chef are assisted by seven cooks—pastry, fish, poultry, sauces, etc.—and other culinary specialists on kitchen staff of 26. Here he shows Cavallero ducks about to be pressed.



Colony staff of 52 sits for family photograph. Gene's partner, George Fiorentino, is fourth from left, back row. Second from left, front row, is Marco Hattem, Turkish bartender. He and seven other staff members have been with Gene since beginning.

**"He says it ain't fair—the other guy
don't use Lifebuoy"**

He says it ain't fair! But is there anything fair about "B.O."? It never warns you if you have it—nor will others tell you. It cuts you off from friends, good times, popularity. Yet "B.O." can happen to *anyone* because *everyone* perspires—summer and winter. So play safe! Avoid "B.O." by using Lifebuoy in your daily bath! Its special purifying lather is not only extra refreshing, but it *stops* "B.O.", too.

"A paper towel sure does the biz!"
Says this matron from Milwaukee, Wis.
"And you shine 'em up slicker,
Get the job over quicker—
When the brand that you wipe 'em with is . . .

**NORTHERN
HANDY
TOWELS**

Copyright 1944
Northern Paper Mills
Greene Bay, Wis.



Thawing days, frosty nights—ideal conditions for a fine maple sugar crop.

The real flavor of Maple Sugar

Right in New England, where they know maple sugar flavor best, Vermont Maid Syrup is the favorite!

To capture that true maple sugar flavor, we take maple sugar with a good full flavor. Then blend it with cane sugar and other sugars! This skillful blend gives every bottle of Vermont Maid Syrup the true, rich flavor of delicious maple sugar.

Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc.,
Burlington, Vermont.



Vermont Maid Syrup

Spur

5¢

THE COLA DRINK

WITH CANADA DRY QUALITY

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

RIVAL QUEENS: THERE'S JUNE...

Sirs:

We here at Avon liked the story on our Tee Matthews (LIFE, Jan. 17) but frankly queen of Cypress Gardens is June Courson. When she sings *Pistol Packin' Mama*

she packs more firepower than a B-17.
SGT. EDWARD L. GIBSON
Army Air Field
Avon Park, Fla.



... SYLVIA ...

Sirs:

Moody Field's favorite Cypress Gardens model wasn't shown. She is Sylvia Chambers who quipped it at graduation in August. This picture shows why she is

the real pin-up queen of Cypress Gardens.
S/SGT. F. H. HUTCHINSON
Moody Field
Valdosta, Ga.



... AND KATIE!

Sirs:

I would like to point out that Tee Matthews isn't the only queen on the beach. How did your photographer with the keen eye for qualifications overlook

Katie Turner, who certainly has them?
LIEUT. ROBERT G. JONES
Moore Field
Mission, Texas

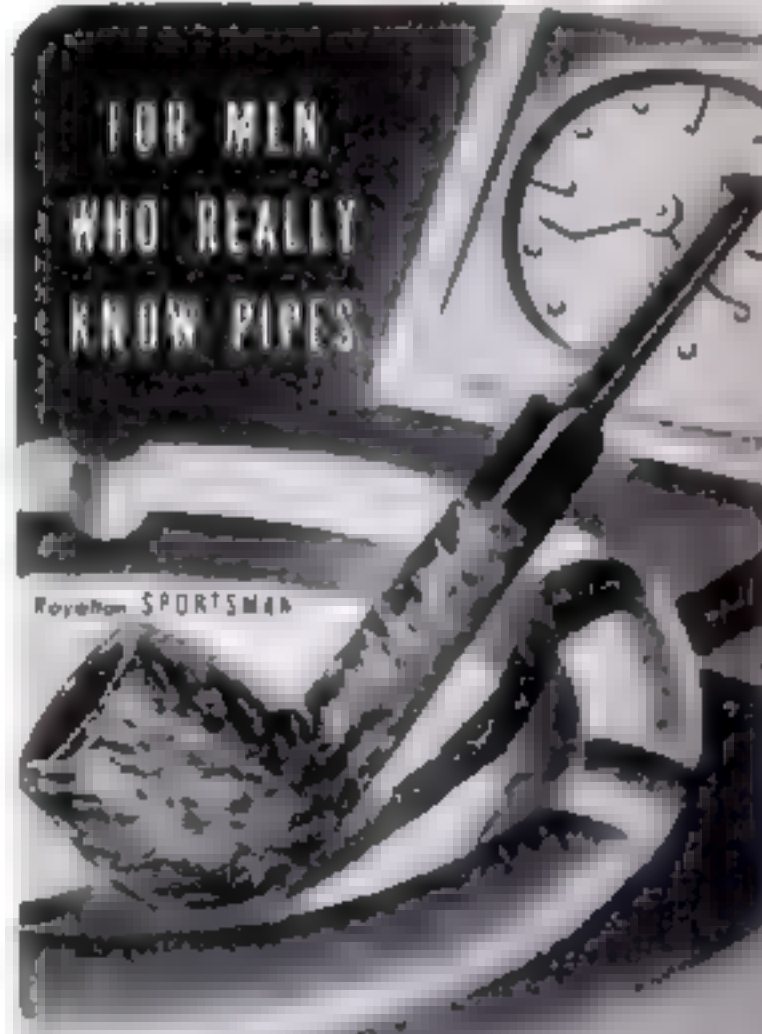


**TOMORROW'S
FINEST GIFT
is a
WATCH WORTH
WAITING FOR**



After the war, there are a lot of women who are looking for a watch that is not only accurate but also stylish. The Royalton watch is the answer. It is a watch that is worth waiting for.

**FOR MEN
WHO REALLY
KNOW PIPES**



... and smoke them all day long!

Royalton
SILVER CROWN MODELS
CHOICE NATURAL GRAINS \$5

There is nothing more satisfying than smoking a pipe. The only pipe that is worth waiting for is the Royalton. For it gives you an unbroken pleasure and extra contentment—even at the end of a day's heavy smoking.

JOHN EDWARDS & THOMAS, BROOKLYN, N.Y.

NEWS IN 1898...

An Emerson-Electric Motor Drives a HAIR DRYER

The first electric hair dryer, shown here, was an ingenious combination of a gas burner and a blower driven by an Emerson-Electric motor. Able to dry the heaviest "suit" of hair in 10 minutes, it was a sensation.



NEWS IN 1899...

An Emerson-Electric Motor Drives a SEWING MACHINE

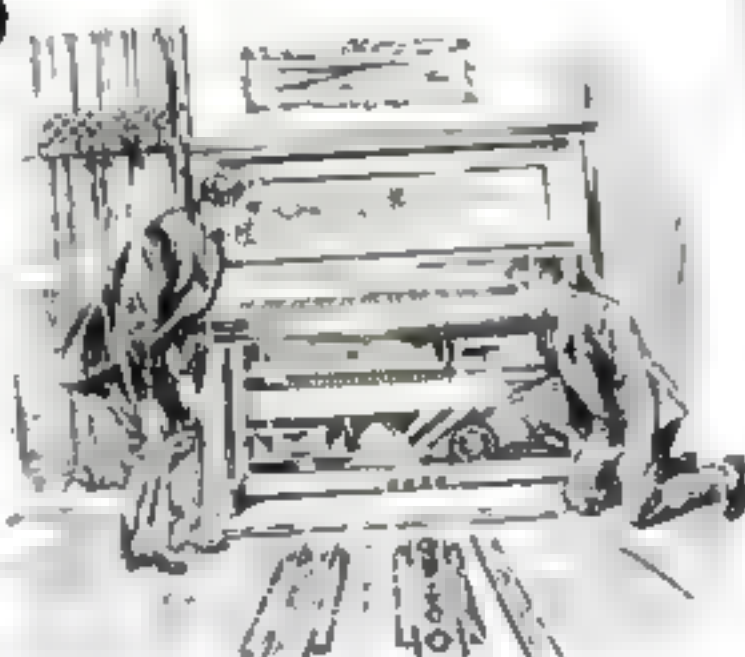
An historic event—at the turn of the century—was the development of an Emerson-Electric motor for attachment to the foot-power sewing machine then in use. Women were glad to hail the end of "deadly pedaling."



NEWS IN 1904...

An Emerson-Electric Motor Drives a PLAYER PIANO

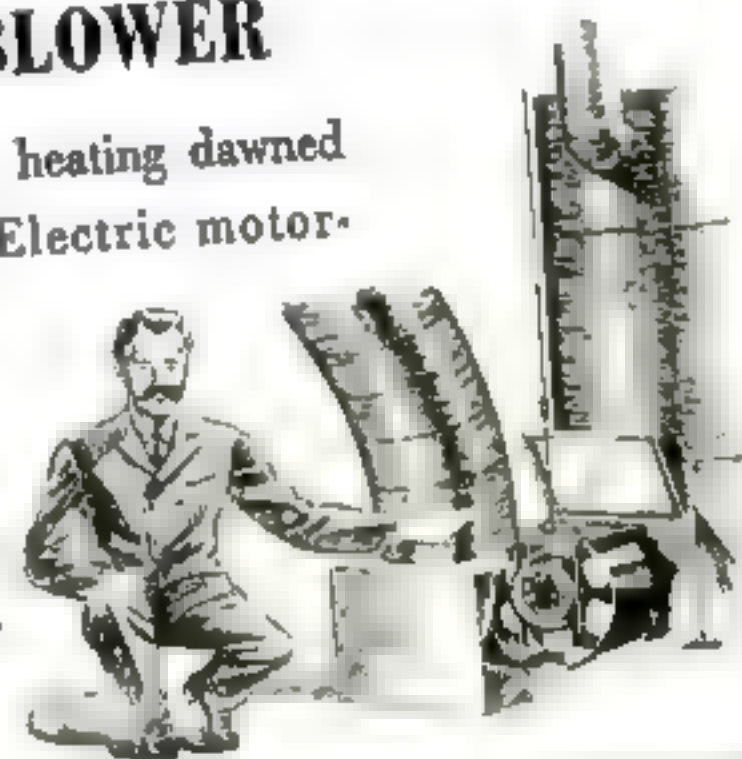
Imagine everyone's surprise when a piano first played itself! This memorable occurrence was made possible by the installation of an Emerson-Electric motor. "What will they think of next?" people asked.



NEWS IN 1908...

An Emerson-Electric Motor Drives a FURNACE BLOWER

A new day in home heating dawned when an Emerson-Electric motor-driven blower was first attached to a warm air furnace, to distribute the heat uniformly all over the house.



News is still being made with *Emerson-Electric Motors*

The invention of labor-saving appliances made swift strides after the development of electric motors. Shown above are a few of the many instances where Emerson-Electric worked with manufacturers to make news in the pioneering days. Some of these early ideas blazed the trail for new standards of comfort and convenience—even created whole industries.

Today Emerson-Electric is making news by devoting its 53 years of precision craftsmanship to the creation and production of vital weapons of

war, contributing seasoned skill and experience, acquiring invaluable knowledge of new materials and processes.

The records of the past prove that there are no frontiers for Emerson-Electric motors. Victory will find Emerson-Electric ready to meet the challenge of postwar America with more efficient motors, to power the new appliances and equipment.

THE EMERSON ELECTRIC MANUFACTURING CO.
SAINT LOUIS 3, MO.

Branches: New York • Chicago • Detroit • Los Angeles • Davenport

Let's All BACK THE ATTACK!

4th
WAR LOAN



Today Emerson-Electric power-operated gun turrets and electric motors for aircraft are in active service on all battle fronts of the world.



EMERSON ELECTRIC

M O T O R S • F A N S • A P P L I A N C E S



*In your
bright new home
of the future!*

We are now engaged one hundred percent in the production of new and improved ranges, refrigerators, and other tools. War is the only enemy we have, and we are making no peace proposals. But we are planning for peace as indicated by this advertisement so that a high level of production may be maintained after the War. This is a serious statement to which we subscribe.

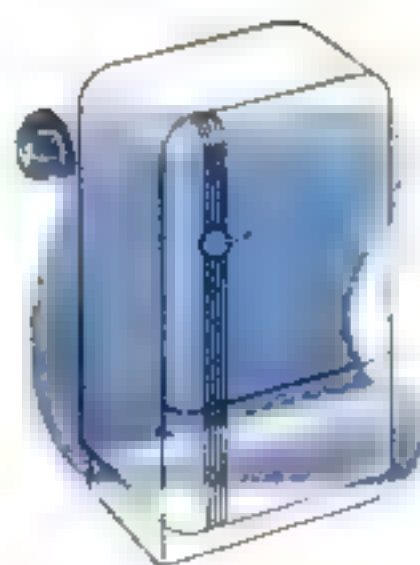
President

Tomorrow—when the war is ended—you'll live a better, different kind of life . . . in a better, different kind of home!

And among your treasures of tomorrow will be your NEW Gibson Kookall automatic electric range. It will be better than ranges you have known . . . easier, more convenient to cook on—almost human in its automatic performance, its ability to turn itself on and off without attention from you!

You'll have another pride and joy in the NEW Gibson Freezer Shelf Refrigerator! It will fulfill your fondest dreams of all that a refrigerator should be! Its different layers of cold . . . Strata zones . . . will each be cold-weather-conditioned, from moist medium cold to crisp sub-cold, for keeping various kinds of food fresh for days longer!

These NEW products of 65 years of manufacturing experience will be yours to enjoy Tomorrow! That's Gibson's promise of today. You'll see these Dreams Come True at your Gibson dealer's when Victory is won!



WATCH FOR
TOMORROW'S
NEW GIBSONS

★
BUY WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS TODAY!

GIBSON REFRIGERATOR COMPANY
GREENVILLE, MICHIGAN
Export Department, 201 N. Wells St., Chicago, Ill.

Gibson REFRIGERATORS-RANGES

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

LION AND LAMB

Sirs:

I doubt if the picture has yet been taken of the lion lying down with the lamb, but here's one of the hunter and the hunted. The bird dog and the quail are members of the same household and are

on intimate terms. The quail has complete trust and confidence in his friend's restraint.

FRED WIRTHLIN
San Francisco, Calif.



THE CIRCLE

Sirs:

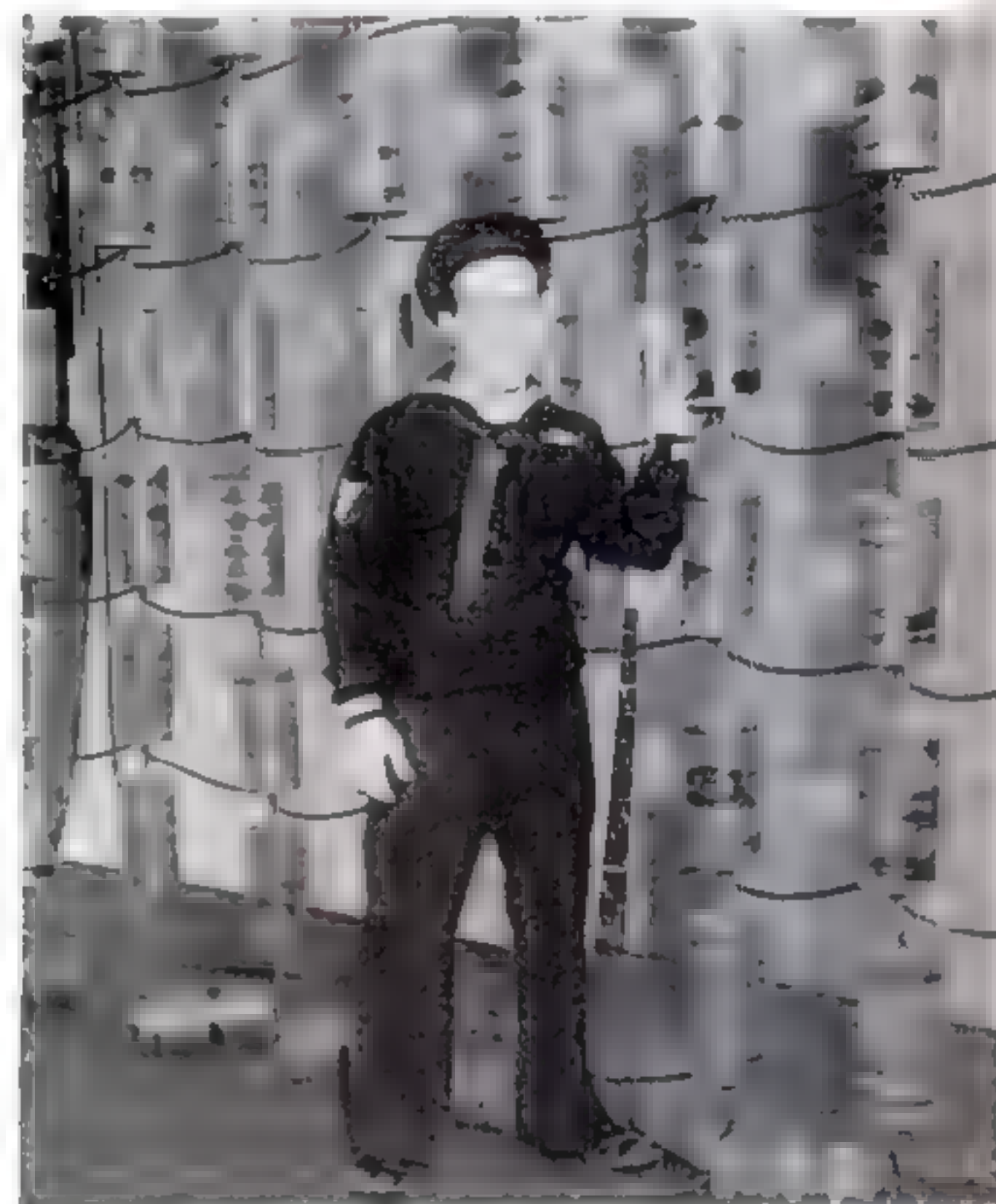
When a U. S. destroyer was sunk off the Italian coast a few weeks ago this seaman, Frank Capece, and 25 others were saved after 21 hours in the water. They owed their lives to a floater net of the type shown in the picture.

Then when Capece was furloughed

home to Shelton, Conn. he stopped in to see former schoolmates now working at a local war plant. He found them making life nets exactly like the one that saved him. In fact, they had made his.

BERNARD LEAVY

Shelton, Conn.



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**“greatest little ‘cold-stoppers’
in the world...”**

***DIXIE CUPS*”**

Of course Dixie Cups won't *stop* colds once started. But they can help prevent their being passed along to others. A crisp, clean, germ-free Dixie Cup breaks the possible chain of infection resulting from mouth contact where the lips of others have touched.



Sea-going Grapes

Long ago—early in the eighties—pioneers of Italian Swiss Colony selected fine vine cuttings from famous European vineyards. Then they brought these vines, by ship, to their extraordinary wine-growing Colony in the sunny hills of Asti... in the heart of California's fine-wine country! Soon, from the grapes, they made remarkable wines that won many high honors in America and the Old World.

Through the years, descendants of the founders have carried on the Colony's great traditions. Today, the results are yours to enjoy. Just try a bottle of the Colony's superb table wine... perhaps Tipo Red or White, or Gold Medal Label California Burgundy or Sauterne. You'll enjoy its color, its bouquet, its exquisite flavor!

And try the Colony's famous sweet dessert wines, such as Private Stock California Port, Sherry and Muscatel.



ITALIAN SWISS COLONY

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PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

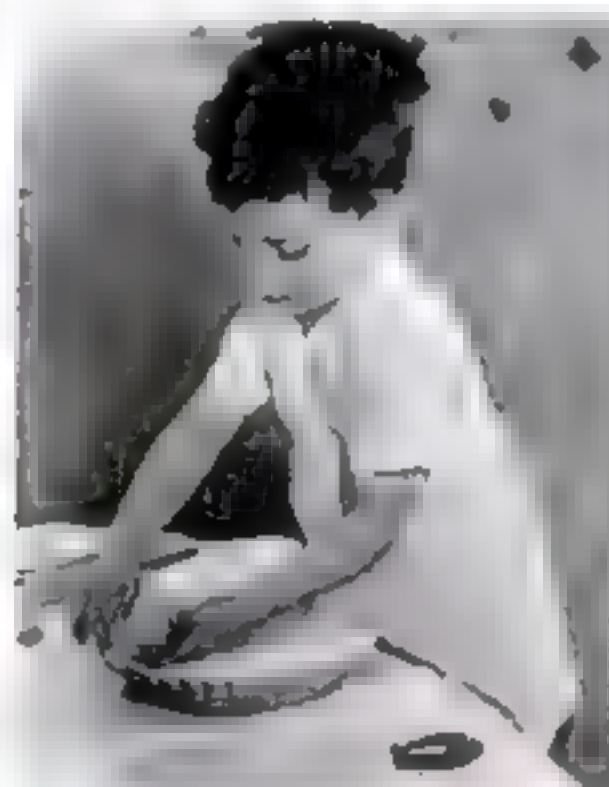
(continued)

PETE'S PIE

Sirs

Because of the shortage of help we drafted our son Pete, 4½, for a little light housework. He soon found one job he enjoys thoroughly—if he's allowed to follow it through. These pictures show Pete at his task, baking a pumpkin pie. He can do it very well by himself including the final operation of eating the whole thing. His pies are just as good as mother used to bake.

J. P. WHISKEMAN JR.
Kirkwood, Mo.



"The Supreme Authority"

IS WORTH WAITING FOR

Be Sure You Get the MERRIAM-Webster

WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY Second Edition UNABRIDGED

DEMAND is heavy and paper rationed, but better to wait for your copy of the MERRIAM-Webster than accept a substitute. Ask for the genuine Webster—the MERRIAM-Webster—identified by the circular trademark. Contains 3,350 pages, illustrations for 12,000 terms, and a total of 600,000 entries—122,000 more than any other dictionary. Order now from your bookseller or stationer. He will get your copy as soon as he can.

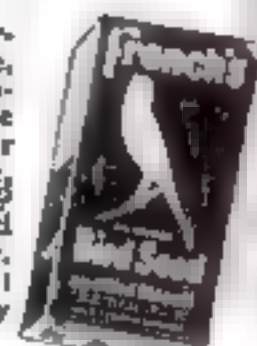
G. & C. MERRIAM CO.
Springfield 2, Massachusetts



BONITA GRANVILLE, starring in "ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?", an RKO Radio Production, finds her pet canary another of her many "admirers."

HAVE A BIT OF HOLLYWOOD RIGHT IN YOUR HOME

Canaries continue to be four-star hits in Hollywood while, more and more, the hobby captivates America. Why not have a "Hollywood corner" in your home with one of these lovable, golden-voiced little creatures? They're easily cared for and will bring you no end of cheer. And, as Hollywood does, let French's help keep your canary a happy singer!



OWN A CANARY... THE ONLY PET THAT SINGS!



stop Scratching It May Cause Infection. For quick relief from itching caused by eczema, pimples, athlete's foot, scales, scabies, and other itching troubles, use world-famous, cooling, medicated, non-irritating D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION. Greaseless, stinging-free. Soothes, comforts and checks intense itching. 35¢ trial bottle proves it, or your money back. Ask your druggist today for D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION.

RONALD
McLEOD



**SQUEEZE THAT MONEY BROTHER
... IT'S MINE TOO!**

SURE, that Saturday night pay envelope's bulging. But let me tell you something, brother, before you spend a dime . . . *That money's mine too!*

I can take it. The mess out here. And missing my wife and kid.

What I *can't* take is you making it tougher for me. Or my widow, if that's how it goes. And brother, it *will* make it tough—if you splurge one dime tonight. You're making money. More money than there's stuff to buy. Money that can sock the cost of living to kingdom come—if you blow it! So hang on, till the job's done. On to every last dime—till the squeal means a hole in the seat of your pants!

You're working . . . and I'm fighting . . . for the same thing. But *you* could lose it for both of us—without thinking. A guy like you could start bidding me right out of the pic-

ture tonight. And my wife and kid. There not being as much as everybody'd like to buy—and you having the green stuff. But remember this, brother—everything you buy helps to send prices kiting. Up. UP. AND UP. Till that fat pay envelope can't buy you a square meal.

Stop spending. For yourself. *Your* kids. And mine. That, brother, is sense. Not sacrifice.

Know what I'd do with that dough . . . if I'd the luck to have it?

I'd buy War Bonds—and, God, would I hang onto them! (Bonds buy guns—and give you four bucks for your three!) . . . I'd pay back that insurance loan from when Mollie had the baby . . . I'd pony up for taxes cheerfully (knowing they're the cheapest way to pay for this war) . . . I'd sock some in the savings bank, while I could . . . I'd lift a load off my mind with more life insurance.

And I wouldn't buy a shoelace till I'd looked

myself square in the eye and knew I couldn't do without. (You get to knowin'—out here—what you can do without.)

I wouldn't try to profit from this war—and I wouldn't ask more for anything I had to sell—seeing we're all in this together.

I've got your future in my rifle hand, brother. But you've got both of ours, in the inside of that stuffed-up envelope. You and all the other guys that are lookin' at the Main Street shops tonight.

Squeeze that money, brother. It's got blood on it!

**Use it up . . . wear it out,
make it do...or do without**

**HELP
US
KEEP**

PRICES DOWN

A UNITED STATES WAR MESSAGE PREPARED BY THE WAR ADVERTISING COUNCIL; APPROVED BY THE OFFICE OF WAR INFORMATION; AND CONTRIBUTED BY THE MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS OF AMERICA



Gasoline Savings Guaranteed

Try a fill of Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil and if you do not save gasoline your dealer will refund the full cost of the oil! That's Macmillan's unconditional guarantee to every motorist.

How, you ask, can such a guarantee be made? Here is the answer. Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil reduces motor friction *fast*. In other words, it delivers to the rear wheels of your car more of the power that is ordinarily wasted in overcoming the internal friction of the motor itself (this power waste runs as high as 50% according to recognized automotive engineers). By reducing

friction, RING-FREE reduces power waste—gives more miles per gasoline gallon—reduces costly motor wear.

These facts were conclusively proved by 1094 certified road tests made in individual owner driven cars. In these tests the average increase in gasoline mileage was 1.3 miles per gallon after crankcases had been drained and refilled with Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil. Increases of 10% were not uncommon. Start saving your gasoline today and start getting another big advantage with RING-FREE—it removes motor carbon, while you drive.



MACMILLAN PETROLEUM CORPORATION

50 West 30th Street, New York 20 • 424 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago 5 • 530 West 6th Street, Los Angeles 14
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PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

THE CAMERA LIES

Sirs:

Should you be tempted to imitate this cadet who balanced his cap on his head while he took a jump blindfolded—you won't succeed. That is, unless you have the same luck with camera angles. As the

shutter snapped, rider's hat blew off, producing this picture of an impossible stunt.

CAPTAIN CURTIN MACAFEE
Valley Forge Military Academy,
Wayne, Pa.



YUKON MONSTER

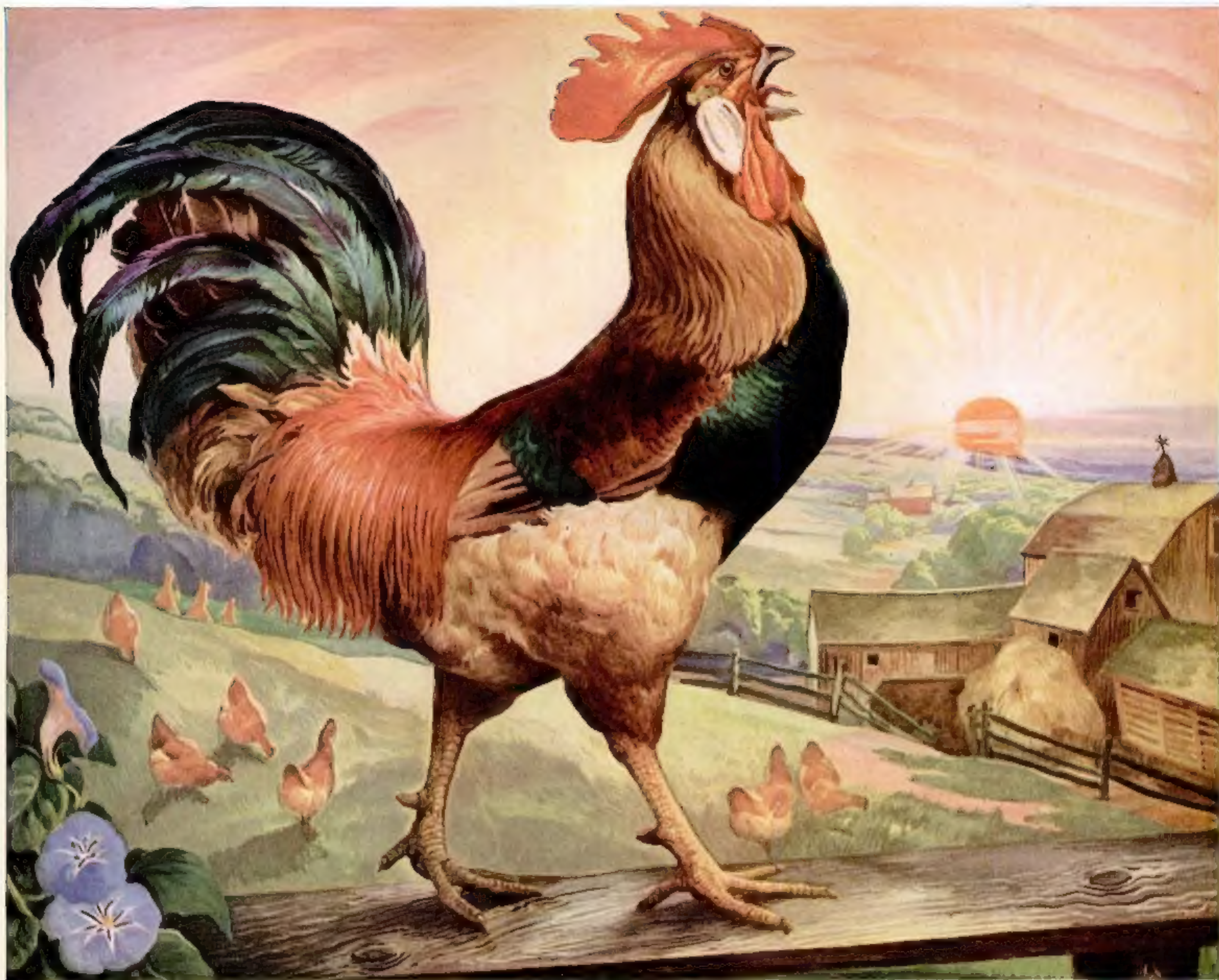
Sirs:

This is no ordinary Yukon mosquito gloating over his victim, though the boys up here claim it's only a little over ordinary size. It's actually the creation of Ward Corley, artist and writer, who worked on the Alaska Highway last summer. He

made it out of paper pulp and wire (ping-pong balls for eyes) in respectful tribute to the ferocity of the Alaskan mosquito. That's Corley crouching with the pistol.

ESTELLE WOLF
San Francisco, Calif.





“Oh, What a Beautiful Morning!”

YOU will say many nice things about SCHENLEY Royal Reserve. But *one* thing *all* who taste it agree upon: this fine smooth flavor is like morning sunshine in your glass...*so mellow and light*...a work of genius...each sunny amber drop a glowing part of a magnificent whole. It's

America's first choice among whiskies — SCHENLEY Royal Reserve — *because we made it America's finest!*

You'll taste the proof of it in your first highball, your first Old Fashioned, Manhattan, or Whiskey Sour...made with SCHENLEY Royal Reserve. Try it. *Soon!*

SCHENLEY HAS MADE NO WHISKEY SINCE 1942...our distilleries are producing alcohol for war use by the government! Precious pre-war reserves must furnish the whiskies for Schenley Royal Reserve these days. But there is enough for the duration if used in moderation.

*Mellow and light as
a perfect morning!*



SCHENLEY
Royal Reserve
BLENDED WHISKEY



BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

© 1944, Schenley Distillers Corporation—New York City. 86 proof—sixty per cent Neutral Spirits Distilled From Fruit and Grains.



... she knows I'm choosy

...and so are all Chesterfield smokers. They've caught on to the Milder Better-Tasting cigarette that really Satisfies ... and nothing else will do. They expect more smoking pleasure, and Chesterfield gives it to them every time ... yes, every time, with the Right Combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos.

CHESTERFIELD

They Satisfy

